Hyperkinetic Kids: The Junk-Food Connection

The New Civil War, by Orde Coombs

The Pelé Melee: Can the Cosmos Win Without Him?

ONE DOLLAR

AUGUST 8, 1977

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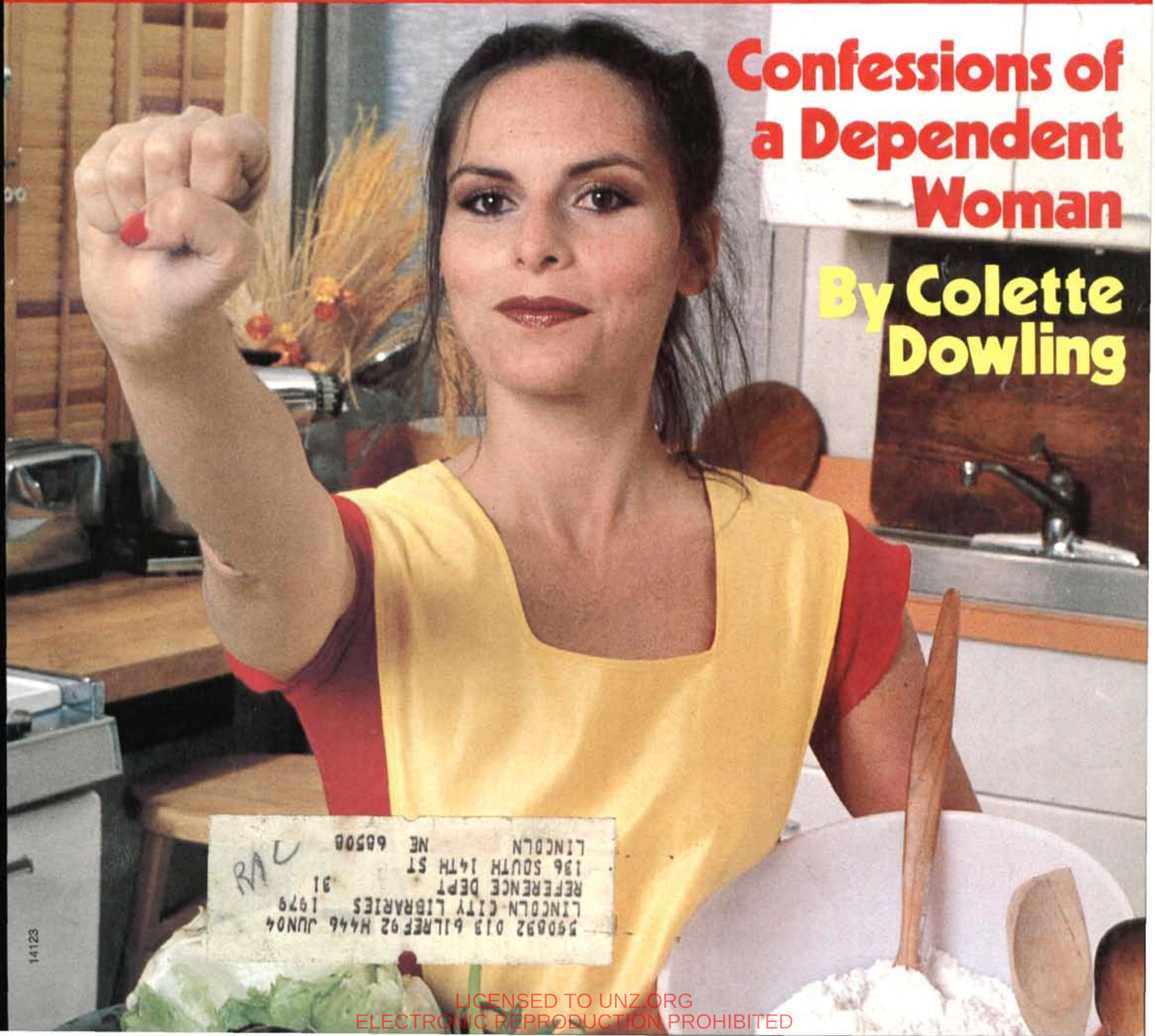

Confessions of a Dependent Woman

By Colette Dowling

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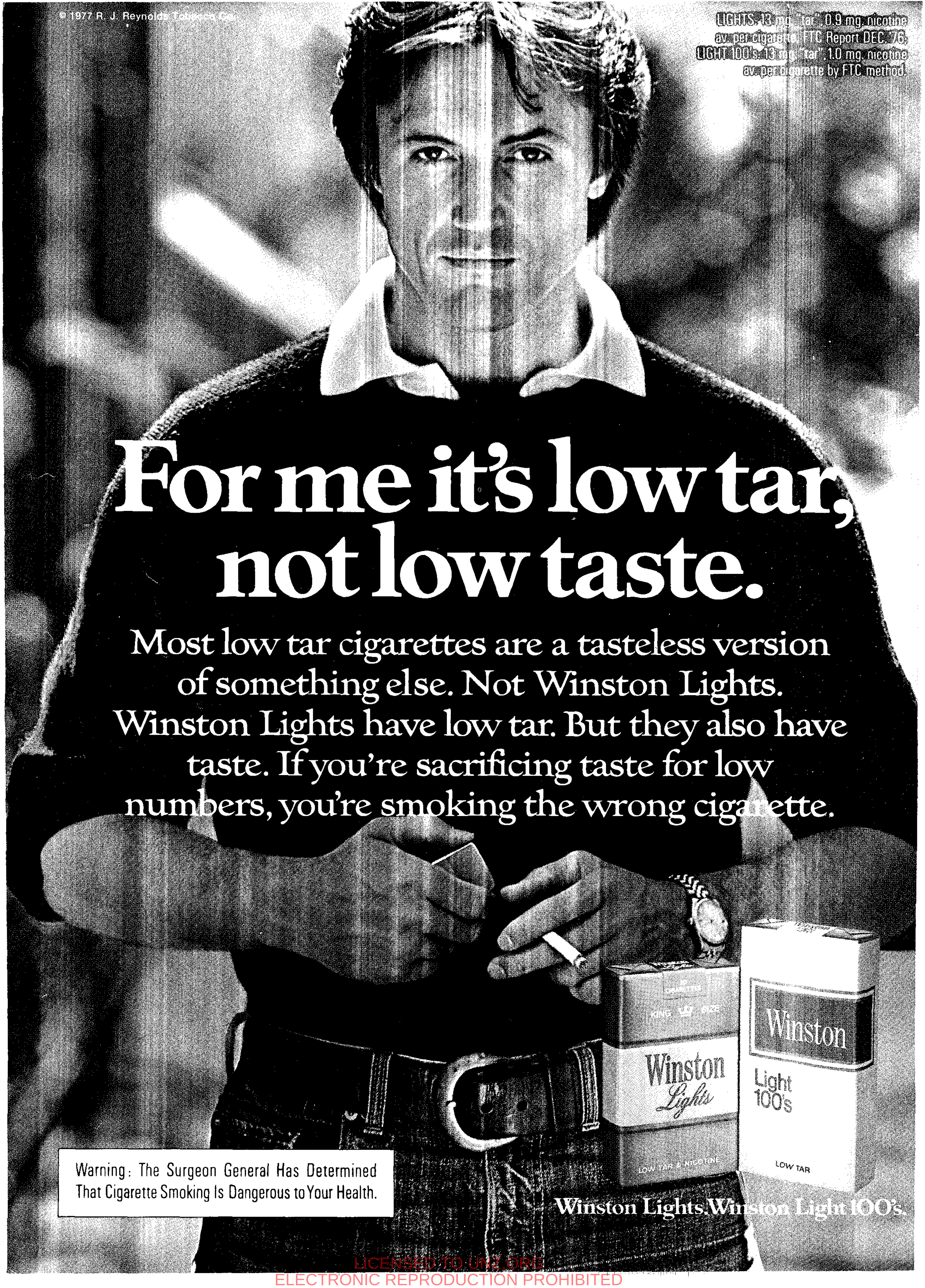
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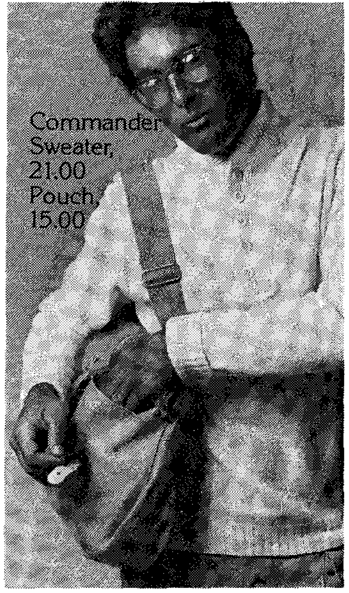
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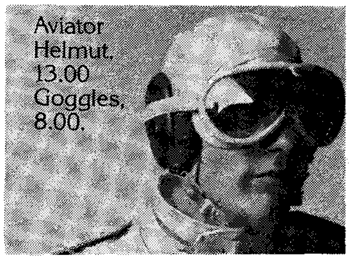
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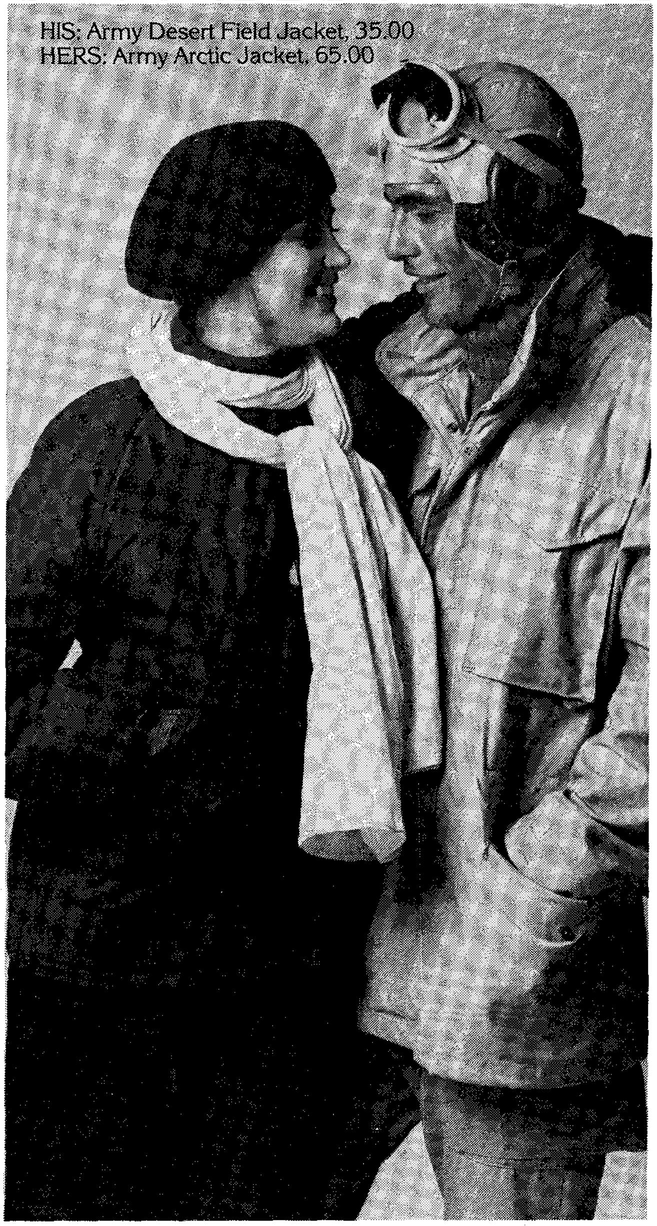
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VOL. 10 NO. 32

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By Peter Bodo
In a blinding flash, the Cosmos have achieved a stature equal to that of the Yankees, Knicks, and Rangers. But star player Pelé has become both the pearl and the albatross around the neck of this tense, vulnerable team. Author Peter Bodo profiles both Pelé and a determined franchise that has chewed up and spit out one coach and two dozen players in a drive to make soccer a major American sport.

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Beyond Liberation: Confessions of a Dependent Woman
By Colette Dowling
Propelled by the women's-liberation fever of the early seventies, Ms. Dowling got divorced, fell in love with a younger man, and moved, with him and her three children, from New York City to Dutchess County. There, after a spurt of happy domesticity, she found herself emotionally and professionally paralyzed—dismayed and desperate with the realization that she *wanted* to be supported, that nothing in her background had prepared her for the nuts-and-bolts responsibilities of adulthood. After soul-searching, though, she has discovered that it is possible to grow up at 39.

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The Trashing of LeMans: The New Civil War Begins
By Orde Coombs
The night of July 13 brought ruin to thousands of New York's small-business men. Among them are Carl Davis and Kermith Morgan, two black entrepreneurs who had, in nine years, built a clothing store whose style—the "LeMans look"—had come to represent black middle-class prosperity. They now realize that, because they were successful, they were resented by less fortunate blacks. Orde Coombs fears that this intra-racial discord is a very real threat to aspiring blacks and may trigger a kind of civil war in the city.

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Diet for a Small Madman: Food Chemicals and Behavior
By Christopher Norwood
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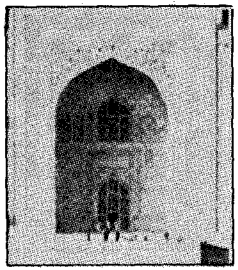
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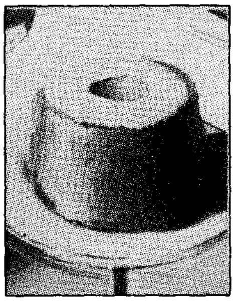
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By Alan Rich
Our music man has spent two weeks in Europe searching for good music outside the "festival" circuit. Herewith, a report on four operas.

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By Linda Wolfe
In Brooklyn Heights, Fred Rothberg has created an idiosyncratic restaurant, Pâté Vite, that's small and French and fine.

Dan Dorfman and "The Bottom Line" will return next week.

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Cover: Photograph by Bill Cadge; hair by Edward Tricomi, of Xavier, New York.

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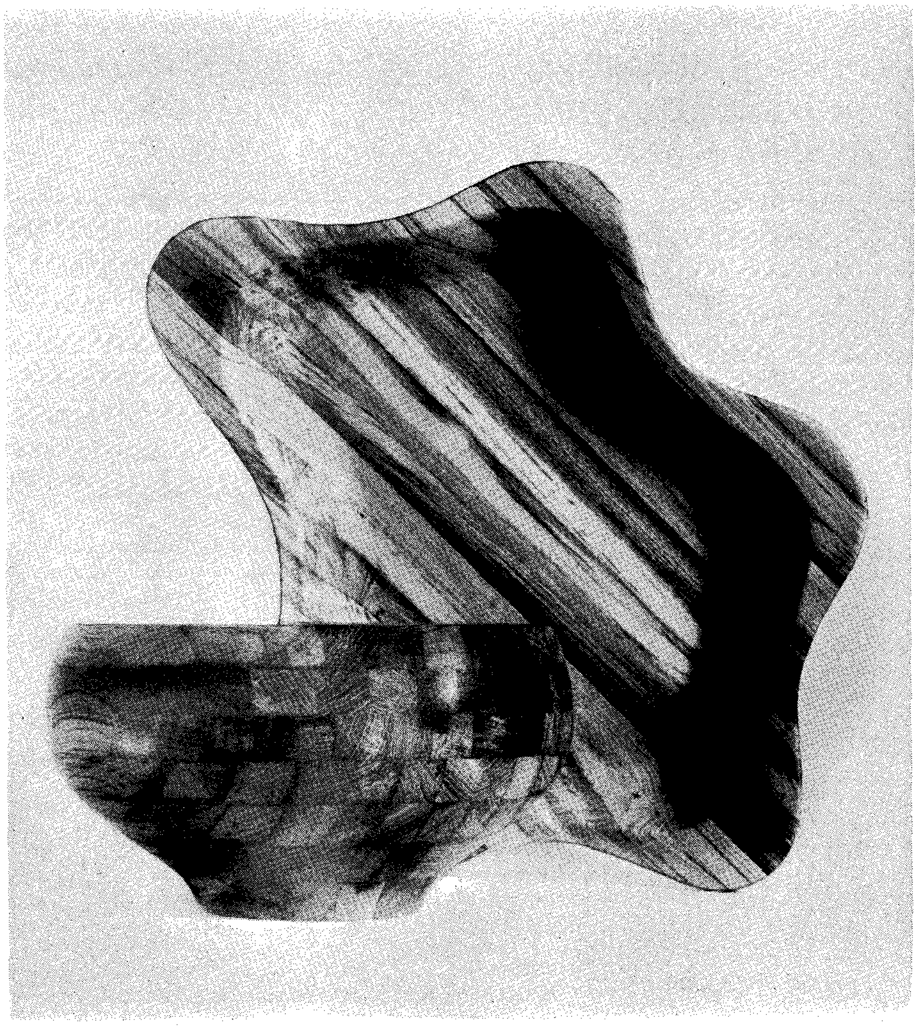
For subscription information, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 2979, Boulder, Colorado 80302.



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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Media Man: Switching Sides?

News from the boys in the back room of the Mario Cuomo campaign: In the old days, it was the bosses who were doing the wheeling and dealing. Apparently, it's now the media experts.

We hear that mayoral candidate Ed Koch's media man, David Garth, has had "private" and very preliminary talks with another mayoral candidate — Mario Cuomo. The intriguing story: Cuomo, we're told, is dissatisfied with his media man, Jerry Rafshoon, and is talking with Garth about handling his runoff campaign—if he should make it. The Cuomo people deny this story.

And Cuomo has just hired a Boston-based communications firm specializing in politics—Meade and Bender—as consultants. The firm's members are friends of Cuomo's pollster, Pat Caddell. We hear that the young team was brought in because of dissatisfaction with press coverage and that they're calling the communications shots. The Cuomo press people, however, tell us the team is consulting just a couple of days a week on research and advance scheduling, but are not directing the press office.

JANIE EISENBERG

Cuomo: Runoff plans already?

Paranoia and Other Matters Over at 'Rolling Stone'

VERNON SHIBLA/N.Y. POST

Jackie O and Jann: The Big Apple's current fun couple.

We thought enemies lists and plumbers units had faded into Nixonian history, but not so. We were amused to learn that we, along with other publications and writers, are, on the enemies list at *Rolling Stone.* At a recent management meeting held in the Hamptons, staffers were given a lengthy lecture on loyalty and disloyalty. In fact, one top employee has been assigned to find the informer and he has accused various staff people of being "the leak" to this magazine.

By the way, editor-publisher and social climber Jann Wenner had Jackie O up to visit the publication's new offices recently. New York's newest fun couple have also been lunching together.

Staffers are said to still be upset over the continuing emphasis on featuring rather long, dated question-and-answer articles. The newest issue highlights a Q.-and-A. piece on the stars of *Star Wars,* which bumped a Dolly Parton cover.

In the works over at the magazine is a possible cover photo of Bella Abzug (whom Wenner reportedly favors in the mayoral race) taken by Andy Warhol. There may even be a piece written by Bella about her plans for New York.

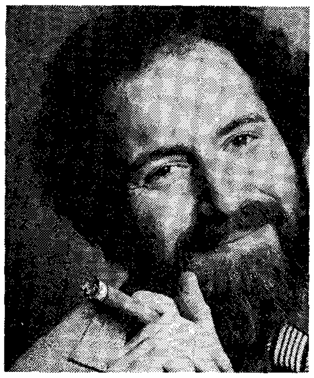
And there's a supposedly hush-hush project planned: a big September bash to be produced by *Rolling Stone* in Grand Central Station. But the Metropolitan Transit Authority hasn't given approval—yet. There are still problems to be resolved.

Formality Comes to the WCBS-TV Late News

Channel 2's *Eleven O'Clock Report* has adopted a different but familiar look. The program has moved permanently from the newsroom to the Studio 46 set used by the *Six O'Clock Report.*

The modern Studio 46 set is more formal in nature. So now, according to a WCBS memo on the change, suits and sport jackets "will be needed." Even anchorman Dave Marash, usually in shirt sleeves, is now jacketed. He says he doesn't mind but preferred the newsroom set. WCBS claims the move is "simply" for a uniform look for all WCBS-TV news.

We might note that it probably also has something to do with the ratings. At six o'clock, WCBS-TV leads the other local stations, but at 11 P.M., the three network stations are in a dead heat. Can changing the set make a difference? We'll watch the ratings.



Marash: Suited up.

Fashion Talk

BILL CUNNINGHAM

Valentino: Real outrage?

The fashion industry is atingle with the news that Bernadine Morris, one of the real fashion-reporting pros at the *Times,* is at work on a major nonfiction book about fashion.

Also along Seventh Avenue there are chuckles over Valentino's outrage on learning that some of the big Italian fabric mills were subsidizing several of his couture competitors, including Mila Schon. That sort of under-the-table business has been standard operating procedure in Italy since Garibaldi landed his thousand insurgents at Marsala dressed in red coats that scared the opposition into thinking his men were the British Army.

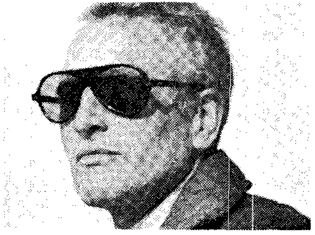
Ballantine Takes A Big Chance

Talk about putting all your eggs in one basket. We have learned that, in an unusual move, Ballantine Books has dumped its entire December list of fifteen titles. The paperback house is following the popular trend of passionate historical novels: "It's true we are putting all our chips on six original women's romances," admits George Walsh, editor in chief.

Although Walsh believes he has several authors who will fit into the well-established genre, he admits that this current popularity is a cyclical thing. We wonder if the cycle might not be over by December. Will readers still be eager to curl up with *The Fox and His Vixen,* another erotic gusher set during the Napoleonic Empire?

Newman: Hot for the Stage

Paul Newman wants to do a Broadway show. The other evening he saw *Otherwise Engaged,* and was so taken with the show that he met with its co-producer, Frank Milton, afterward in Sardi's. But whether he'll take on the role after Dick Cavett leaves hasn't been resolved.


BOB SHERMAN/CAMERA 5

Paul: Coming back to Broadway?

Press Bombs at Party Coverage

Bella Abzug's staff were amazed at the media's attempt to cover her recent birthday fete. First, an incredible number of "press" people called to get free tickets to the party. One man phoned saying he worked for the New York *Times* and was doing a story on the party. An Abzug press aide called the *Times* only to learn that the guy worked in the composing room.

BILL CUNNINGHAM

Bella: Reports of birthday attendance were exaggerated.

After the event, the Abzug people thought the coverage was "outrageous," mainly because it was inaccurate. Both Earl Wilson and the "People" page of the *Daily News* said that 6,000 people flooded Studio 54 in two shifts.

Well, in fact, the number was about 2,500. The *News* account also said the price was $57 a head, which was not exactly the case. About 1,000 supporters paid $57, and 500 volunteers paid $5 a ticket. And, of course, there was the usual invited-guest group of press and celebs.

For those of us who attended the disco-daffy party, it was not exactly the usual fund-raising event (rubber-chicken-and-peas dinner with windy speeches). It looked more like singles' night out.

G. & W. Series: Tampered With?

Seymour Hersh's highly touted investigative series on Gulf & Western surfaced last week in the New York *Times.* And the general reaction has been a big yawn.

Apparently, insiders expected Hersh (and coauthor Jeff Gerth) to unearth much more. Many G. & W. followers felt the piece was a rehash of information generally known about the Securities and Exchange Commission investigation.

"I expected a lot more explosive stuff," commented a former G. & W. executive.

We hear that the Hersh series may have been toned down considerably by some very tough letters to *Times* management from Martin Davis, a G. & W. executive vice-president, hinting at possible legal action.

"The tone of the piece was bad enough to shell the stock to hell if it had been way up there. But it wasn't and we knew the SEC had investigations going for a long time, and the kinds of people holding the stock were not surprised by the allegations," said a security analyst.

The overall impact of the series on the company's stock was indeed minimal. The G. & W. stock dropped about 1¼ points—less than 10 percent in a very sharply declining market.

However, the G. & W. stories shouldn't be written off as irrelevant, notes one observer. The chief impact, he says, may come from Hersh's allegations of possible IRS probes into G.&W.

Jaws Does Not Live in the Hamptons

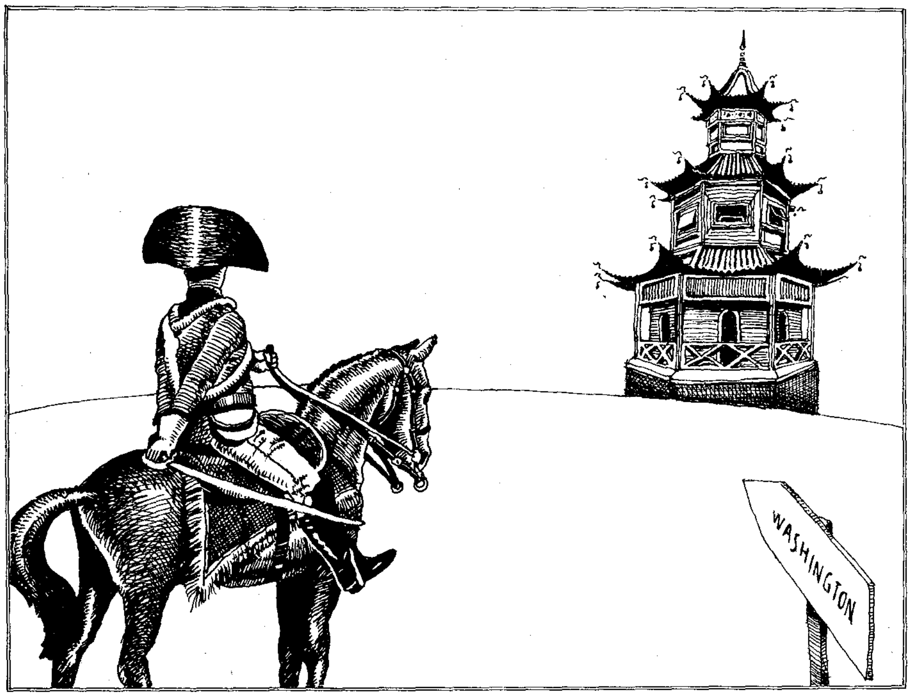
The Hamptons have been buzzing with lots of fishy talk this summer. The most current: the sighting of a supposed 1,000-pound white (*Jaws*) shark in the last few weeks. And, of course, fins were sighted recently off Southampton beaches. We called shark expert Frank Mundus to check on the monster fish. "That's a lot of bullshit, just due to the influx of people on the beaches," Mundus says. "Sharks don't live in a house. They're bums—on the road all the time. They don't hang around the Hamptons." In Florida and the Caribbean, Mundus explains, sharks do stay in areas, but if one was sighted here, it's long gone now. "The whole thing's a lot of noise."

FREDERIC LEWIS

Sharks: Talk, talk, talk.

The Capitol Letter/Nick Thimmesch

KOREAGATE: JAWORSKI'S WATERLOO?



Saving Face

The untidy, even listless drama concerning payoffs and favors for congressmen by South Koreans has suddenly come into focus and could finally become very lively. What it sorely needed all these many months was an immediately identifiable character, the kind whose face winds up on blotched T-shirts. Leon Jaworski's startling arrival provides just that face.

The pug features, the lips which can compress into righteousness, the eyes which say, I am part of the American Establishment but my ego is so big I will not be publicly compromised—well, all that could make good political theater in the upcoming months.

It is 29 months now since the U.S. government discovered that some congressmen committed unethical, if not illegal, acts in tandem with certain South Koreans. A string of names, most of them readily forgettable, passed by, but since the congressmen who were speculated about are mostly bland fellows, this thing just didn't heat up.

Jaworski is a different sort; he brings Watergate to mind, and with it, a frame of reference, suspicion of wrongdoing in high places, subpoenas, hearings, tapes, and records. Small matter that Jaworski has been signed on not as a prosecutor but as a special counsel to the House ethics committee, a body until now far more disposed to lethargy than enterprise or a yen for klieg lights.

Given the ethics committee's record, those 115 congressmen reported to have received money and/or favors from South Koreans actually had small cause for fear. But post-Watergate morality, and the knowledge that President Ford sent material about South Korean payoffs to the Justice Department for investigation in 1975, planted the notion that something significant might develop.

In varying degrees, the South Korean effort touched former Speaker Carl Albert, Speaker Thomas "Tip" O'Neill, former Whip John McFall, and present Whip John Brademas. That's the top brass of the House. It is loudly whispered in Washington that two former congressmen, both Democrats, Richard T. Hanna and Cornelius Gallagher, worked to make Tongsun Park exclusive agent for sale of American rice to South Korea, and that Park rewarded them accordingly.

Hanna, Gallagher, and three other former congressmen are said to be on the Justice Department's "hit list"—meaning they will be indicted by a federal grand jury. Some cynics believe "Koreagate" can be put out of the way by using former congressmen as scapegoats and glossing over the present membership.

Anyway, it didn't look right that the influential Democratic leadership held the power over a House investigation. Nor did it look right that three Georgians—Jimmy Carter, Griffin Bell, and ethics committee Chairman John Flynt—also held the absolute power to investigate Democrats for criminality or breach of congressional ethics. Carter talks to his old pal Bell all the time about the vexing South Korean investigation. And ethics committee members are not pleased that Flynt talks to his good friend Bell all the time about the same thing, or that he won't let his fellow committee members in on what Bell tells him.

It was Flynt's elusiveness, not his harsh words, that caused the tempestuous Philip Lacovara to suddenly resign as committee counsel and thus put some excitement into the drawn-out probe. Lacovara knew from his experience as an assistant Watergate prosecutor that to delay was to give people time to destroy evidence, develop alibis, or just plain light out.

Flynt allowed nearly six weeks to elapse between the committee's June and July meetings and this infuriated Lacovara. He had a list of 36 witnesses he wanted to subpoena; he wanted to develop procedures for granting immunity and dealing with the Fifth Amendment. He had persuaded the CIA and the National Security Agency to offer the committee their records on connections between congressmen and South Korean agents.

But to move effectively, Lacovara needed committee approval, and Flynt's dallying was maddening. Then Lacovara thought he had a promise from Flynt that he would act personally to request documents and information from the CIA, NSA, and the Justice Department. Before Lacovara went off on his long-planned vacation, he bitterly concluded that Flynt had reneged on the promise. Lacovara just waited for an excuse to quit. He got it when Flynt, in a rather calculated way, dumped on Lacovara in an Atlanta newspaper.

Lacovara's resignation caused newsmen to ask Jimmy Carter about "Koreagate" for the first time. The White House passed the word to the House:

Nick Thimmesch, a contributing editor of New York *Magazine, is a Washington-based political reporter.*

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

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Get this thing moving before it becomes a Watergate. It was O'Neill and House leader James Wright who finally settled on the idea of getting Leon Jaworski, whom they believe to be a Grand Accommodater. Flynt, chagrined by the Democratic leadership's taking the play from him, then arranged for a television stunt in which Jaworski called him.

Enter Jaworski, talking as though he is a prosecutor and letting one and all know that he will not be compromised. True, Jaworski has already won two guarantees Lacovara never got—a pledge that he could subpoena whom he wants and assurance that he could call committee meetings when he says it is necessary.

But Jaworski will find dealing with a congressional committee a far different game from exercising the power he held as Watergate prosecutor. As prosecutor, he had a firebrand staff, a Democratic Congress eager for Nixon's scalp, and an aggressive press going for him. He also had Nixon's infamous tapes, some still smoking, and plenty of willing, anxious stool pigeons.

Watergate was fresh, where the Korean connection has dragged on. Many of the bodies are not only buried but corrupted beyond recognition. There are damned few tapes. And who will play John Dean in this drama?

There is also the question of Jaworski's fitness to serve as counsel, as posed by Westchester Congressman Bruce Caputo, a gutsy freshman Republican, who has pushed and taunted his ethics committee chairman to act.

Caputo, acknowledging Jaworski's competence and integrity, is displeased that Jaworski won't promise to give his new job more time. Caputo thinks that Jaworski may be lending his prestigious name more than his attention and that much of the work will fall to his man in Washington, Peter White, a greenhorn as an investigator.

The interests which Jaworski's Houston law firm might have in sugar and rice also bother Caputo, since certain rice contracts might be a key to the involvement of some congressmen. Moreover, Jaworski's firm does some lobbying on Capitol Hill—recently against Ralph Nader's effort to create a consumer-protection agency.

Finally, Jaworski believes in protecting institutions—even at the price of not fully serving justice. His assistants in the Watergate prosecutor's office were greatly disappointed that he did not run Richard Nixon to the ground.

I remember talking to Jaworski during Watergate days about certain charges against Henry Kissinger, only to have Jaworski interrupt with, "This city cannot afford to lose Henry Kissinger now. He is the only pillar left in this administration."

So the question which the audience can ponder as we move into this quickening drama is: Will Leon Jaworski, who wrote so nobly in *The Right and the Power,* employ his considerable talents with vigor to rout the evildoers, without fear or favor, if such determined action would cause the great institutional walls of Congress to come tumbling down? There are powerful people in the halls of Congress who are betting he will not.

Bad News Bear

Ralph Nader, who a few months ago was umpire at a down-home baseball game in Plains, Georgia, is joining the Urban League's Vernon Jordan in the new lineup of liberals disenchanted with Jimmy Carter. "The Carter administration might have peaked already," snipes Nader. "The kind of people he appoints now are what I call 'revolving doors.' They are in government one year and back in industry the next.

"Look at this guy [Robert H.] McKinney. He's president of a savings-and-loan company in Indianapolis, so Carter nominates him to be chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. He'll just go back to the savings-and-loan business when he leaves government." The McKinney appointment violates Nader's first commandment: Thou shalt not place a businessman in a position to regulate his own industry.

Who's to blame for Carter's new probusiness bureaucrats? "It's Bert Lance's conservative influence," knocks Nader. "He's calling the shots. The poor man. We all have to be compassionate about his $6 million in bank stock. I guess he'll have to make do with the $7 million he has left."

Nader has nearly lost hope. "I just don't see any momentum building in this administration," he growls. "Where are the new ventures?"

Kissinger's Lament

Carter's conservative flank isn't any too secure either. Even Henry Kissinger has his nose out of joint. He is uncommonly undiplomatic in telling friends that withdrawing troops from Korea and U.S. Navy ships from the Indian Ocean is interpreted by the Soviets as a sign of weakness. Dr. K. is also sharpshooting the administration's pronouncements on settling the Israeli-Arab dispute as "unrealistic." After unloading, Kissinger laments that key policymakers in the Carter administration don't consult with him very much. ■

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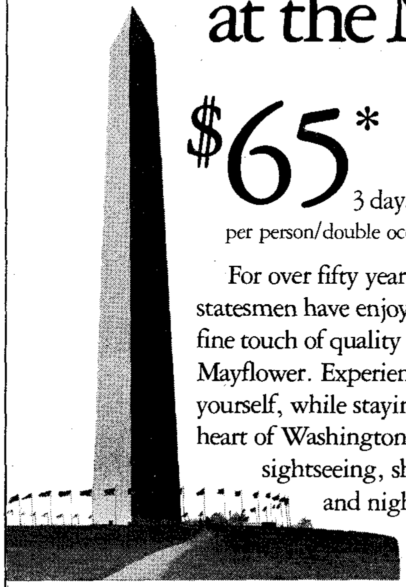

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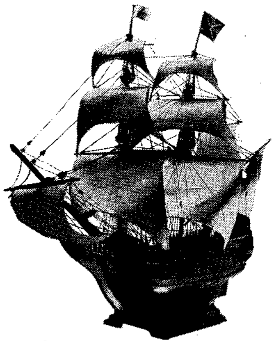

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[1] "Staggering" is probably too weak a word. The share of the gross national product which goes for health services has virtually doubled in the past 15 years. The Government's share of the national health bill is now $70 billion—a sum second only to national defense.

[2] This requires Ætna knowing what the prevailing charges are for every type of medical service in every area of the country, and examining each claim against that standard. Costs vary wildly from city to city. In Philadelphia, $413 is the average surgeon's charge for the removal of a gall bladder; in Manhattan, the same operation averages $813!

[3] Many minor operations—as many as 20% of all hospital operations—can properly be performed without the patient staying at the hospital overnight. At the now-prevailing rate of $175 a day, this could mean enormous savings. Ætna also advocates peer-group review by doctors of cases of improper hospitalization—again, to prevent misuse of hospital facilities.

[4] "Co-payment" reduces premiums; it also gives the consumer a reason to *care* about health costs, and to demand reasonable ones. Today, frankly, too many consumers of health care have too little stake in controlling costs.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

August 2 through 9

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Sunday, August 7

Sandakan 8–Kei Kumai's film based on a true story about young women sold into prostitution in the colonies by their families in the early part of the 20th century. Fine Arts.

THE MOVIES

The Battle of Algiers–Film was prepared from actual documents and eye-witness accounts with a script by director Gillo Pontecorvo and Franco Solinas, set in Casbah locations. (Received eleven awards and citations.) 8/10, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

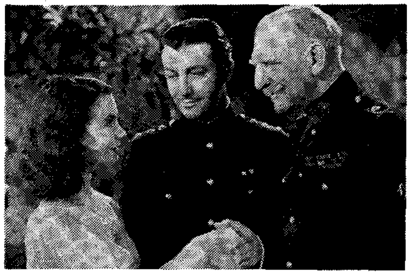
Black Sunday–John Frankenheimer's latest is a sound commercial film, the basic stuff of cinema, and an oasis in the current American movie output. The lately often irresponsible Robert Shaw gives a genuinely affecting performance, and there is very solid work from other actors as well, notably the craggily dependable Fritz Weaver, the pervasively slimy Michael V. Gazzo, and the ominously controlled Walter Gotell. Thru 8/2, St Marks Cinema.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. Paris.

A Bridge Too Far–Richard Attenborough's film about an attack on the Dutch Rhine bridges in W W II never makes the subject clear. We don't get to fathom and follow who is doing what to whom, or exactly where and when. And however good it may be for your box office to stud your cast with 24-karat stars, it militates heavily against basic believability. This is an all-star martial disaster, and almost an insult to the dead, the survivors, and the truth. Columbia II; Eastside; Rivoli; U.A. East.

Chac–Directed by Chilean filmmaker Rolando Klein, this Mayan tale of ritual and magical power depicts the struggle for power between the chief of a village, who favors the "magic" of modern science, and a mysterious diviner summoned from his hermitage by the village elders in the hope that his knowledge can influence Chac, the rain god, to create a torrential rainfall. From 8/11, New Yorker.

THE LOVED ONES



Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and **C. Aubrey Smith** in a scene from Mervyn LeRoy's **Waterloo Bridge** (1940). This film plays at the Regency, 8/3-6, on the same bill with Edmund Goulding's Grand Hotel (1932), a real winner starring Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, and John Gilbert.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Thru 8/8, Waverly; New Yorker; D.W. Griffith; from 8/3, Gramercy.

Cria–The best of Carlos Saura's latest three films, in all of which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told, and both have, along with sensitive faces and suggestions of ample inwardness, a limited acting style that borders on monotony. Cinema III.

The Deep–Based on Peter Benchley's follow-up to Jaws, this film advances the cause of underwater cinematography almost as prodigiously as it retards the cause of filmmaking. None of the plot holds water half as well as the brain of the scenarists. There is indeed an eerie beauty about the world of the deep, but for this sort of thing one still prefers Captain Cousteau at the helm. Loews State II; Loews Tower East; Loews Triplex; 34th St E.

Even Dwarfs Started Small–Werner Herzog is one of the more arid and rebarbative directors of our time, with a mind preoccupied not just with violence, but violence fused with ugliness. In this film, whose plot (if it exists at all) is incomprehensible, a number of bestial dwarfs and some full-size plug-uglies brutalize one another, torturing also a few assorted animals. All this pretends to have to do with art, but it is only sound and fury. Thru 8/2, Thalia.

The First Nudie Musical–Cindy Williams and Stephan Nathan co-star in a story about a young producer who has decided to make a quickie porno flicker in order to save his ailing studio. 68th St Playhouse.

For the Love of Benji–The dog Benji stars in a story of kidnapping, secret agents and international suspense and intrigue. Guild.

La Grand Bourgeoise–Catherine Deneuve and Giancarlo Giannini star in the story of a professor and his family whose wealth, politics, and liberated lifestyle is seen as a threat to the Church and the Government. Directed by Mauro Bolognini. Beekman; Paramount.

High Street (Rue Haute)–A Belgian film starring Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman in a film describing events during the Nazi holocaust. Thru 8/2, Quad.

Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love–A film inspired by the life and works of one of the world's greatest living painters, written, produced and directed by Harry Rasky, narrated by James Mason, with Joseph Wiseman as the voice of Chagall. Little Carnegie.

Hour of the Wolf–Ingmar Bergman at his second- or third best, but still full of arresting bits and pieces. The plot, a murky bow to the great German romantic E.T.A. Hoffmann, concerns a tormented artist, haunted by people who seem to be evil spirits, who finally goes to his ruin. Much great acting as usual, and dazzling black-and-white photography by Sven Nykvist. 8/7-9, Thalia.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–A sincere and, at times, affecting film version of the popular novel about a l6-year-old girl, suicidal and schizoid, who spends three anguished years in a psychiatric hospital and is finally apparently cured through the ministrations of a wise and humane woman psychiatrist. There is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan as the girl, and a very solid one from Bibi Andersson. Directed by Anthony Page. Cinema I.

In the Realm of the Senses–Oshima's "art film" about sexual obsession suffers from the facts that Oshima is not very strong on art, less than secure with film, and wholly unconvincing about sex. The film does not even work as pornography, only as something weird and unwholesome, on the border between the repellent and the ridiculous. Plaza.

The Island of Dr. Moreau–H.G. Wells's story of a deranged scientist on a remote island who converts animals into men and vice versa. Burt Lancaster is the medical meddler, and Michael York, as the castaway engineer whose righteous indignation becomes Moreau's nemesis, is remarkably authentic. The humanoids, led by a transmogrified Richard Basehart, are rather likably innocuous. Quad; thru 8/2, RKO 86th St II.

Jabberwocky–A film by and with some of the Monty Python crew. If you can laugh at this, you can laugh at anything and might as well stay home working up great guffaws over the spots in your kitchen sink. Art; thru 8/2, Embassy 72nd.

Jaws–For pure adventure, thrills, technical effects, genuinely scary moments (and never mind the logic), this is all you could ask for. Some juicy performances, and slickly resourceful direction from young Steven Spielberg. He is not good on land, where things tend to go soft or stagy; but on or in the water things work swimmingly. RKO Cinerama.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste,* either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. Sutton.

Last Year at Marienbad–Alain Resnais and the overrated writer Robbe-Grillet joined hands for this surreal film, conceivably the all-time high in arrant pretension. Resnais has indubitable talent, and some of these resort-hotel goings-on among husband, wife, and lover look beautiful. But the husband may not be a husband, the wife and lover may not be lovers (though they may have been a year earlier, or they may not even have met then), and the goings-on are definitely not going anywhere. The sort of thing that gives art a bad name, the film is strikingly shot by Sacha Vierny, and gets at least one charming performance from Delphine Seyrig. 8/3, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

MacArthur–Gregory Peck plays the controversial figure in Joseph Sargent's film, with Marj Dusay as his wife, Ward Costello as General Marshall, Ed Flanders as President Truman, and Dan O'Herlihy as President Roosevelt. Radio City Music Hall.

Man on the Roof–A civilized, understated thriller, of a kind that is all too rare these days. Bo Wilderberg's film is made with a wary intelligence all the way, showing that however spectacular police work can get, it is seldom if ever romantic. This is no bogus epic, nor is it a lurid ominous *film noir.* If anything, it is a *film gris.* The scene is set in Stockholm, and the cinematography by Odd Geir Saether is just right. From 8/3, Embassy 72nd.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail–Arthurian romance reduced to fractured middling-English. Not so funny as the group's previous film, but not devoid of occasional hilarity. The method is completely hit-or-miss, and we go from golden routines to 24-karat dross. Some unfunny jokes are literally trampled into the ground, but others are handled with wonderful detachment. On the whole, though, Monty works better on television. 8/6, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

New York, New York–A thoroughgoing disaster for all the people involved with it, from which they will have to be dug out like the remnants of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is hard to say whether the acting of DeNiro and Minnelli or the direction by Martin Scorsese or the script by writers whose names do not deserve mention should take top dishonors. The original songs by Kander and Ebb are also strong contenders. Ziegfeld; Trans-Lux E.

Next Stop Greenwich Village–Paul Mazursky continues his career as a slick sentimental self-serving filmmaker, here waxing nostalgic over his youth in the Village of the 50s where he came from Brooklyn to become an actor. Larry (Paul) is a nice Jewish boy surrounded by crazy Village characters, a kooky acting coach, a loveable luncheon-counter owner for whom he works part-time, a decent but breathless girl friend who becomes pregnant, a fierce mother who descends on him with food and lamentations and many more soggy platitudes. Lenny Baker, and especially Ellen Greene, are fine. Shelley Winters is horrendous. Mazursky's direction is obvious, and the cinematography poor. From 8/3, Quad.

Orca–Charlotte Rampling and Richard Harris star in a film about a killer whale which relentlessly tracks down the slayer of his mate on sea and, believe it or not, on land. For nasty snickers, this movie is as good a dog as any in these dog days. There is some fine underwater work under second-unit directors Folco Quilici and Ron Taylor, and good photography by Ted Moore and J. Barry Heron. Greenwich; 86th St E; Loews Triplex; thru 8/3, Criterion.

The Other Side of Midnight–What the producer Frank Yablans is selling here is luxury and voluptuousness, fancy sex in sumptuous settings. The story is of unleashed passions—of a French girl turned model-movie star with a little whoring in between, and the dashing and debonair American flying ace who knocks her up and leaves her. All this against a turbulent background of the German occupation and postwar prosperity. Coronet; National.

Pardon Mon Affaire–An endearing little French comedy with serious overtones. It's about friendship and marriage, trust and its abuses, intrigues and their tragicomic consequences. The movie manages to be both madcap and firmly rooted in human experience. Baronet.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Thru 8/2, Playboy.

Rollercoaster–A relatively unassuming movie about a technologically expert extortionist who blows up rollercoasters, and a valiant safety inspector who gets locked into a curious relationship with him. It remains a cat-and-mouse game, made more interesting by the uncertainty about which is the cat, which the mouse. The film has something both for lovers and haters of rollercoasters. Forum; thru 8/2, Olympia.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Thru 8/2, Olympia.

Smokey and the Bandit–Hal Needham's new film about a trucker-hero who sets out for Texas to pick up 400 cases of beer and return within 28 hours to Atlanta. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Sally Field, and Jerry Reed. Embassy 46th.

The Spy Who Loved Me–Roger Moore is the James Bond in this version of Ian Fleming's novel; directed by Lewis Gilbert. Loews State I; Loews Cine; Columbia I.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

Stroszek–Werner Herzog's film about a simple gentle man who is released from prison and returned to a world which he confronts with bewilderment. He and two other misfits arrive in the United States and before long, the mechanics of American capitalism catch up with them. Cinema Studio.

Tentacles–John Houston, Shelley Winters, Henry Fonda, Claude Akins in a film, directed by Oliver Hellman, about a dread monster (an octopus measuring 80 feet across when its tentacles are extended) which causes consternation, havoc, and dismay at a beach near San Diego, until a young marine scientist who maintains close communication with two killer whales he has befriended enters the picture. From 8/3, RKO 86th St II; RKO Cinerama I.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud*, alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. Thru 8/2, Quad.

Welcome to L.A.–About a lot of people in Los Angeles fornicating, which, even if it were well done would be dull, but in this case it is not well done. Banal writing, terrible tunes with worse lyrics. Direction by Alan Rudolph is as minimal as his script; offensively arty photography; submerged performances; some of them not enough. From 8/3, Quad.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Jabberwocky.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 8/2, *Ludwig; Dionysius.* 8/3,4, *Siddhartha; Steppenwolf.* 8/5,6, *Mississippi Mermaid; The Bride Wore Black.* 8/7, 8, *Suddenly Last Summer; A Streetcar Named Desire.* 8/9, *La Prisonniere; La Religieuse.* 8/10,11, *Breathless; The Graduate.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/2, *Stalag 17; Sabrina.* 8/3, *Last Year At Marienbad; La Guerre Est Finie.* 8/4, *Modern Times; The Navigator.* 8/5, *The Maltese Falcon; Key Largo.* 8/6, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail; And Now For Something Completely Different.* 8/7, *Shall We Dance; You Were Never Lovelier.* 8/8, *Ecstasy; Symphonie Pastorale.* 8/9, *The Seven Year Itch; Love in the Afternoon.* 8/10, *Burn!; The Battle of Algiers.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Cria.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Stroszek.*

Cinema Village 22 E 12th (924-3363). 8/2, *A Woman Under The Influence; Minnie & Moskowitz.* 8/3,4, *Myra Breckinridge; Saturday Night at the Baths.* From 8/5, to be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 8/3, *Orca.* From 8/4, *Suspiria.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *A Bridge Too Far.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *We All Loved Each Other.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Orca.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2490). *Smokey and the Bandit.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 8/2, *Jabberwocky.* From 8/3, *Man on the Roof.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). Thru 8/6, *Annie Hall.* From 8/7, *Sandakan 8.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *Rollercoaster.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 8/2, *Nasty Habits.* From 8/3, *Cousin, Cousine.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Orca.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *For the Love of Benji.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Homage to Chagall—The Colors of Love.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The Spy Who Loved Me.* II. *The Deep.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The Deep.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 8/2, *In Search of the Castaways; Robin Hood.* From 8/3, *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* II. Thru 8/2, *Orca.* From 8/3, *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger.* III. *The Deep.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 8/2, *Rollercoaster; The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* 8/3-9, *Race for Your Life Charlie Brown; The Three Stooges Follies.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 8/2, *Rocky.* From 8/3, to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 8/2, *Three Women.* From 8/3, *Homage to Chagall.* II. Thru 8/2, *In Search of the Castaways; Robin Hood.* 8/3-16, *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* III. *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* IV. Thru 8/2, *High Street.* From 8/3, *Next Stop Greenwich Village; Welcome to L.A.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *MacArthur.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 8/2, *Ziegfield Follies; Cabin in the Sky.* 8/3-6, *Grand Hotel; Waterloo Bridge.* 8/7,8, *Broadway Melody; For Me And My Gal.* 8/9,10, *Captains Courageous; The Red Badge of Courage.* 8/11-13, *The Pirate; High Society.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). Thru 8/3, *Strongman Ferdinand.* 8/4-10, *The Great Madcap.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *A Bridge Too Far.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 8/2, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* From 8/3, *Tentacles.* II. *Jaws*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 8/2, *In Search of the Castaways; Robin Hood.* From 8/3, *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* II. Thru 8/2, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* From 8/3, *Tentacles.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 8/2, *Black Sunday; Play It Again Sam.* 8/3-9, *Annie Hall; Blackbird.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 8/2, *Nasty Habits.* From 8/3, *Annie Hall.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The First Nudie Musical.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 8/2, *Fata Morgan; Even Dwarfs Started Small.* 8/3,4, *The Manchurian Candidate; The Naked and the Dead.* 8/5,6, *Casablanca; The Maltese Falcon.* 8/7-9, *Hour of the Wolf; Persona.* From 8/11, *Chac.*

Theatre St. Marks–80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/2, *Cobra Woman; Tangier.* 8/3,4, *The Boys From Syracuse; Artists and Models.* 8/5,6, *Front Page; I Cover The Waterfront.* 8/7,8, *Back Street; Magnificent Obsession.* 8/9, *This Is the Army; Private Buckeroo.* 8/10, *Rules of the Game; Pepe Le Moko.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Deep.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *New York, New York.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). To be announced.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Victoria, Bdway & 46th (354-5636). *Viva Knievel.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 8/8, *Cousin, Cousine.* From 8/9, *Satan's Brew.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54 (765-7600). *New York, New York.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Thursday, August 4

HAIR AGAIN

Annie Golden is making her Broadway debut as Jeanie in the first revival of Tom Horgan's production of the Gerome Ragni-James Rado 1968 tribal love-rock musical **Hair** which has its first preview tonight at the Biltmore Theater, 261 West 47th Street (JU 2-5340). Also in the cast: James D. Rich, Doug Katsaros, and Martha Wingate.

CURRENT

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers*, but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the stars. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

The Cherry Orchard–Formerly a play by Chekhov, now the victim of a rampaging, self-indulgent reshaping (wherein winsomeness becomes slapstick, etc.) by Andrei Serban. Even at this monstrous disadvantage, however, the haunting Ranevskaya of Irene Worth, as well as the pure visual beauty of the production, are probably worth the trip (if you happen to live close by, at any rate). Thru Labor Day. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Chicago–Lust and chicanery in the Windy City, circa 1925, with book (Bob Fosse and Fred Ebb) from the same play (Maurine Watkins's *Chicago)* that inspired the fabulous movie *Roxie Hart.* John Kander's best songs are little more than neat ripoffs from twenties' razzmatazz, but Bob Fosse's virtuoso staging makes them look better than they sound. The show has been around for a while, however, and some of Fosse's stage gadgetry has begun to creak, but Jerry Orbach's work as a slick lawyer is wondrous to behold. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed, Sat & Sun mat at 2 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The Importance of Being Earnest–There have been better productions of this flawless jewel of a play: a more resonant Bracknell than Elizabeth Wilson, a less twitchy Cecily than Kathleen Widdoes, more stylish sets than Zack Brown's (which are festooned with *white plastic* flower pots!). But Stephen Porter has given Wilde's comedy an intelligent staging, and there is the Gwendolen of Patricia Conolly, deserving inclusion among the authentic Wonders of the World. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3, through 8/28. Circle in the Square, 50th St W of Bdway (581-0720).

The King and I–Fuzzy, slovenly revival of a show that isn't as good as it used to be, and probably never was. Yul Brynner is the star, but he has aged since 1951 and it shows; surrounding him is a cast of nobody in particular, including Constance Towers as a dull Anna and some children who merely make faces. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Next week, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Mat Wed at 2 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. Dick Cavett has taken over the lead. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Now that it is being performed (by Hope Lange and Don Murray) more for jokes than for wit, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars John Cullum. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st (757-7064).

Side by Side by Sondheim–Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and Larry Kert sing to remind us of the words-and-music genius of Stephen Sondheim. Their contribution is nothing more than a long, generous song recital, but it all turns into an inspired, implied drama of sheer delight. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'.* Robert Preston is the Fox himself, without benefit of trombones. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, and a poor substitute for either the original L. Frank Baum books or the Judy Garland movie. The problem here is lack of tone: exuberant jive one minute, patchy bathos the next. Bargain-hunter note: the cheaper the seats, the less depressing the tacky, gimcrack sets and sloppy routines are likely to look. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Actors Consort–Mon, Tues, Wed, 8/8-31, *People We Thought We Knew; He Said, She Said.* Thurs thru Sun, 8/11-28, *Reno* and *Alchemy DaVinci*, $2.50 The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Agamemnon–Fragments of the Aeschylus classic intrude from time to time to interrupt Andrei Serban's dazzling display of self-indulgent theatrical trickery. If you care about the play, the show is a horror. If you like circuses, go to the circus. 8/2 thru 8/28. Tickets free, distributed nightly at 6:15. Delacorte Theater in Central Park (677-1750).

Blythe Spirit–By Noel Coward. Thurs thru Sat, 8/4-6, 11-13 at 8; Thurs thru Sun, 8/18 thru 21 at 8. Lincoln Square Arts Guild, 150 W 68 St (595-4767).

Camp Meeting–Al Carmines's musical revival meeting set in Southern Illinois in 1840. Fri thru Mon, 8/5-8, 12-15, 19-22, 26-29 at 8. $3.50 Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq So (GR7-0351).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Consider the Roaches–A new comedy by Len Seaberg. Wed thru Fri at 7:30, Sat at 8:30, thru 8/20. Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Counsellor-At-Law–A revival of the Elmer Rice play, directed by Will Lieberson. 8/2-6, at 7:30. Quaigh Theatre, 108 West 43 St (787-0862).

The Domino Theory–A new play by Meir Z. Ribalow, with Lindsay Crouse. Wed thru Fri, 8/3-5 at 8. Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W 52 St (247-4982).

Double Bill–*The Loveliest Afternoon in the Year* and *I Can't Imagine Tomorrow*—Two one-act plays. 8/5,6, 19, 20, at 7:30. 8/12,13, 26,27, 9/2,3, at 9:30. $3.50 Academy Arts Theatre, 330 E 56 St (486-1431).

Double Bill–*Transitions for a Mime Poem* and *That All Depends on How the Drop Falls—(Part II and III The Soledad Tetrad)*—written by Owa, directed by Stephen D. Agins. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 5:30, 8/4-21. New York Theatre Ensemble, 62 E 4 St (477-4120).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Getting Married*, Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *One Acts*, Thurs thru Sat at 10:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, Sun at 2:30 & 5, thru 8/28, *Three by Gorky*, Sun, Tues, Wed, 8:30, Thru 8/28. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Finian's Rainbow–Written by E.Y. Harburg and Burton Lane. 8/2-5 at 8. University Theatre, 35 W 4 St (598-3067).

Gulp!–Gay musical farce directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. plus Sat at midnight. $5. The Glines, 260 W. Bdway (925-2619).

Ionesco, Ionesco–*The Picture* and *The Lesson*, two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Thurs thru Sun at 8 thru 8/7. $2.50. AMDA Studio One (Ansonia Hotel) 2109 Broadway (787-5300).

Lunchtime Theater–Thru 8/5, *Steinberg*, by David Feldman, directed by Albert Brower, Mon thru Fri at 1:15 p.m. Quaigh Theater, Hotel Diplomat mezzanine, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons stars in a play written and directed by Robert Athayde. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 8/14, Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

No Honey or **One More Life Saved**–A new play, written and directed by Nicholas B. Daddazio, concerning health food and exorcisms. Wed, Thurs, Fri, thru 8/12 at 7:30 p.m. Clinton Experimental Theatre, 314 W 54 St (582-2691).

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company boils Wagner's *Ring* down to 3½ hours. There are clever touches here and there, but more that's merely raucous, lurid, and self-indulgent; both Wagner's 20-hour original, and Anna Russell's 20-minute condensation, are more on target — and, incidentally, funnier. Sundays at 8. *Stage Blood*, written, directed by, and starring Charles Ludlam. Fridays at 8 & Saturdays at 8 & 10:30 p.m. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

Theater Uptown 77–*Trifles and Tomfooleries*, three one-acters by GBS, 8/2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12. Doug Fallon's *Stars and Usherettes*, 8/4, 5, 9, 10. $2.50. Minor Latham Playhouse, Bdway & 120th (280-2079).

Under the Gaslight–A musical melodrama by Augustin Daly, directed by Micahel Bavar. Tues thru Sat at 8 thru 8/6. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd St (JU 2-4240).

Unsung Cole–A musical entertainment of songs by Cole Porter, some receiving their New York premieres, infrequently performed, conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman; with Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Maureen Moore, Anita Morris, John Sloman. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 7:30. Thru 9/4. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So. on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

The Web And The Movie Man–Two plays by Eugene O'Neill, directed by Jack Kehler and Reva Cooper. Thurs-Sun thru 8/6. Theatre XII, 94 St. Mark's Pl (244-4270).

The West Street Gang–Doric Wilson's experiment in environmental theater as crime prevention. Fri thru Tues, thru August. $3. The Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

Young, Gifted and Broke–A musical by Weldon Irving, directed by Marjorie Moon. Thurs thru Sat at 8, Sun thru 8/14 at 4. Billie Holiday Theater, 1368 Fulton St, Bklyn (636-0919).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

Restaurants

A sampling of restaurants *New York's* critics have favorably reviewed. The prices listed are dinner prices. The code: **AE,** American Express; **V,** Visa; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge.

The Greats

The Coach House–110 Waverly Place near Sixth. The town's most glorious celebrant of the American kitchen. Tues thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun 4:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees approx $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (777-0303).

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd near Park. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set, a new grill menu: impeccable food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Sat noon to 2 p.m. Mon-Fri 5 to 9 p.m. Pool Room: Mon-Fri, noon to 2:30 p.m. Mon-Sat 5 to 11:30 p.m. Bar Room entrees $6 to $9. AE V CB DC MC (754-9494).

Hunam–845 Second Ave near 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat to 1 a.m. Entrees $5.25 to $7.95. AE CB DC (MU 7-7471).

La Caravelle–33 West 55th. Snobbish and good; all the joys and barbs of French dining in the classic New York style. Mon thru Sat 12:15 p.m. to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:15 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $25.75. (586-4252).

Le Cirque–58 E 65th near Park. An unstuffily elegant restaurant that can dazzle if you challenge it. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 & 6 to 10:30. Entrees $7.95 to $12.95. AE DC (794-9292).

Le Cygne–53 East 54th. All around us, institutions crumble and good men compromise, but Le Cygne refines its glories. The chef's daily whims exalt the eye and the mouth. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Saturday 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $15, dinner $23.75. AE DC (759-5941).

La Grenouille–3 East 52nd. The place to greet, graze cheeks, hug, recognize, be recognized. La Grenouille proves that the kiss of chic need not be fickle or fatal; the staff strives admirably to maintain the standards of the perfectionist who created it. Mon thru Sat noon to midnight. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $27.75. AE (PL 2-1495).

Lutèce–249 E 50th near Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Mon thru Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Entrees $13.25 to $14.75. AE (PL 2-2225).

Nanni–146 E 46th near Lex. Homely little joint, but big-time gastronomes, Italian Division, will prize it. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Entrees $6 to $12. AE V CB DC MC (697-4161).

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Entrees $4.35 to $9.25. AE V CB DC MC (532-3888).

The Palm–837 Second Ave near 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $7 to $24. AE V DC MC (687-2953).

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th near Third. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Sun thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Entrees $2.95 to $10.95. AE CB DC (371-8844).

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank at Hudson. Pasta ten ways, and sublime vegetables, both properly al dente, with sauces of long, slow melding and fast last-minute subtlety. The food establishment hangs out in this charming store-front. Wed thru Mon noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $3.75 to $6.75. No credit cards. No liquor license. (929-4400).

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave near 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat noon to 11:30 p.m.; Entrees $5 to $11. AE DC (838-0850).

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. The menu is imaginative; with intelligence and luck, you may dine well. Call for hours. Prix-fixe dinner, $16.50. AE, CB, DC, MC, V (938-1111).

Wonderful Settings

Elaine's–1703 Second Ave near 88th. This lovingly seedy little joint is the playpen of the quality media set. A writer's reputation soars or stubs on how long he has to stand at the bar here before getting a table. The food is strictly tangential. Daily noon to 4 a.m. Entrées $4.50 to $10.50. AE (831-9566).

The Grand Café–28 E 63rd near Mad. The food (French and American) isn't memorable, but the gorgeous, near-perfect Art Deco-1930's setting is. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Thurs 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Entrées $9 to $14.50. AE CB DC MC (EL 5-2121).

Maxwell's Plum–1181 First Ave at 64th. Ambitious Continental menu in an Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Art Wacko setting. Uneven kitchen. Daily noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $4.45 to $13. AE V CB DC MC (628-2100).

One Fifth–1 Fifth Ave near Wash Sq. The dining room is the S.S. *Caronia* reincarnate. The food is Continental. Mon thru Thurs noon to 1 a.m.; Fri & Sat to 2 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 5 (brunch). Entrées $2.95 to $23.50 (for 2). AE V CB DC MC (260-3434).

Pronto Ristorante–30 E 60th. In this pasta palazzo one can sit long and late in the homey back room and see and be seen by a bustling urbane crowd all dressed up with somewhere to go. Mon thru Sat 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Entrées from $3.75 to $11. AE DC (421-8151).

Tavern-on-the-Green–at Central Park West at 67th. The Crystal Room is a glittering glass gazebo beneath a pink and yellow and aqua ceiling. Here's where flowers are brought to learn to run riot, carloads at a time. A kitchen that has not yet found itself. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Entrées $5 to $20. AE V CB DC MC (873-3200).

"21"–21 West 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is *basically boring. Fall-winter-spring, Mon thru Sat* noon to midnight; summer, Mon thru Fri noon to midnight. Entrées $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (582-7200).

W.P.A.–152 Spring near W. Bdway. Stunning Depression-era fantasy. The menu is limited but appealing. Mon thru Sat noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $7.50 to $12. AE DC (226-3444).

Commendable

Chez Pascal–151 E 82nd. Elegant French cuisine in a tiny brick-walled, flower-decorated place filled with beautiful people in flight from formality. The bass baked en croûte is wonderful; the bouillabaisse must be the best in New York. (Mon thru Fri); sittings at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Entrees from $12.50 to $18. AE. (249-1334).

Sea Fare of the Aegean–25 W 56th near Fifth. Praiseworthy virtuoso repertoire of fish dishes in a restaurant painted a regal Knossos red, like the palace in Crete. Mon thru Sat noon to 11 p.m.; Sun 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $6.95 to $18.95. AE V CB DC MC (581-0540).

Shezan–8 W 58th near Fifth. Beautiful, glittery place where the food—Indian and Pakistani—is of a commendable variety and authenticity. Mon thru Fri 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $5.50 to $8.75. AE V CB DC MC (371-1414).

Soho Charcuterie and Restaurant–195 Spring at Sullivan. An elegant, idiosyncratic place for lovers of *art and experimentation. The menu is Continental* and imaginative; some dishes fail altogether, some are exquisite. Lunch daily approximately noon to 3 p.m. Dinner Tues thru Sun approximately 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $9.75 to $24. V DC (226-3545).

Nice and Inexpensive

Excerpted from The Underground Gourmet

Castilian–303 E 56th near Second. A truly outstanding buy among the city's Spanish restaurants. Be sure to have the white-wine sangria. Daily noon to midnight. Entrées $3.95. AE V CA DC MC (688-6435).

Delphi Restaurant–109 W Bdwy at Reade. You'll be impressed with the freshness and authenticity of the Greek dishes (modestly priced) served in this airy white-walled room. And the portions are bountiful. Daily 10 a.m. to midnight. Entrées $2 to $5.25. No credit cards (227-6322).

Dosanko Larmen–423 Madison Ave near 48th. *Japanese noodle cuisine; very attractive presentation.* Mon thru Fri 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 8 p.m. Entrees $2.25 to $3.50. No credit cards (688-8575).

Gaylord–50 E 58th. The large rear dining room faces a glassed-in kitchen where Punjabi chefs perform at three clay ovens. Author's choice: the vegetarian lunch, a visual delight. Entrees $3.95 to $6.50. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat & Sun, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. AE V CB DC MC (759-1710).

Le Yogurt–224 Columbus Ave near 70th. Yogurt, *soups, salads, beef stew, frozen-yogurt desserts.* Sun thru Wed 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Thurs thru Sat 11 a.m. to midnight. Desserts 60¢ to $2. No credit cards (724-7816).

The Looking Glass–325 W 11th near Washington. *Enchantingly pretty place serving homemade can*nelloni and fettuccine and other Italian dishes with a Northern accent. Tues thru Sat 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. *Entrees $5 to $6.75. MC. (924-9867).*

Manorah Thai–1668 First Ave at 87th. Richly seasoned Thai cooking. The appetizers are spicy palate-stimulators, the entrées more bland, the desserts only slightly sweet. Tues thru Sun 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees $1.95 to $6.95. AE V (860-8210).

Siamese Gardens–220 E 53rd near Second. First-rate cooking of Vietnamese and Thai specialties. No liquor license. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Entrées $4.95 to $7.25. AE V DC MC (935-1920).

323 West Broadway south of Grand–A deep room above a grocery store, this not-quite-all-Gallic restaurant has a long wall of windows and hanging plants and a red-tiled front area. The brunch menu offers more than the usual standards. For lunch, try the Black Forest ham and Jarlsberg platter. Dinner is more expensive than the Underground Gourmet limit allows, but your palate and purse can be pleased *if you avoid the costly dishes. Entrees* $5.25 to $12.95. Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to midnight; weekends noon to 3:30 p.m. *(brunch) & 5:30 p.m. to midnight.* AE V DC MC (966-6155).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Backstage–318 W 45th, betw 8th & 9th. Theatrical restaurant, with singer-pianist Steve Ross appearing in the bar Tues thru Sat, from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. (581-8447).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to *3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m.* (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. Thru August, Chateau Tropicale 77, with The Collection, twice a night except on Saturdays when there are three shows. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Closed Mondays (PL 2-8080).

Chez Z–320 E 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat *Hood singing blues, jazz and pops* (734-4700).

SOCKS 'EM OUT

Singer **Bobbi Baird** belts out her soulful lyrics in hour-long sets 9:30 and 11:30, 8/2-30, at *Cleo's,* right opposite Lincoln Center, on Broadway and 63rd Street. For reservations, phone 724-6301.

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th, nr Fifth. Restaurant-disco*theque. In the upstairs room, 8/2-9, song stylist* Vicki La Viscount. Fri & Sat, dancing downstairs (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Thru 8/6, David Frye entertains at 9:30 & 11:30. From 8/8, The Four Aces (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 9/3, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday, at 10, midnight, & 2 *a.m. The Tomy Furtado Trio* plays, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Mon thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature *a whole slew of comediennes* (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Thru 8/6, Janice Harper and Mickey Marvin, at 11:30 p.m. nightly except Sunday. From 8/8, Julie Budd sings. In the Lounge, everything made out of avocados to eat and drink (PL 7-8970).

***Rainbow Room**–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza.* Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. 8/2-21, Bobby Rosen*garden and his orchestra* (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private *club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives* dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday *thru Sunday from* 6:30 *to midnight.* From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th St. At 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday (HA 1-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Thru August, pianist Teresa Kelly plays Mon thru Fri, from 7 to midnight—and sings, too.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** George Shearing is here thru 8/26. Mon thru Fri at 9 & 11 p.m.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Avenue at 61st Street (838-8000). **In the Cafe:** Tony Gorody featured at the piano from 8:30 p.m. - 12:30 p.m. Tues thru Fri; 9:00 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sat. Steve Weltner at the piano Sun and Mon.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, thru 8/21, by New Life featuring Joann Greco, from 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

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Jimmy Maxwell, the giant trumpeter veteran of big bands and studios, leads a boldly swinging sextet on Fridays and Saturdays, thru 8/5 at **Stryker's,** 103 W 86th Street. And the joint is jumping every night with other talent (874-8754).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Bassist Bob Cunningham, guitarist Dave Barron, and Billy Higgins on drums (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway Singer-composer Liz Corrigan here thru 8/6. 8:30 & 10:30, Tuesday thru Thurs, and Sun; at 9:30 & 11:30 on Fri & Sat (473-9367).

Axis in Soho–463 W Bdway. 8/5,6, the Hall Galper Quintet, with Mike & Randy Brecker, at 9 & 11:30 (228-0882).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Teppanyaki-hibachi cooking, and Kuniko Kishiki plays 12th century Japanese love songs on the koto, Mon thru Sat, from 5 p.m. (682-7120).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. A musical divertissement called *Words,* with music by Martin Silvestri and lyrics by Tony Tanner. Tues thru Thurs at 10:30; Fri & Sat at 10:30 & 12:30 (756-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and, for the month of August—Pamela Stanley & Steve Meissenhimer, Mon thru Wed. Thurs thru Sat, Tanya Harris and Jack Messano (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl & 8th St. Helen Humes, the queen of blues and ballads, is here, and is always worth hearing. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price performs (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Tenor sax star Buddy Tate and his trio entertain at this New Orleans restaurant (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban, the owner of the joint, leads the nightly house band, which includes Vic Dickenson and Ed Polcer. 8/2, the weekly jazz session. 8/7, Scott Hamilton Quintet, with Chris Flory, Phil Flanagan, Chuck Riggs (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. Thru 8/6, romantic singer Claudio. Shows at 9 & midnight, Monday thru Saturday (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with Frank Luther on bass and Alicia Sherman on vocals. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Al Haig Trio, with Chuck Wayne on Guitar, and Jamil Nasser on bass. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio, with Loumell Morgan on piano, Morris Edwards on bass, and Lynn Crane on vocals (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave, at 11th. Thru 8/5, singer Arthur Prysock, Mon thru Thurs, 9:30 & 11:30; Fri & Sat, 9:30,11:30, & 1 a.m. (260-0250).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Peter Vamos plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is here, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (CO 5-9505).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 8/13, "A Tribute to Johnny Mercer," by singers Bob Carroll and Marlene Ver Planck (as well as a host of musicians). Music from approximately 9:15. Woody Allen continues to hold forth with jam sessions on Monday evenings (PL 8-2272).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Natalie Gilbert Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. Folk-rock club. 8/3-7, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, old-time blues harp & guitar duo; Blues Singer-pianist-songwriter Martine Labous (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Excellent Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

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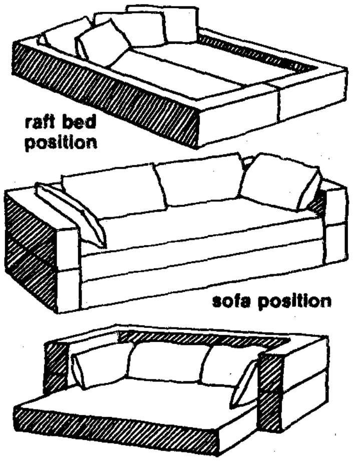

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Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mondays, the Sizzling Syncopators; Tuesdays, the Ed Quinn Quintett; Thursdays, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–8/2-6, Philly Joe Jones Quintet with Bill Meek-piano, Brian Smith-bass, Atlee Chapman-trombone, and Charles Bowen-sax. 8/9-13, Sam Rivers Sextet featuring Barry Altschul-drums, Dave Holland-bass, and Mike Nock-piano 41 E 58 St. (755-1640).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Jazz room. 8/2-6, Randy Brecker Quartet. 8/9-13, Jack Wilkens Quartet. On Sundays and Mondays, guitarist Joe Puma leads a *bop-oriented band, highlighted by his own fleet* improvisations (242-1785).

Third Phase–2864 Broadway, at 111th. 8/5, at 9:30 & 12, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. 8/6, The Countsman (749-0200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. The Star Spangled Washboard entertains Tues thru Sat at 9 & 11 p.m. thru 8/6 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. Thru 8/7, Stanley Turrentine. 8/9-21, Memphis Slim. Mondays—Latin jazz. Tues from 9:30, Daphne Hellman jazz & baroque Trio. Sundays, 3 to 7, Bob January & the *original Swing Era Big Band.* (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 8/2-7, the Woody Shaw Concert Jazz Ensemble. 8/8, Frank Foster and the Loud Minority 23-piece Jazz Band (AL 5-4037).

The West End–1911 Broadway. For August: Tues & Wed, The Tiny Grimes Trio. Thrus, The West Side Jazz Conspiracy. Fri, Swing-to-Bop Quintet. Sat, The Pony Poindexter Sextet. Sun, The Mitch Frohman Group (666-8750).

Children

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Children's Musical Theater, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533). *Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill,* 8/5 at 11 & 2.

Cottage Marionette Theater, CPW at 81st St. (988-9093). *The Reluctant Dragon,* Mon-Fri at 10:30; Children's film festival, Mon-Fri at 12:30.

Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.

East River Puppet Theater, South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Puppet shows Wed, Sat & Sun beginning at noon; thru August.

18th Street Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (989-9228). *The Skylight Room,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 2.

New York Aquarium, Boardwalk at W. 8th St., Brooklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-7, Sat, Sun & Hol 10-8.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Penny Bridge Players, Brooklyn Music School, 122 St. Felix St. (783-8293). *Robin Hood,* 8/2-8/4 at 10:30 & 1:30, 8/5 at 10:30, 8/8 at 1:30, 8/9 at 10:30 & 1:30.

Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry St. (255-7190). *Punch and Judy,* thru 8/4 at 1:30.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Stories and Songs, NY Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), Tues & Thurs at 2, thru 8/18.

Storytelling, Barnes & Noble Annex, Fifth Ave. at 18th St. (777-1465), Tues at 11.

Washington Square Festival, Garibaldi's statue in Washington Square Park (473-8321). *Rumpelstiltskin,* 8/9 at 10:30.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, SPORTS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runs

MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, as popular today as they were over fifteen years ago, are this week's special attraction at the Westbury Music Fair. The concert dates are as follows: Tuesday, 8/2 thru Thursday, 8/4 at 8:30, Friday, 8/5 at 8 & 11:30, Saturday, 8/6 at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday, 8/7 at 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Custom and Culture: a series of arts events at the U.S. Custom House on Bowling Green. Art exhibits will be on display and music and dance works will take place Wednesdays and Thursdays starting at 12:30 and Sundays starting at 3. The festival will run thru 9/11 (425-4445).

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Tuesday, August 2

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Misha Dichter, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Lynn Harrell, cello; at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park; Andre Kostelanetz conducts. Works of Tchaikovsky, Ravel, and Offenbach, at 8:30.

Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Paddy Noonan's Grand Irish Band, Fort Tryon Park, Broadway at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; George Rose conducts Handel's *Messiah,* at 7:30.

Noel Butler/Chris Morse/Dale Allan Band, Lone Star Cafe, 61 Fifth Ave. (242-1664), at 9:30 & 11:45.

Wednesday, August 3

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Sergiu Comissiona conducts, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Vladimir Spivakov, violin, at 8.

Hazel Scott, Channel Gardens, Fifth Ave. between 49th & 50th Sts. (489-4306), at 4:30.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.

Juilliard Jazz Ensemble, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Tom Abruzzo's Italian Song Festival, Union Square Park (460-4750), at 12:30.

Jesse Colin Young/Tom Rush, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Seabreeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Warren Lash, cello. Works of Mozart, Saint-Saëns, and Beethoven, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Prospect Park, Bklyn (580-8700). Same program as 8/2, at 8:30.

Future Shock, Jeanette Park, 55 Water St. (269-0320), at 12:30.

Folk Music, South St. Seaport, at 7:45.

Happy Trails Dance Band, Lone Star Cafe, 61 Fifth Ave. (242-1664), at 9:30 & 11:45.

Thursday, August 4

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Joseph Flummerfelt conducts Bach's *Nun ist das Heil,* Kodaly's *Te Deum,* and Haydn's *Nelson Mass,* at 7:30.

New York Philharmonic, Clove Lake Park, Staten Island (580-8700). Same program as 8/2, at 8:30.

Tasty Licks, bluegrass, South St. Seaport, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Starrett City, Bklyn (682-6567). Same program as 8/3, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, at 8.

Marco Rizo & His Latin American Orchestra, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

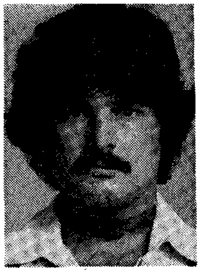
Alex Foster/Mike Wolff Quartet, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.

Friday, August 5

Robert Rutman & the U.S. Steel Cello Ensemble, Summergarden of MOMA, at 8.
Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Robert Shaw conducts, with Benita Valente, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir, at 8.
Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.
Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.
Hal Galper Quintet: with Mike & Randy Brecker, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.
John Prine/Jesse Winchester, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St. (682-6567). Same program as 8/3, at 8.
Popular Music of the Americas, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Saturday, August 6

SOLO FLIGHT



Burton Cummings, the creative force and co-founder (with Randy Bachman) of the hugely successful Guess Who in the early seventies, has now set out on a solo career. He will be appearing this Saturday night in the Wollman Theater in Central Park (Fifth Avenue at 59th Street) at 6:30 (249-8870).

New York Philharmonic, Cunningham Park, Queens (580-8700). Same program as 8/2, at 8:30.
Concert of International Music & Dance, South St. Seaport, at 8.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, New York Botanical Garden, Southern Blvd. at 200th St. (549-1899), at 3.
Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.
Hal Galper Quintet: with Mike & Randy Brecker, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.
Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Ocean Pkwy at Sea Breeze Ave., Bklyn (838-7262), at 8.
Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 8/5, at 8.
Robert Rutman & the U.S. Steel Cello Ensemble, Summergarden of MOMA, at 8.
Johnny Winter, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.
Cliff Barbaro Quintet, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Sunday, August 7

Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.
Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Rochdale Village Community Center, 169-65 137 Ave., Queens (682-6567). Same program as 8/3, at 2:30.
NYC Housing Authority Symphony Orchestra, Central Park Bandshell (360-8209), at 5.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Van Cortlandt Mansion in Van Cortlandt Park, Broadway at 242nd St. (549-1899), at 3.

Monday, August 8

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Phillippe Entremont, conductor & pianist, at 8.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City, Bronx (682-6567). Same program as 8/3, at 8.
Chuck Mangione/Chuck Mangione Quintet, Westbury Music Fair, at 8.
Pete Seeger, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Tuesday, August 9

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Roger Nierenberg conducts Haydn's *Theresienmesse* and *The Creation,* at 7:30.
Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.
Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Chicago Symphony Brass Ensemble, with Anthony Newman, organ, and John Cheek, bass, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park (580-8700); Sarah Caldwell conducts. Works of Strauss, Bruch, and Berlioz, at 8:30.
Atlantic Players: *Hit Tunes From Flop Shows,* Fort Tryon Park Playground, Broadway at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.
Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
New York Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).
South Street Seaport, Pier 15, Fulton St. at East River (766-9042).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).
Wollman Theater, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

British/American Light Opera Exchange, New York Community College, 285 Jay St. (243-6281). The Philbeach Society of London and the Village Light Opera Group in a nautical double bill: *Captain Noah and His Floating Zoo* and *H.M.S. Pinafore,* 8/4 & 5 at 8.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Naughty Marietta,* 8/3 at 2 & 8:30, 8/4-5 at 8:30, 8/6 at at 4 & 8:30, 8/7 at 4.
New York Grand Opera, Central Park Bandshell (360-8209). *The Barber of Seville,* 8/4 at 8.
Opera Studio, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (360-8125). Scenes from operas, 8/8 at 7:30.

Dance

OTHER

Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center Mall, 33 W 42nd St. (354-4467). American Dance Asylum, 8/3-4 at 8; Mary O'Donnell Concert Dance Company, 8/5-7 at 8.
Folk Dancing, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport (766-9042). Mondays at 7:30.
Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.
Murray Spalding Dance Theater, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 8/5-7 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Malvina Hoffman**–Retrospective of bronze dance and opera portraits, thru 8/30. Crider, 961 Mad Ave at 75th (879-4354).

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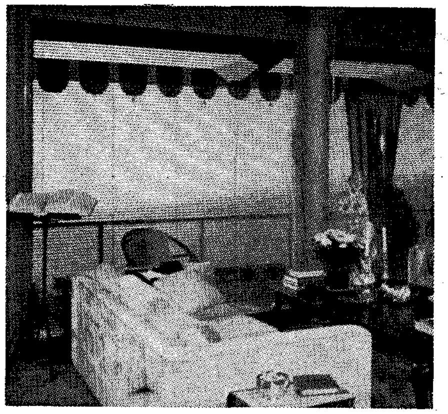

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SoHo

***Timothy Hare**–Sketches and watercolors of historic and vanishing architecture of the Village, thru 9/15. 190 Bleecker (254-4695). Daily 12-9.

OTHER

***George Rickey**–Eight stainless steel kinetic sculptures, thru 9/24. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Goodman, King, Dove, others, thru 8/19.

Droll/Kolbert–724 5th Ave (541-6606). Tues-Fri 11-5. Drawings, paintings, and sculpture by Bishop, Crile, Gianakos, Mangold, Steir, others, thru 9/2.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Contemporary School of Paris, thru 9/1.

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). Paintings by Antunez, Hartigan, Stefanelli, others; sculpture by Miniucchi; kinetics by Ayoroa; environments by Jenkins. Thru 9/3.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Tues-Fri 10-6./ Prints by Dine, Dubuffet, Kelly, Rauschenberg, others, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (PL8-0409). Works by 19th and 20th century French artists, thru 9/8.

Nobe–250 W 57th (581-7060). Mon-Fri 10-6, Thurs till 8. De Marino, Norgaard, Willis, others, thru 8/30.

Pace–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). Dubuffet, Krasner, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, others, thru 9/16.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. Works by members, thru 8/19.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Works by teachers and students from New Paltz, 8/5-26.

René–6 W 57th (765-1330). Chryssa, Doltori, Indiana, Tanger, others, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Tues-Thurs 10-5. Small abstract wall constructions by Du Bois, paper boxes by Larese, dot drawings on silk by Lazar, others, thru 8/26.

Womanart–41 W 57th (421-2420). Tues-Sat 12-6. Drawings, etchings, and small paintings, thru 9/3.

Zarre–41 E 57th (752-0498). Fri-Sat 12-5. Works by Ajay, Koursaros, Walker, others, thru 8/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Fri 10-5. Works by Caro, de Konning, Frankenthaler, Kline, and Louis, thru 9/6.

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Fri 10:30-5. Weapons, masks, and figures from West and Central Africa, thru 8/30.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues, Wed, Thurs 10-2. Works from $200 to $20,000, thru 8/30.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Real and fantastic animals by Wolff, colorful oil and acrylic still lifes and cosmic essays by Nash, thru 9/6.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Works by Bellows, I. Getz, Hofmann, Sloan, Walkowitz, others, thru 8/30.

Flanagan–22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naïve and surrealist paintings, drawings, and sculptures, thru 9/1.

L'Ibis–667 Mad at 61st (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 8/1.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888). Mon-Fri 10-5. Contemporary Americans including Callahan, DeLonga, Hardy, others, thru 8/30.

Spaced–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. The architecture of Italy and Spain in prints, drawings, and photos, thru 9/13.

Wauters–1014 Mad Ave (988-3447). 19th and 20th century European and American drawings, thru 8/30.

***Wildenstein**–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Selections from their collection, thru 8/31.

SoHo

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9. Photographic images by Incandela, typewritten maps of NYC by Knowles, pencil and watercolor portraits on paper by Lyytikainen, others, thru 8/27.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Mon-Fri 10-5. Paintings by Faccinto, Hammond, Reich, others and sculpture by Kuehn, thru 9/7.

Schafer–71 Greene (354-0880). Erotic clothing, paintings, sculpture, thru 8/31.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Daily 1-6. Surface and depth in painting, sight and sound in poetry, weight and shape in sculpture, thru 9/30.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6. Paintings, graphics, and sculpture by Collins, Rutner, others, thru 9/4.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 photos, paintings, and objects from Cape Verde; thru 9/10.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sat 12-6. 18th-century Latin American decorative art; thru 8/7.

Co-Op City Bronx–(671-7777). Outdoor sculpture by Barrett, Castoro, FeBland, Reginato, many others, thru 8/30.

***Custom and Culture**–Bowling Green (425-4445). Wed-Sun 11-6. Sculpture, sound and light installations, plaster figures by Parker, 9' prisms by Ross, others, thru 9/11.

Equitable–1285 6th Ave (554-1234). Mon-Fri 10-5. Drawings by this 19th century American illustrator, Joseph Boggs Beale, thru 8/12.

Exhibitionist–92 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-6. Post-revolutionary posters from Cuba, photos of Cuban life and slide shows, thru 8/13.

***F.I.T.**–227 W 27th (760-7642). The changing look of costume, hairstyle, posture, and makeup from 1765 to the present, thru 9/24.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing (699-9400). Wed-Sat 10-4, Sun 11-5. Vintage fire helmets and badges from the 1790s to the 1920s, thru 9/4/The technology of NYC including models of city structures, bridges, subways, drawings of the Brooklyn Bridge by Roebling, and more, thru 8/31.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Prints by Bonnard, Gauguin, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec, others, in Print Gallery, thru 8/30.

***New York Public Library** at Lincoln Center–Amsterdam at 65th (799-9600). Mon-Sat 12-6. Asian dance images from the Spencer Collection, thru 8/27.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***George Barnard/Edward Weston**–Sherman's Campaign during the Civil War/Fifty vintage prints from his life's work, thru 9/24. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593). Tues-Fri 10-6.

Louis S. Davidson–A sea cruise, thru 9/9. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

Davis & Long–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Mon-Fri 10-5. Contemporary landscapes by DeCamp, Welch, and eight others, thru 8/5.

Images–11 E 57th (838-8640). Tues-Fri 10:30-5:30. Color prints by members, thru 8/8.

***Kodak**–1133 6th Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Shipboard life on early American sailing vessels, thru 8/30.

David Lipson–Color studies, thru 8/15. Donnell Library, 20 W 53rd (790-6551).

***Parsons**–2 W 13th (741-8900). Mon-Fri 10-5. Impressions of Cuba today, thru 8/31.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Landscapes by Adams, Annan, Bell, Barnard, Steichen, White, others, thru 8/13.

Lilo Raymond–Light-filled studies of everyday objects, thru 9/2. Port Washington Library, 245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400).

***Soho/Steiglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Sat, Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Nature designs by Dutkiewicz, color Xerox of Hoboken by Rolston, portraits by Stephens, others, plus the Big Apple by 60 Soho photographers, thru 8/30.

Bernard Pierre Wolff–Black men/Self-portraits by many, thru 8/25. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. New York City maps, past and present, mapmaking, and map-making instruments; thru 8/7. *Natural History Illustrated:* Illustrated rare manuscripts from some of the first major zoological treatises of the Renaissance; thru 8/31. Over 100 specimens of cones and cowrie shells; thru 8/31. **Hayden Planetarium:** *Children of the Sun:* A look at the planets. Mon-Fri at 1 & 3, Sat, Sun & Hols at 1, 2, 3 & 4; thru 9/11. *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* An hour-long show of laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 P.M.; Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

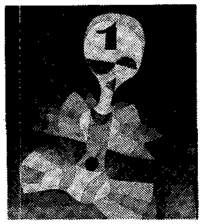
Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5. *Art in Process:* How art moves from idea to object; thru 8/12.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace: An Ornamental Art:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31. *Two Centuries of Black American Art:* A historical survey of the black contribution to the art of America; thru 9/5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Palaces for the People:* An exhibition highlighting 100 years of resort and motel architecture; thru 9/11. *Andrea Palladio:* Models of Palladian villas and churches; thru 9/11.

Frick Collection–1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

SELECT SURVEY



Runner at the Goal by **Paul Klee** is part of the current exhibition of his works at the Guggenheim Museum. This show contains 67 of his oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; thru 9/5. The Museum is at 1071 Fifth Ave., and is open Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5 (860-1313).

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Klee at the Guggenheim:* This select survey of Klee's development contains 67 oils, watercolors, drawings and prints; thru 9/5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Arp, Cézanne, Klee, Miró, Picasso, Seurat, and many others; thru 9/11. *American Postwar Painting:* Includes Dine, Brooks, Marca-Relli, Sander, and others; thru 9/11.

Hudson River Museum–511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Prints by Noland, Oldenburg, Dine, Stella, Olitski, Lichtenstein, and others; thru 9/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Symbolism of Light:* An exhibition featuring the photographs of Clarence H. White. *Wedding:* A photographic record of getting married in America (1850-1976). *Dog Days:* Photographs of dogs taken by Elliot Erwitt. All shows thru 9/11.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Chaim Gross:* A retrospective; thru 10/24. *Dreams, Visions, Legends:* Puppets pictures, and sculptures by school children; thru the summer.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position; thru 9/4. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* Covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru 8/30. *Liberty or Death:* An exhibition in commemoration of the American bicentennial and the 500th anniversary of the Swiss struggle for independence from Burgundian domination; thru 10/15. *Childe Hassam:* A study of his most important prints and their relationship to his painting style; thru 9/11. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Thracian Treasures From Bulgaria:* More than 500 works of art, spanning 2,000 years of Thracian culture; thru 9/4. *Maurice Prendergast's Large Boston Public Garden Sketchbook:* An exhibition of 40 full-page watercolors, almost the full contents of a folio album Prendergast used between 1895 and 1897; thru 8/21.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of the American Indian–Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. *Traditional Pottery of Mexico*: Ancient and modern; thru 10/15.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5. *Dancing on Air:* An hour-long review which spans virtually the entire 30 years of television dance; thru 8/6.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Object As Poet:* Examining the relationship of poetry to the poetic image in objects made by artist-craftsmen; *Bruno La Verdiere:* Clay sculptures; *American Crafts for the White House;* All shows thru 9/1.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Ambroise Vollard:* Devoted to works published by this famous Paris art dealer; thru 9/6. *The Graphic Revolution (1920-40):* A collection of modern graphics assembled by designer Jan Tschichold in the 1920s and 1930s; 8/5 thru 10/31. *Extraordinary Women:* Recently acquired drawings by Alexandra Exter, Hannah Hoch, Susan Rothenberg, Dorothea Rockburne, and others, thru 9/15. *Universal Pictures:* Seventy-three enlarged film stills and posters representing the history of Universal Pictures. Shown in conjunction with the current film retrospective; thru 1/31. *Recent Acquisitions of Contemporary Art:* Paintings, sculpture, reliefs, and works in mixed media; thru 8/16. *Projects: Michael Vessa:* Environmental pieces created for individual rooms; thru 8/22. *Photographs by Chauncey Hare:* Pictures of public and private interiors; thru 10/23., **Matisse's** *Swimming Pool,* a walk-thru cutout in diamond-bright blues and white; thru 8/2. The museum's **Summergarden** is open Fri-Sun from 6 to 10.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* Tickets, programs, manuscripts, portraits, and personal belongings and mementos of the great Swedish soprano; thru 11/30. *New York Then and Now:* Photographs of New York in the past and present; thru the autumn.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Keith R. Bowlby: Blown Glass;* thru 8/21. *Antarctica:* Photographs by Eliot Porter and paintings by Daniel Lang; thru 8/21. *Masked Rituals:* Masks, dance costumes, and photo enlargements of African, Oceanic, and North American cultures; 8/27 thru 11/13.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Sidewalk History:* An outdoor exhibition about the people and life of New York's seaport district around the middle of the 19th century.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *Twentieth-Century American Masterworks;* thru 10/9. *Turn-of-the-Century America:* Paintings, graphics, and photographs, 1890-1910; thru 10/2. **Whitney Museum Downtown** - 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *Pop Plus:* Works from the 1950s and 1960s, including Indiana, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, others; thru 8/15.

Sports

BASEBALL

New York Mets, Shea Stadium (672-3000); vs. Los Angeles Dodgers: 8/2 at 8:05, 8/3 at 2:05; vs. San Francisco Giants: 8/5-6 at 8:05, 8/7 at 2:05; vs. St. Louis Cardinals: 8/8-9 at 8:05, 8/10 at 2:05.

New York Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); No home games this week.

TENNIS

New York Apples, (725-0070); vs. Cleveland Nets, 8/2 at Madison Square Garden; vs. Pennsylvania Keystones, 8/8 at Madison Square Garden. Both matches at 7:30.

New York Ticket Service

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3 Prospect Park, Brooklyn
4 Clove Lake Park, Staten Island
6 Cunningham Park, Queens
23 Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx

SARAH CALDWELL, Conductor
Rodney Friend, Violin Soloist

AUGUST

9 Sheep Meadow, Manhattan
10 Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx
13 Crocheron Park, Queens

ERICH LEINSDORF, Conductor,
Gerard Schwarz, Trumpet Soloist

AUGUST

16 Sheep Meadow, Manhattan
17 Botanical Garden, Bronx
20 Cunningham Park, Queens
22 Marine Park, Brooklyn

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EXXON

NEW YORK

Pelé Revisited: The Loneliness of a Long-Distance Kicker

By Peter Bodo

> "...Pelé has become both the pearl and the albatross around the neck of the Cosmos, leaving them a tense, vulnerable team..."

Pelé stands behind the bright, yellow net of the goal, his head turned to watch his fellow Cosmos flying across the green synthetic turf and through the heat waves rippling above it. The vast Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands is empty for this practice session; the silence is broken only by an occasional cry of joy or disgust rising up into the blaze of red seats. Pelé is not practicing today; he must make a commercial to satisfy a contractual obligation. His gaze remains fixed on his teammates, who romp through a scrimmage while the film crew prepares to shoot another take.

"Attention." The voice is crisp; a girl moves into position with a clapper. "Attention."

It seems as if Pelé does not hear, but then his head jerks, and he is facing the camera again while the scrimmage continues behind him. Two portable spotlights are rekindled, and in their harsh yellow glare, Pelé's face has a sallow cast. He has a touch of the flu, but he would like to complete this session. He has been characteristically calm and cooperative, twice insisting that a take be shot again because he did not feel happy about his own performance.

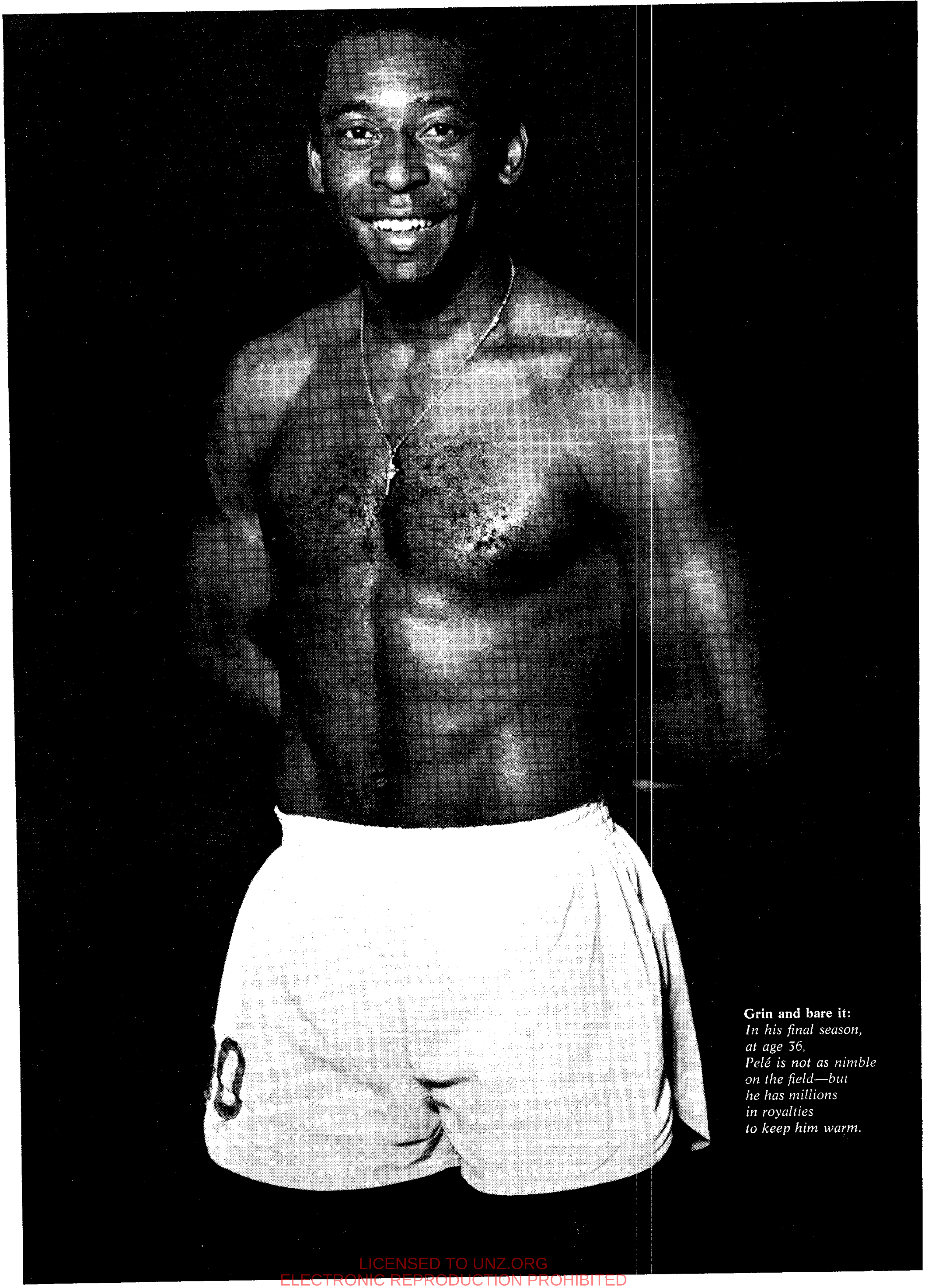
The clapper snaps. Pelé holds extended toward the whirring camera a green, ten-ounce bottle of Teem. He speaks Creole French: "To my friends in Haiti...to your good health with Teem...." He turns to profile and slowly drains the liquid, tilting his head back until the gleaming bottle is empty. Finished, he holds the bottle up to the brilliant light and ponders it with a smile of utter ecstasy.

There is a thump, and the goalkeeper in the net behind Pelé dives to his right. But he cannot stop the shot. The ball rockets into the goal, snaps the net, and almost touches Pelé's back, spinning there like a captured fish. A few feet into the field, Pelé's teammate Bob Smith leaps, chest bare, hair red and wild, and whoops in delight. "Hey, Pelé," he laughs, "get *that* on film, Pelé . "

In a blinding two-and-a-half-year flash, soccer has become one of America's major professional sports, and the New York Cosmos have achieved a stature equal to that of the Yankees, Knicks, and Rangers. The Cosmos are an illusion of staggering proportions, conjured up by a very human athlete, in the declining days of his career, and a conglomerate called Warner Communications. But Warner traffics in such fantasy and will soon generate revenues of a billion dollars through properties such as the movie *The Exorcist*, singers like Linda Ronstadt and Frank Sinatra, rock groups like the Rolling Stones, electronic pinball, Bugs Bunny, Superman, cable television—and the Cosmos.

This may seem like strange company for a man whose most striking quality has been simplicity—humanity, if you will—who believes his talent is "a gift of God." Pelé claims that as a poor child growing up in a dusty Brazilian village his single ambition was "to be my father," who was an injury-prone, marginally talented, semiprofessional player. "No man better expresses human communication than Pelé," says his friend and adviser of two decades, Cosmos' assistant coach, Julio Mazzei.

Peter Bodo is coauthor, with David Hirshey, of the recently published book Pelé's New World *(W. W. Norton).*



Grin and bare it:
In his final season,
at age 36,
Pelé is not as nimble
on the field—but
he has millions
in royalties
to keep him warm.

"... In a blinding flash, the Cosmos have achieved a stature equal to that of the Yankees, Knicks, and Rangers ..."

"He is the friend of everybody."

Pelé, then, is an enigma, a man in whom opposites meet and are alloyed. While his humility is genuine, he is a man of ferocious pride, a perfectionist who sets for himself standards that seem nearly inhuman. He is a man whose image fits him like a second skin, and he does everything to protect and foster his reputation as a common man of uncommon talents and depthless goodwill. To this day, he will not endorse cigarettes or liquor because he loves children and feels deep responsibility and obligation to them, though at home he will sip an occasional Scotch on the rocks. He achieved worldwide fame as a semiliterate, self-effacing youth of sixteen and has spent the better part of his life as a public commodity, a bottomless vessel into which the world has poured its affection.

Jay Emmett, the right-hand man of Steve Ross, chairman of the board at Warner, calls Pelé "the black jewel." Given the nonnegotiable nature of the qualities which make Pelé such an exceptional athlete and celebrity, the definition is adamantine. However, it illustrates just how valuable Pelé has been in the commercial marketplace as a votary not only for soccer but for sundry table games, cola, lunch pails, cologne, and motorcycles. The uses to which Warner has put Pelé to get the right return on its investment in him have all helped push pro soccer over the top. But Pelé has paid dearly for the achievement, because his extensive commitments to off-the-field activities have left the Cosmos a tense, vulnerable team which is capable of playing inspired soccer but is cursed by ill fortune and debilitating distraction. He has been both the pearl and the albatross around the Cosmos' collective neck.

Pelé sits in front of his locker, with diamonds of water trapped in his negroid hair. His feet are up on the bench and resemble the flippers of a prehistoric amphibian. They are almost shapeless. The toes are wedged tight against each other and studded with nails that have grown thick and yellow from daily abuse. The soles of his feet are sheeted by layers of callus, cracking, scored with gray lines, producing around the edge of each foot a slight upward curve that forms a protective rim. He stands, carefully dusts his feet with talc, dresses, and slips into a jacket of soft brown leather. A few minutes later, we are in a car with closed windows, rolling through the perpetual, gritty twilight of the stadium's underbelly, pulling up to an enormous aluminum door and out into the bright afternoon. The car slides toward New York; a hand on the armrest feels the tremor in the wheels.

The world Warner has offered Pelé is an El Dorado to which he has never before been exposed. A division of the company, Licensing Corporation of America, has shown him how he can sell his name profitably, and the flow of illusions and images in the company's monolithic headquarters at 75 Rockefeller Plaza has made him think deeply about where he might fit in with Warner's assorted phantasmagoria.

"Before, I was afraid to make contracts for royalties. I always said, No, I want to receive the money immediately. This has changed too. I make many commercials in Brazil, in Europe, in Africa, but everything I did in the past twenty years means maybe 40 or 35 percent of what I did here in the last two years.

"So I think about all this, and the chances I have with Warner Communications. But my wife, Rose, told me—and this is the important part—she said she doesn't want to be alone with the kids anymore. She told me to think more about my family. After twenty years, I should give them more attention and not travel so much."

The bell chimes; Pelé's driver, Aziz, accelerates past the tollbooth, and the car penetrates the Lincoln Tunnel, burrows ambitiously toward the Manhattan shore.

The car emerges from the tunnel and wriggles into the traffic on Eighth Avenue. Light sparks on the chrome trim, and the muffled wail of horns surrounds the cool-blue vehicle, which moves slowly, refuses to engage in the aggression of the traffic lanes. People float by, inches away from the car, without glancing inside, while Pelé watches them with wide, liquid eyes. It is sometimes difficult to imagine him as a New Yorker.

"At first, we were very happy here and didn't think too much about going back to Brazil. But Rose's father was sick a little while ago, and she had to go back home for some weeks. Now I think she became a little homesick for Brazil. To live here is a big decision, but if we have to find someplace away from Brazil, we want to live in New York. We enjoy the privacy which is impossible for us just about anyplace else in the world."

The executive suite is on the twenty-ninth floor of the Warner Communications building, through doors of smoked glass. The select few who have access to the men who work there wait in a lobby with walls of synthetic suede, while a security man sitting behind a rectangular desk of beige plastic works a communication panel bristling with telephone switches. The room is casual but somber, sparsely furnished, and dominated by an aquarium shimmering with exotic fish: angels, swordtails, glass catfish, rainbows, and a beautiful, healthy red-tailed shark.

Emmett appears and invites his guest inside. We pass through the noiseless doors and by a bank of secretaries into Ross's office. The chairman is working at home today, and his office is in disarray. Two workmen grapple with a large white sofa that will replace the pigskin couch, and the walls are being moved in to make the office smaller and more intimate.

Only the far end of the room will remain untouched; this is where Ross works, at a kidney-shaped leather desk dominated by a Bunker Ramo Market Decision System, an electronic video device on which Ross can summon up the latest Wall Street quotations at the touch of a finger. The panel is lit, covered with fluorescent lime-green numerals and symbols even though nobody sits in the chair to read the message.

Emmett leads the way into an adjoining conference room, and we sit down at a marble-top table with telephones attached to its underside in four places. On a nearby table is a statue of polished aluminum commemorating *The Exorcist* and a plaque which reads LOVE IS NOT AN ILLUSION. Emmett is still agitated over the Cosmos 2–1 loss to Dallas in the previous day's game by virtue of a shabby North American Soccer League innovation called the "Shootout," which insures that no game end in a tie.

Both Ross and Emmett have become rabid fans and have acquired reputations as the poorest losers in the league. They descend upon the Cosmos' locker room after every game with a formidable entourage, and their mood usually reflects the final score. Ross customarily appears in his green, official Cosmos Adidas warm-up jacket and sweeps through the changing room, slapping players on the back and making small talk. The two corporate officials have

Photographed by Frederic Ohringer

"...One coach and two dozen players have been chewed up and spit out in the blink of an eye by a franchise craving success..."

lived through two seasons of frustration, because the club has simply been unable to harness Pelé's genius with any real consistency. The Cosmos' front office has failed to acquire a full lineup of players who best understand and complement Pelé's exalted conception of the game, and Pelé himself has been too busy fulfilling his extra-athletic obligations to function in his best capacity, as a day-to-day leader and counseling elder to the players around him. The Cosmos play marvelously attractive soccer, yet they always seem to fall prey to a determined, tightly knit team. As the season continues, the tension mounts, the pressure only increases.

"Hey, it's tough," Emmett says, and his words come quickly now, his conviction swells as his facial twitch becomes more pronounced. He taps his glasses on the tabletop, twists, and places an elegant Gucci loafer on the hard surface. "Well, we can't control soccer like our other businesses. Movies are a bit similar, but even there we have some degree of control. Hey, Ross played with the Cleveland Browns; he knows what these guys are up against. Me, I'm the guy who's used to dealing with situations. When we have a problem . . ." he jerks his thumb toward his shoulder, whistles, ". . . we red-flag it, bring in the accountants, and bang, it's fixed."

Control is precisely the problem. Soccer is simply not synthetic enough to master with vast financial resources and expert marketing. Championship teams are not assembled like a stage set but need privacy and total dedication, the chance to evolve a particular character. Only one of the current players, American Werner Roth, has been with the Cosmos for more than three years; the rest are a frantically assembled cast trying to cue on Pelé.

"Hey, we want Pelé to be with us for a long time," Emmet continues. "He can perform a real service for us working with Nesuhi Ertegun in our international records market . . . in the P.R. sense, he can get into a lot of places Nesuhi can't."

Emmett cradles his chin in his hands, shakes his head. "Sure, Pelé is going to retire, but hey, we're not ringing any death knell; we've got to have superstars, and we'll get them, guys like Franz Beckenbauer. Hey, we don't go into anything for the fun of it. We bought this franchise for 25 grand, and we could sell it today for $4 million. People thought we were crazy when we signed Pelé [for an estimated $4.5 million], but we made money on it. I tell you, we didn't lose a dime. . . ."

Practice ends today with a light scrimmage, played across the field using rubber traffic cones spread three feet apart instead of goals. There is no goalkeeper; when one side penetrates toward the target, the nearest defenders drop back and protect the goalmouth without using their hands. The drill is great fun, and the stadium echoes with wisecracks and imprecations.

Pelé plays as a defender for his team, rarely venturing within 40 yards of the opposite goal. He receives a ball, and while the players wait for him to pass it off to start an attack, he suddenly lofts a low, casual lob across the length of playing area. The ball floats over astonished heads, lands, and purrs softly between the far cones for a goal. There is a confused silence, broken after a moment by Pelé's delighted basso profundo, a laugh that resonates through the empty stadium. "Hey, *that's* magic," marvels an English player, while Pelé is subjected to a chorus of good-natured curses. The game resumes.

It is not easy to play the same game as Pelé, particularly because his skill borders on the insolent, and his imagination gravitates to the inscrutable. The chore is made even more difficult by the circumstances which prohibit him from serving in the capacity he most loves—as a member of a team. The delicate balance he so enjoyed between distinction and anonymity as a full-time player in Brazil is shattered, and he is no longer shielded from the demands of the world by his dedication and obligations to a single task. He is the superstar here, the single name the man in the street associates with soccer.

Unfortunately, it is not enough for the men who hold his contract. The moment Pelé arrived, the team was cast headlong into a future it was ill-prepared to face. Previously, American soccer made do with cast-off or washed-up English talent, and the Cosmos themselves were dominated by a lusty band of stouthearted journeymen and international vagabonds whose style of play spoke more eloquently for their hearts and guts than for their heads. This had to be changed overnight, and the Cosmos began to scour the globe for players capable of understanding Pelé's vision of the game. It has not been easy. One coach and two dozen players have been chewed up and spit out in the blink of an eye by a franchise that craves success with beastly ferocity. "If Darwin studied this club, he'd say that soccer players were a doomed species," says one veteran.

Until recently, the Cosmos' front office was English to the marrow, from Toye right down to head coach Gordon Bradley; and English soccer is different from German or Italian, and perhaps most different from Brazilian. The English prefer hard work and aggressive play to skill and imagination, long passes and savage attacks to the slow, almost hypnotic offense that characterizes the best of Latin soccer. It had been Bradley's job to synthesize the two styles and players, developing each without the least bit of training or experience in the Latin game, and he failed at least partly because this requires uncommon communication and goodwill on the part of all. Now it is up to a new coach, Eddie Firmani, to accomplish this with players who represent ten nationalities, five distinct languages, and countless subtle cultural prejudices.

"The South American guys like to do things slowly, so some of the English guys right away think they don't care or aren't hustling," says one of the three American players on the team. "Then the South Americans think the English are snubbing them or trying to lord it over them because they speak the language and make up most of this league. Everybody tries; we really try. But there's bound to be misunderstandings with the kind of pressure we're under. There's bound to be paranoia." Needless to say, every team in the league plays the game of its season against New York, which they see as a rich club replete with spoiled, overrated stars. Pelé's head is still the prime trophy in all of soccer.

Some of Pelé's teammates have failed to see that this paragon of the unselfish, team player is living through the most painful transition of his life. They spill into the locker room after practice, strip off, and heave their soaking jerseys into the canvas bin for tomorrow. They soothe bruises with cylinders of ice, examine their toenails, light cigarettes, and chat, slowly pulling the tape that peels away from bone and flesh with a rasp. The showers hiss and echo with muffled voices; the bright room grows damp and comfortable. They are wet, happy creatures poised before lockers bulging with vibrant clothes. Only one of the cubicles stands neat and lifeless, tenanted only by a loden warm-up suit sagging on a hanger. A journeyman player looks at Pelé's locker and in a peevish voice says, "Gone again, is he? He's getting harder and harder to catch all the time."

"The thing to remember is that Pelé is the man who put us here," says one soccer veteran. He's been great for us, and he's always been great to us. It's just that he's big, bigger than us, bigger than the game. It was fine for him ten years ago, when he was in his prime and he could concentrate on just playing the game. But now, there's so much more he has to do, so many new things he has to prove."

The sun is dropping over the rim of the stadium; all the commercial segments but one have been completed. The shooting has been punctuated by fawning sessions, in which most of the company have prevailed upon Pelé for a number of autographs, which he has given with typical generosity. He is getting chilly now as the shadows lengthen; he is 45 minutes late for an appointment, and the flu has remained with him. Mike Madsen, the Haitian bottler who is paying for the commercials, digs frantically through a series of duffel bags, looking for the Pepsi sweat shirt. Pelé waits, wrapped in his own arms, until Masden finds the shirt, runs over, and whispers the instructions.

Pelé nods and pulls the gray shirt with the Pepsi logo over his Cosmos jersey. The crew drops back into place; the cameraman lets his brow brush the rubber cup of the eyepiece and activates the machine. Pelé stands twenty feet away and slowly peels off the sweat shirt; he turns and the green characters of the numeral 10 and his name stand out against the white of his jersey. He begins to walk, still with his back to the camera, with that distinctive gait he shares only with his son, Edinho. The toes are flared outward, the hips rise and fall rhythmically above the massive thighs. His upper body is leaned slightly back and relaxed, the round shoulders keep time with his hips, and the arms dangle at his side, rising and falling gently. It is the gait of a man who is in no particular hurry because he must walk forever. As he moves deeper into the field, he shows his sphinxian profile, begins to scan the stadium with a deliberate gaze suggesting both wonder and disbelief. His eyes travel above the flawless green carpet, follow the curved wall of the arena over thousands of empty seats and up into the darkening sky. ■

A Cosmos Triple Threat: Chinaglia, Beckenbauer—and Pelé

Not so very long ago, the Cosmos played a game before 98 spectators on Randall's Island; this past Father's Day, at Giants Stadium, a crowd of more than 62,000—the largest in the history of American soccer—saw the Cosmos defeat their arch rivals, the Tampa Bay Rowdies. The Cosmos have drawn more than 33,000 per game at home this season, an average gate well above that of both the Mets and the Yankees. Professional soccer, for so long a losing proposition in the States, has taken root in American soil at last.

But success has not come cheaply. The team has spent an estimated $8-million for just three players—Pelé; Giorgio Chinaglia, from Italy; and Franz Beckenbauer, from West Germany. For years the North American Soccer League and its abortive predecessors have struggled to bring professional soccer to the attention of the American public. That one team could master such financing at all shows how far U.S. soccer has come.

☐ In June of 1975 the Cosmos astounded the soccer world by signing Pelé, who had retired from Santos of Brazil the previous autumn, to a three-year contract. Pelé, whose real name is Edson Arantes do Nascimento, is universally acclaimed as the greatest player in the history of the game. At the age of seventeen, he led Brazil to victory in the 1958 World Cup, a success repeated in two of the four World Cup finals since then.

In his final season, at the age of 36, Pelé has lost a few steps of his former speed; injuries come more frequently and are harder to brush off. But if this is the twilight of his career, Pelé's opponents can only wish that darkness would fall faster; last season, his eighteen assists shattered an NASL record, and he was voted the league's most valuable player.

☐ Giorgio Chinaglia converted many of those assists into goals. Chinaglia is the Italian superstar whom the Cosmos acquired in 1976, just in time for him to lead the NASL in scoring. Previously Chinaglia played for Lazio of Italy. For seven straight years he was the team's top scorer, and he spearheaded Lazio's drive to the Italian championship in 1974. Although Chinaglia never dominated European soccer, it takes a Pelé to overshadow him —a Pelé, or a Beckenbauer.

☐ Franz Beckenbauer may be, after Pelé, the most important player in the game of the past ten years. Beckenbauer captained West Germany's Bayern Muenchen club in its rise to a dominant position in international soccer in the late sixties. Playing at the head of the Bayern Muenchen defense, Beckenbauer revolutionized the function of the sweeper-back by generating long offensive thrusts from the position. The innovation changed the complexion of the game, as Bayern Muenchen devastated opponents with a coordinated ten-man attack. A defensive fail-safe, as well as a potent scoring threat with an uncanny strategic sense, Beckenbauer might be compared to hockey's Bobby Orr. Since 1966, Beckenbauer has led Bayern Muenchen to four German Cups, three European Cups, and one World Cup title, among other accomplishments. It is no coincidence that during the same period the West German national team emerged as a world power. Under Beckenbauer's leadership, the Germans won the 1974 World Cup, and finished second in 1966.

Only last month, Clive Toye, then president of the Cosmos, scored another major coup by luring Beckenbauer away from Bayern Muenchen, just after he had been chosen European Footballer of the Year for the second time. The move was the more astonishing inasmuch as Beckenbauer, unlike Pelé, is now playing at the top of his powers; only 31 years old, he still has five or six good seasons ahead of him. —**Stephen Tifft**

JERRY LIEBMAN

Trilateral Alliance: *Giorgio, "Edson," Franz.*

Beyond Liberation: Confessions of a Dependent Woman

By Colette Dowling

"...It's not simply having someone else pay the bills. I want full-time emotional protection, a buffer between me and the world..."

One night not long ago the canny eye of the moon shone through my bedroom window, and I awoke, suddenly, to the bleak prospect of killing myself. It was a brief but intensely frightening moment, and I do not mean to belittle it. What I felt was that I had no place to go, no niche into which I could climb in the hope of living comfortably with myself. I was furious at the man sleeping beside me because he'd grown tired of supporting me and had begun to insist that I do something about it. We had never planned that he support me, but for a number of reasons he'd ended up doing so, and with the surfacing of his discontent, I discovered something quite shocking about myself. I *want* to be supported. It's not simply a question of having someone else pay the bills. What I want is full-time emotional protection, a buffer between me and the world. Over the past two years, events have conspired to bring home a peculiar truth: At base, I do not believe that I should have to bear the full responsibility for my life. I want what I was born and bred to want, in Baltimore, in the fifties, which is that someone else should do the hard stuff, not me.

This was bad news all right. Sweating there on my pallet of insomnia, I scrambled for a way out, only to conjure up the traditional Great Escape. Why don't you find yourself the sort of man who *likes* taking care of women? I thought, miserably. There must still be plenty of *them.*

There are, of course. But the problem is, being a modern woman, I loathe dependence too. The price for security such as I yearn for is mute obeisance. Like the child dependent upon the adult, I would never be fully able to express myself for fear of biting the hand that feeds me.

The agitation, as these thoughts came one on top of the other that moonlit night, brought me to a state of mind that was near hallucination. The worst part—the part so exquisitely frustrating that I could contemplate killing myself like a vengeful child—was that no one could be blamed, least of all the man lying next to me. It's conflict that clipped my wings, not him. *He wants me to fly.*

He also wants me off his back.

An experience like this one, personal though it may be, inevitably relates to something broader in the society. A recent sharp turn in the development of the culture heightened the feelings that emerged that night and for some time had helped to confuse my understanding of them. I'm referring to that great surge in women's consciousness (not to say confidence) that lifted us up in the late sixties and early seventies.

Erica Jong gave slogan to the spirit of the times with her talk of flying. Ah, how we all talked of flying. What we didn't know—at least those of us over 30—was that we weren't intended to fly. No one had prepared or educated us for it, no one had taught us how to manipulate the air currents so that we might stay airborne once we got off the ground. What we would *do* with our lives, how, economically, we would provide for ourselves and thus be able to be truly independent, had never been brought to our attention—by our colleges or our families—as a matter of crucial concern.

I wonder, now, how many of us, getting unmarried and liberated in the 1970s, leaped out of our lives like Icarus, with little more substantial to buoy us in our new ones than the rhetoric of the movement and the gaseous lyrics of of certain popular "women's" songs.

The irony—and perhaps the sole reason for my further elucidation—is that a couple of years ago I met and fell in love with a new-generation, under-30, educated-at-Sarah Lawrence man who fully expected that when he and I got together, I would continue to earn an income. I, certainly, expected the same. Hadn't I finally undergone that glorious transmogrification into independent womanhood, having proved myself capable not only of supporting myself and three children but of hiring a floor scraper to come in and redo the dining room? Had I not flown to California to do a cover story for *Family Circle* (a job which put me in the $2,500-fee category), flown to Georgia to do film research on country music for a producer willing to pay me $100 a day to sniff around and get the down-home atmosphere on some rich dude's 800-acre pecan ranch? Had I not, in 1973, earned the staggering free-lance income of $17,000?

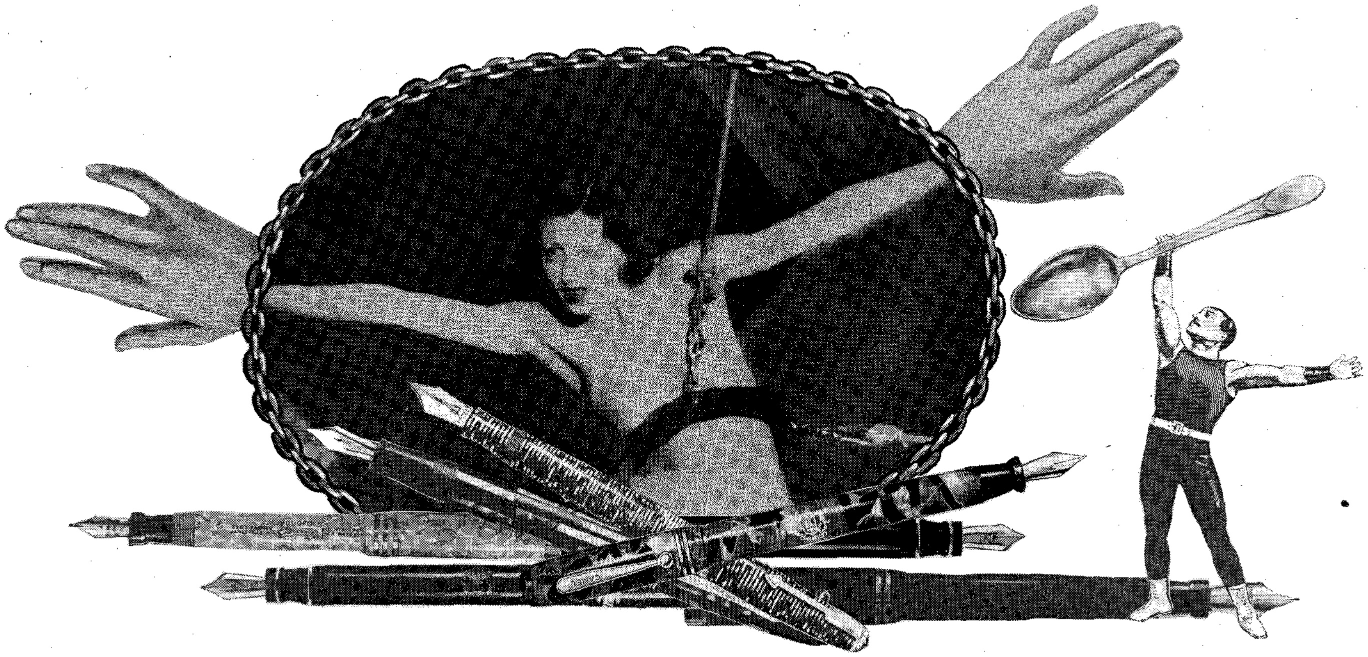
I had. I had also gone to PTA meetings at P.S. 75, had helped found and administer an all-day nursery school, and had jockeyed the payments for the kids' dental work against payments to the psychoanalyst I had so valiantly hired to help me in my struggle to become a better-adjusted, less reluctant, freer, and more productive grown-up.

Colette Dowling is the author of How to Love a Member of the Opposite Sex, *an autobiography, published by Coward, McCann & Geohegan.*

The situation was such that I wasn't getting any child support, but I was getting $150 a month (later $200) from my father, a soon-to-retire college teacher who figured, correctly, that I could use a little help while I adjusted to my new role as single mother and breadwinner.

That role began in 1971, the year I got unmarried, and the year, also, that my first book was published, and my first magazine cover story. I had been writing slowly and rather cautiously for five or six years. Then, with the full power of the times pressing me forward like a tidal wave behind a balsa-wood surfboard, I decided that if ever I was going to do it, the moment had come to take the big ride.

My primary preparation for this moment came from a year spent with a group of women "encountering" one another during weekly meetings in our various living rooms (this before the term "C.R." was even coined). It was in those sweaty parlors, over cups of herbal tea and small saucers of dry-roasted soybeans, that I got the first shimmerings of that evangelical experience: womanpower.



Our "leader" was a woman named Judy, an ex–drug addict from the coast, a surgeon's daughter (I feel compelled to note) who had cured herself at Daytop Village. Judy led us, and one by one we fell by the wayside of our old lives. I remember returning home at noon on a Saturday, after one of our all-night encounters, and with shaking hands lighting the candles for my oldest daughter's seventh-birthday party. The events of that long night had made clear that I would not be living wth my husband forever, as we had all planned. Sooner or later (I sensed it would be sooner), I would be lighting those candles and sitting at the kitchen table with a glass of wine and the afternoon paper, waiting for the fifteenth, or sixteenth, or seventeenth birthday party I had ever thrown to take its noisy, anxiety-ridden course . . . alone.

This was stunning news for a Catholic girl child who'd grown up in the fifties. The moral (read emotional) protection of the scratchy wool scapular I'd worn under my parochial-school dress for a couple of months in fifth grade did not extend into an era when the marriages of modern, non-churchgoing Catholics were sundering with the sharp, mordant publicity that attends certain species of animals' becoming extinct. What would become of us without our rules? By what new schemes would we survive?

I bring up my Catholic childhood because I think that how we were raised makes a difference, that while many women have written in recent years about their experiences, we still do not give credence to the specific psychological and cultural aspects of our lives. Ntozake Shange, who wrote *For Colored Girls,* told a *Voice* reporter: "It [the black movement] exorcised a lot of demons. It was a rite of passage. It told us we could do anything we wanted. But what it failed to do was give us the right to explore our own personal frustrations. Our personal lives need as much attention as the community."

The same could be said for the women's movement. The particularities of women's lives seem to have been subsumed by a massive group psychology that is not unlike communism in its leveling effects. It matters, for example, that Erica Jong came out of an ambitiously striving family of upper-middle-class New York Jews who *expected* that she would graduate Phi Beta Kappa from Barnard, and who no doubt also expected that she would marry someone on the academic level of, say, a classical Freudian analyst. (It was Erica's little rebellion that she picked a Chinese. *After* she picked, and rather quickly disentangled herself from, a wild-ass Irish manic-depressive.) It matters because we take our meaning from life as individuals, not as members of a mob.

For reasons that need defining, those peculiar and fascinating details of past life and spiritual upbringing which shape the mind and dress the sensibility are dismissed when it comes to women. Do we think of, say, Joan Didion in relation to her specific cultural heritage, or Joyce Carol Oates, or Renata Adler, in the same intimate biographical detail that we know the male writers of the day—Philip Roth, let's say, or Norman Mailer, or John Cheever? We don't. I think it's because even now we do not fully take women seriously as writers. Success, in us, is still considered something of a fluke. It is not something we tend to go after, in the sense that we look for, expect, and organize our lives for it. The point is that we, ourselves, consider success, when it comes, a gift of fate. And this is deadly.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. What I'm trying to develop here has to do with things I've learned in my own life these past two years. More often than not, the learning of them has been an unhappy business, but I suspect I might not have been able to grasp the point of things in any other way.

Illustrated by Miriam Wosk

"... I was safe, wrapped in a room as in a womb, and no glances at empty bank statements could propel me into the real world ..."

I met Lowell at an artists' community in western Massachusetts in the summer of 1974. We spent the fall and winter getting to know one another, a time which in some ways was the best for us, the most unambiguously wonderful. He stayed on at the community for the winter; I returned to New York. We visited back and forth while continuing our independent lives—he as a single man, a graduate of NYU Law School who has chosen to write rather than practice law, and who has never been married or had children, I as a woman ten years his elder, unofficially separated from my husband of nine years, a mother of three children, a free-lance writer, and an inveterate New Yorker. After a long, exciting winter, we decided we wanted to try living together. Lowell moved into my apartment, in New York, in May.

Oddly, from that moment on, I had trouble working. The capacity for being alone in my head, which had developed nicely during the four years of my actually living alone, vanished suddenly. Always, now (whether more or less vividly), my mind was occupied by two people: the Other and Me. Thou and I.

I also seemed to have picked up an obsessive quirk. I began reworking every page I wrote about ten times, morbidly preoccupied with syntax and form, as if someone critical were looking over my shoulder. All passion went, all play. During the entire summer I managed to squeeze out a single fastidiously shaped article.

We decided to move. Lowell preferred the country anyhow, and weekend trips around upper New York had convinced me that getting out of the city might provide the break that would help renew my creative life. So in August we plucked up the kids and transported ourselves to the village of Rhinebeck, a peaceful hamlet of 2,300 people.

Immediately it seemed as if the tension of life in a big city was the core neurosis of our times. I began to sleep like a baby. Actually, that first year, I spent a lot of time in bed. The end point of human existence seemed simply to lie there, listening to the dozens of different kinds of birds flailing against nature in the pine trees out back. When spring came, we'd awake to the hoarse, nostalgic honking of a pair of geese from Canada. Alone on the lake, those geese were as solitary in their contentment as we were in our bedroom. Often we'd lie there until noon, feeling no compunction whatever to rise and meet the day.

Not till later did I learn that even as we lay there, Lowell's mind was ranging far and wide, planning his work for the day, contemplating action. My mind seemed bounded by the flowered walls of the bedroom, and by the string of photographs which hung there of the two of us laughing together in the sunshine of a visit to Fire Island. Romance had inured me to reality once more. I was safe: I was wrapped in my room as in a womb, and no fitful glances at empty bank statements could propel me beyond its confines and into the real world.

Shortly before we left the city Lowell had made a profitable real-estate transaction, flipping the contract on a loft building, a skill he'd picked up shortly after law school when he worked for a SoHo real-estate broker. Now, with money tucked neatly away in savings and investment accounts, he'd begun writing books. I watched from the sidelines, amazed. He wrote five pages a day, every day, including Sundays. The first year we were in Rhinebeck, Lowell completed two books and secured contracts for two more. In addition, he liked to analyze the stock market, spent most mornings with the charts, and made enough money spreading options for the IRS to count him a trader, not an investor.

Panic over my personal ineffectiveness had not yet set in, and domesticity was bliss. I would be in the kitchen mixing the Jell-O instant pistachio pudding with the Duncan Hines golden-cake mix for a super-duper pistachio-flavored pound cake when Lowell would bound downstairs to make his first call of the day to Brown & Company, in Boston, going short on Teledyne and long on Digital Equipment. Ah, that Lowell, I would say to myself as I shoved the tube pan into the oven, a real *Wunderkind*. (The vein of hostility was still buried in the ore of my love, but it was near the surface, even then.)

The fateful seal on my condition was this: I was happy. It was enough, simply, to love, to cosset and be cosseted. Not since I'd left my small Catholic women's college, in 1958, had I felt so secure.

The ecstasy lasted for exactly three months, up to and including our first Christmas in the country. During the three months that followed I was less happy (odd, tearful moments in the night), then getting a bit weird in the head, then down-and-out miserable. Finally, I was hateful. I hated myself and I had begun to hate Lowell. I resented him because he seemed to work so easily, with so little anxiety. I was beginning to feel rotten because I hadn't gotten an assignment in months. Nervous over the way the family's bills were eating into his nest egg (his plan had been to luxuriate in a full year of doing nothing but creative work—poetry, the draft of a novel—while living off the proceeds of his real-estate transaction), Lowell would make suggestions to me for projects I might work on.

"You like to do stuff around the house," he'd say. "Why not do a book on housekeeping? With a commercial twist."

"Right, right," I'd say. "A book on housekeeping."

And diligently, with the earnestness of a little girl trying to prove her good intentions, I sat down and sweated over a proposal for such a book. I can't recall, now, which particular commercial twist I latched on to. Neither, I'm sure, can the publishers who saw the proposal.

Meanwhile, Lowell's book manuscripts were piling up on the shelf behind his big, carved desk. There he sat, all winter long, with the fire roaring in the wood stove, producing. Our roles had reversed. He had become the pro and I the neophyte. On some level I felt as if God, Lowell, my children, everyone I had ever known, been taught by, or even thought about had caught me out and were returning me to my rightful position in life: *talentless hausfrau with pretensions of grandeur.*

One day, reading Erik Erikson's *Childhood and Society*, I came upon one of those passages which can seem absurd and utterly contrived until such time—a startling instant, really—when they conform, inexorably, to one's life.

> Somewhere . . . the little girl learns to hate him who so smugly has what it takes—and can take it with him. . . . This fear of being left empty and, more simply, that of being left, seems to be the most basic feminine fear, extending over the whole of woman's existence. . . . No wonder, then, that the anxiety aroused by these fears can express itself either in complete subjection to male thought, in desperate competition with it, or in efforts to catch the male and make him a possession.

Quite cognizant, now, that I had given up my independence but still at a loss as to how to claw my way back, I entered a horrible state. I had lost the ability to think, to imagine, to feel. Emotionally, I had become petrified. The more time that accrued since the day when I was productive and at least relatively self-sufficient, the more confidence I lost and the more my talents seemed to atrophy. I felt myself to be worthless. I stared in the mirror and counted my wrinkles. I watched the hairs in my eyebrows go gray. How could Lowell even love me anymore? Would he leave me? Unwittingly I hung on to him—just as Erikson suggests—attempting, through my helplessness, to possess him. All the long winter I struggled helplessly, as against the strength of a hard current. I wasn't even relating to my analyst. Once a week I would go into New York and complain to him.

Finally, as a last resort, I approached a new agent. The desperate need to work again and make some money sent me to one of those hotshots whom *Esquire* liked to describe, in the sixties, as occupying the "red-hot center" of the literary establishment. We met in his big living room of an office overlooking Madison Avenue. The chair in which he sat, on the other side of a large round coffee table, was impressive, an outsize wingchair covered in putty-colored suede. He was conservatively dressed—British wing tips, a tiny-striped shirt—altogether the sort of man who inspires confidence. In me he inspired awe.

My work in magazines had attracted Mr. Wingchair's attention sufficiently that he had his calls held for 45 minutes the first (and only) time we met. The problem, as I explained it to him, was this. Over the past ten years, I had written a couple of books and probably 60 magazine articles, had done some educational film scripts and written a couple of half-hour television shows, but somehow I had never made enough money to pay my bills without regular help from others—my father, for one, and my old agent, who used to give me advances. Surely something was wrong. By all rights (and by the kinds of credits I'd established) I should have been making some sort of reasonable living at this work.

Wingchair listened. He neither smoked nor fidgeted. Finally he said, "Colette, I think you should write fiction."

He told me that if I were to come up with an outline for a novel that was "at all commercial" he could get me a substantial paperback advance with a guaranteed hardcover sale.

Delirium set in, then panic. I'd been wanting to try fiction for some time but had been afraid of it. If this man who'd been making pots full of money off writers for years believed I could do it, then (thrilling conclusion) I could do it! I mean, at the very least I could pull off a *Mr. Goodbar*, couldn't I?

Or could I? Suppose Mr. Wingchair hadn't liked *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*? What sort of plot could I possibly come up with that would justify his faith in me?

Now, whenever I so much as thought about writing I was assailed by an image of this agent in his pigskin shoes and gold collar pin. You can undoubtedly see where all this was leading. I couldn't. I went to work and wrote four sample chapters and an outline about a woman whose husband was a lunatic and beat her to death. (If that was not commercial, what was?) After some weeks, I received word that while I wrote "with a nice touch," the novel I proposed had an insufficient number of plots, subplots, and secondary characters for the making of "a good gothic tale."

I stared at the Wingchair, Ltd., letterhead. Gothic tale? What gothic tale? I had never intended a gothic tale and we had never discussed one, but apparently that's what Mr. Wingchair wanted, and what Mr. Wingchair wants, Mr. Wingchair gets. That, or he doesn't represent. During the course of the next year I submitted to him five or six ideas for nonfiction books, none of which he believed would bring "a good enough contract." When I proposed a quickie paperback on a certain popular rock group I had access to, he informed me the last rock book he'd sold had gotten an advance of only $17,000, which it didn't earn out. "It isn't worth my time," he said.

Why, you might ask, did I keep going to this guy? On the surface it may look like sheer masochism, but in fact this agent's penchant for the most commercial literary deals being pulled in New York appealed to my big-hit mentality. Clearly he had no interest whatsoever in my developing career as a writer. Still, I hunkered there, gambling on the possibility of a big hit, one that would put me in clover for the rest of my life (I'd buy real estate, oh yeah. I'd spread options, buy short, sell long, be rich and secure and in the driver's seat once and for all, rather

"...I commit to work doggedly, professionally, despite the fury that wakes me in the night, the self-pity, the burning moon..."

than face the plain, unglamorous fact that I had to find a way, or perhaps several ways, of making a living, year in and year out, for the rest of my days). If the big hit should come (and morally I have nothing against winning at the races), then yes, I could learn how to handle money on an entirely different scale. But in the meantime I wasn't handling money at all; I wasn't even relating to it. I was only hoping—hoping with a dim, wan hope and letting Lowell pay the bills. Rent, electricity, water. Phone bills that ranged between $100 and $200. Oil bills that averaged out at $125 a month. Food bills that invariably hit $300, no matter how carefully I plotted and trimmed.

Lowell, in the meantime, had stopped his sculpting. He hardly ever picked up his guitar anymore and he hadn't written a poem in a year and a half. He was frantically involved in the business of making money and supporting a family of five. He took it seriously. He thought, for example, that kids living in the country should have bicycles, so as their birthdays rolled around, each of my children got a new ten-speed. He contributed substantially to our Christmases, though the holiday has no meaning for him. In short, he's a good man. He was, however, getting pissed.

To make up for the increasing inequity, I set about homemaking. Feverishly. I rented a belt sander and spent several days taking down the kitchen counters (in our rented home) to their original pine. With a staple gun I covered every smidgen of old, stained wallpaper in two bedrooms with sheets bought on sale. And then there were those pistachio pound cakes. Living like a traditional nuclear American family put at least fifteen pounds of excess weight on both of us. We hid out, in our overalls, like slugs in a summer garden.

Mixed with (or, more deviously, disguising) this capacity for letting someone else take care of me is an appalling ability to do without. (What it's served to disguise is the unpopular conviction that someone *ought* to support me.) A pair of leather boots bought for $35 from the Sears in Kingston has taken me everywhere, including people's dinner parties. I have blessed the fad for blue jeans and worn mine until they're shabbier than any grown, professional woman's ought to be. For something to wear in Rhinebeck society I took a length of silk-screened Marimekko cotton hoarded for many years (it used to form a canopy over my bed) and made of it a long dress, proud of my ability to adjust the swirls of its design into some pleasing conjunction with a ditzy pattern from Simplicity.

Triumphs such as these, I've come to conclude, are the small creative droppings of a certain kind of frightened woman. Simply, it is not as scary to make do, to slip geraniums and pare the wardrobe and invent ways of feeding five people dinner for $3.32 a night as it is to be on the line, continually hustling assignments, approaching celebrities for interviews, fighting for every word of every sentence with a copy editor at the New York *Times*. It is easier by far to reign in a small, domestic kingdom, a world whose sole challenge is to live harmoniously with one's mate and children in a nest lined with scraps of velvet plucked from a neighbor's garbage can (ah, heroic woman!), than it is to be so damnably exposed, so open to the possibility of rejection (to say nothing of the possibility of success). This give-and-take, this daily opening oneself to the potential ravages of human encounter, is what's involved in being an adult. And you know something, I resent hell out of it. After all the rhetoric of the sixties and early seventies, after all the women who've flown the coops of their first marriages and entered (many of them) the coops of new ones, after the marches and the songs and the photographs of women linking arms on the front page of the morning paper have drifted into yesteryear, we are left, it seems, with the harshest of moral imperatives: Grow up!

My fantasy of suicide, it turned out, constituted the bottom line for me. Conflict that had been burrowing within since adolescence, masked quite marvelously by the Sturm und Drang of my adult life, was now out in the open. The choice was to face it, or spend the rest of my life angry. I decided to try.

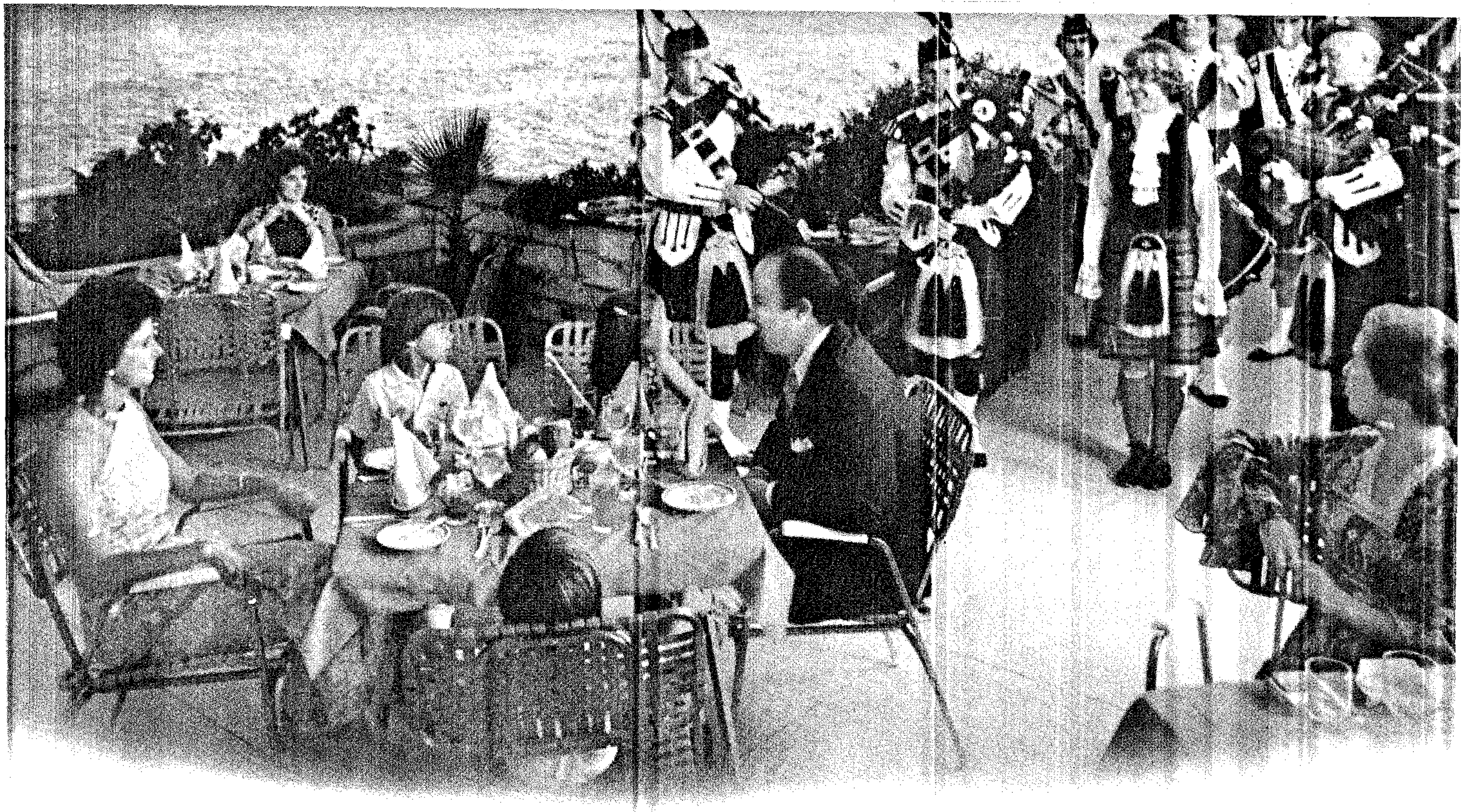
I get up earlier than I used to, more violently alarmed by the responsibilities of stuff I'm working on than by the old $5.98 Westclox ticking away on the dresser. Too much happens in the morning. Phone calls that used to go unanswered, papers and books and magazines that used to lie unread, in stacks, on every available shelf and table.

I like the out-of-doors and have learned to work well in it. In the morning, I roll my typing table through the basement door and out back, with an extension cord run from the laundry room to my trusty IBM. Morning is the time for assignments. Afternoon is for ideas. I go down a few stone steps to my private nook behind the big old house we live in. A barred owl hoots in the distance, and, closer in, surrounding the grassy area where I lie naked, thinking, "This is not at all a bad way to live," huge pine trees rustle, and hydrangeas. I lie perfectly still, letting the sun soak my skin, and thoughts dart through my brain like hummingbirds. I must, *it is my obligation to,* catch them on the wing, so I keep a pad nearby. On it, during any given sunbath, I might put a note to Helen Gurley Brown; some title ideas for a novel; a description, for *Playbill,* of Ntozake Shange as she ate spaghetti and spoke with cool detachment into my tape recorder at Sardi's. Oh yes, and a reminder to myself to check off my business calls on the current phone bill. And to pay it!

It is not enough to be lyrical, to languish in dreams and the poignancy of muffed hopes, to bleed and to hope by bleeding that I can gain more compensatory recognition, some . . . intermittent . . . cachet. I am a working writer, a woman who works and who needs to work, and the time has come to seize the day.

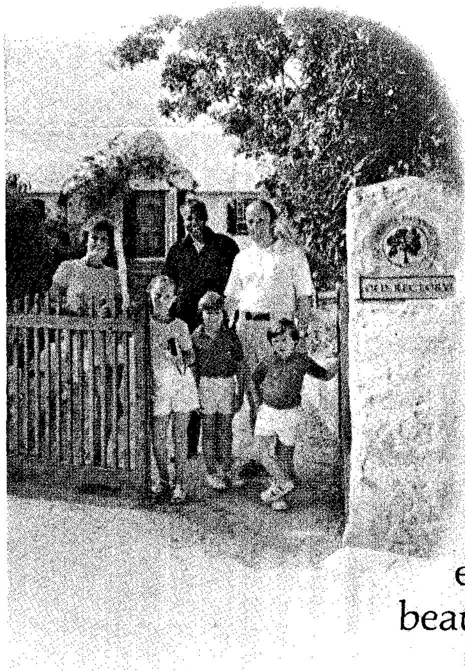
I decide, finally, to commit. I decide to do this regardless of the little girl in pathetic parochial-school dresses. Regardless of the nuns, my protected college years, my parents, all the signs, and billboards, and articles in women's magazines, which neglected, seriously, to tell me what to expect of the world, and of myself. I commit to work doggedly, professionally, regardless of the fury that wakes me in the night, the self-pity, the relentlessly burning moon.

It is true and sad but no longer sufficient that I have been bandied rather shockingly by the decade between 1965 and 1975, by its sudden shift in what's expected of me both as an adult and as a woman. But the time has passed for blaming. Perhaps there's need, now, for the articulation of some further stage of consciousness, a re-evaluation of what *is*, which might lead to a more realistic vision of what might be. At the very least I would find it comforting to know that in this, the year of my thirty-ninth birthday, I am not alone.



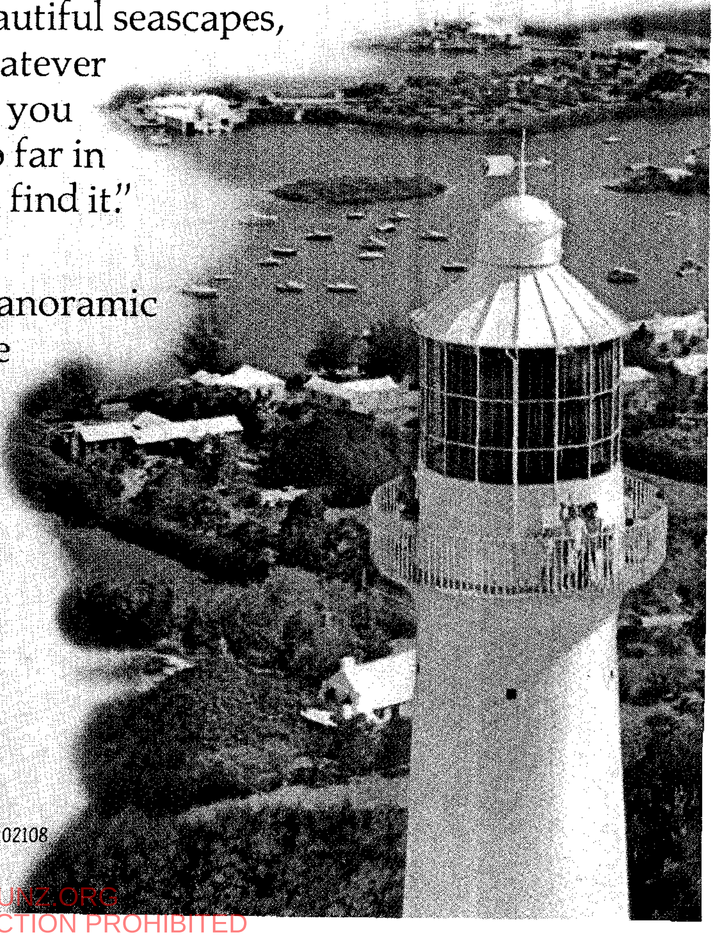
"There are so many ways of entertaining the children. They're so well behaved here, and we're so relaxed."

Mike and Mary Lee Hurley discuss their third visit to Bermuda.



"Tennis, golf, beautiful seascapes, sightseeing. Whatever your passion is, you don't have to go far in any direction to find it."

"We had a panoramic view of the entire island. The beauty is incredible."



"It's the people on this island. They're part of it. Very fine, very pleasant."

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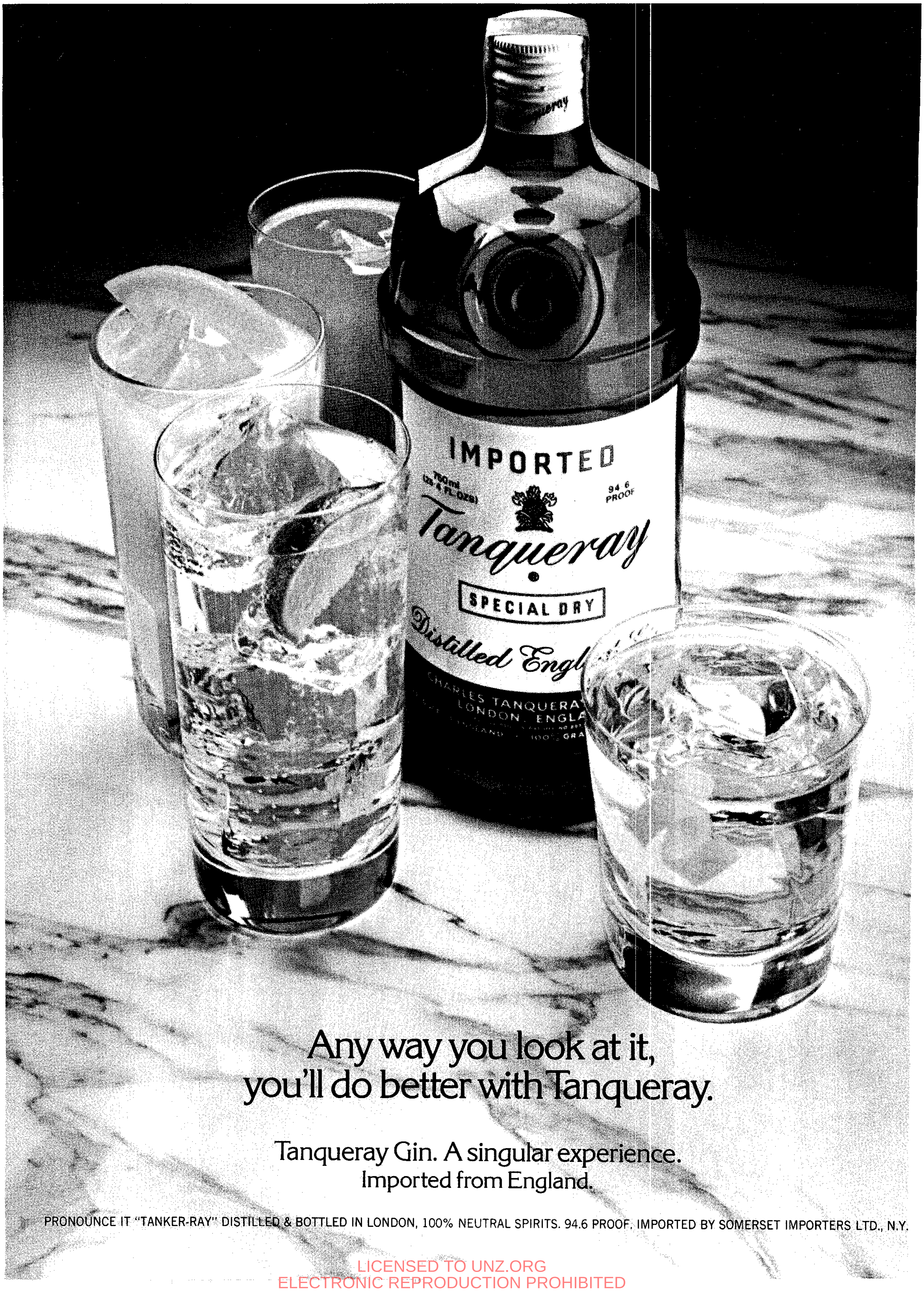
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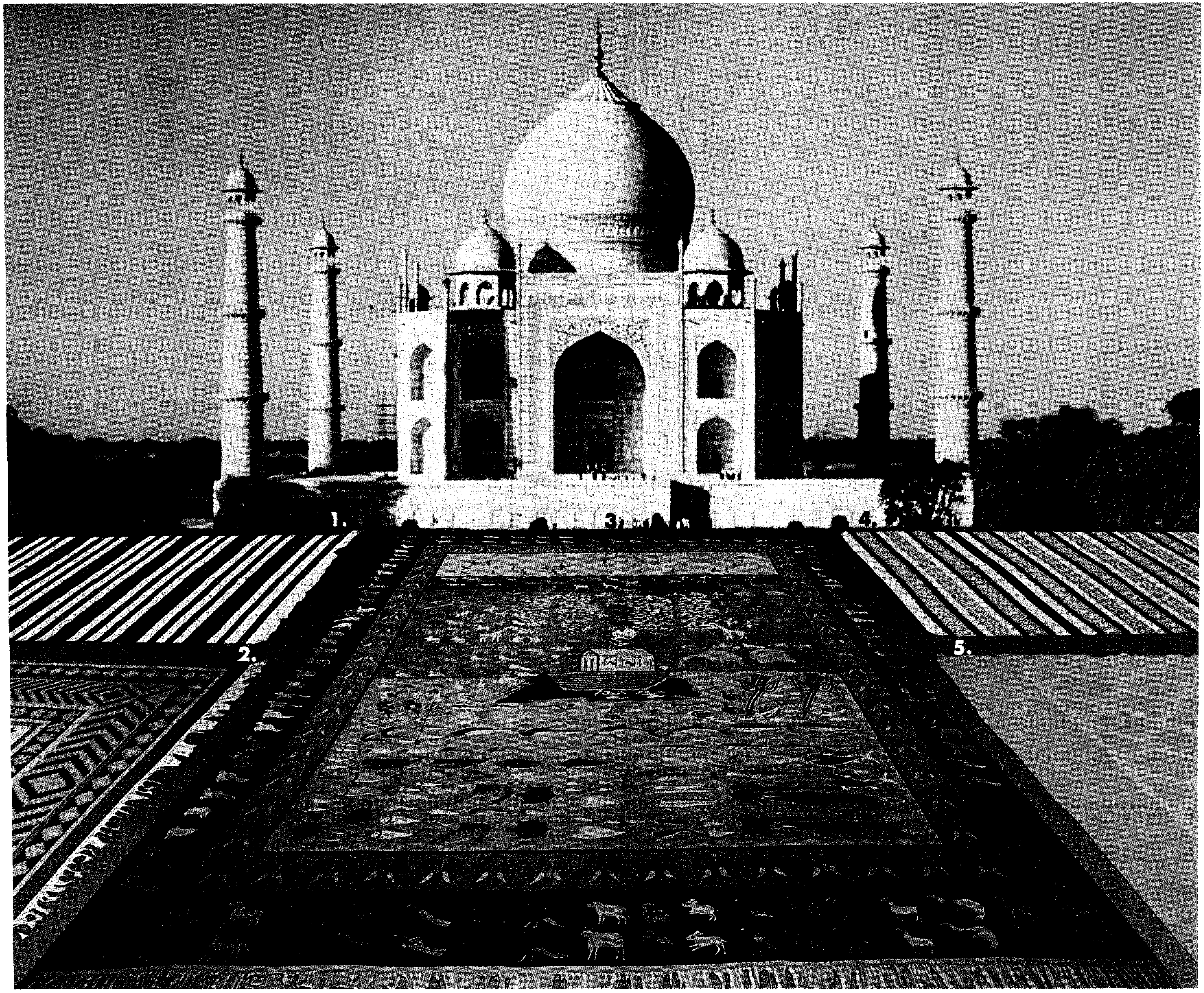
Home Furnishings / Suzanne Slesin

INDIAN SUMMER TREASURES

> "...Many of the rugs called 'durries' are woven under the walls of Fatehpur Sikri, a town near Agra, site of the Taj Mahal..."

They've been around for hundreds of years. They appear in eighteenth-century Indian court paintings. They comforted the feet of Victoria's officers on mission on the Indian subcontinent. Before the Second World War, importers opening shipments from India found them lining crates as packing material. These lovely rugs—cotton, flat-woven, handmade, reversible—are called "durries" (pronounced "darries"), and there's a boomlet of

(Continued on page 42)



1. The red and the black: Striped wool durrie, 3 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft., one of a large selection, costs $33.99 at Lord & Taylor.

2. Tawny: Modern wool durrie comes in three sizes. An 8 ft. by 10 ft. lists for $1,280 at Phoenix Carpet Co.,* 979 Third Ave.

3. Legendary feat: Rare 6 ft. by 14 ft. nineteenth-century durrie depicts Noah's Ark. It's $50,000 at the Pillowry, 929 Madison Ave.

4. Brown study: Striped cotton rug, 3 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft., in browns and beiges, costs $20 at Design Research, 53 East 57th St.

5. Border case: This new 7 ft. 10 in. by 9 ft. 9 in. rug is $1,600 at Coury Rugs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave.

*Through decorators, designers, and architects.

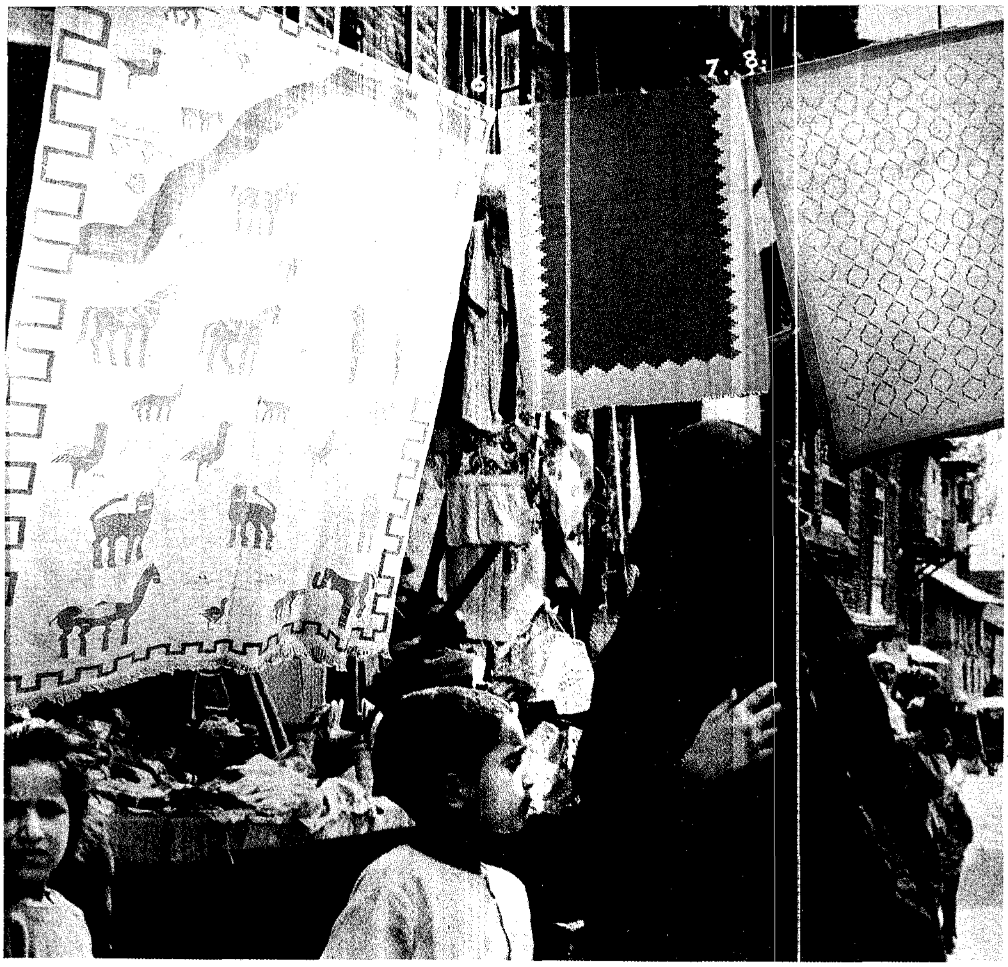
Photographed by Roberto Brosan/India photographs from Leo de Wys, Inc.

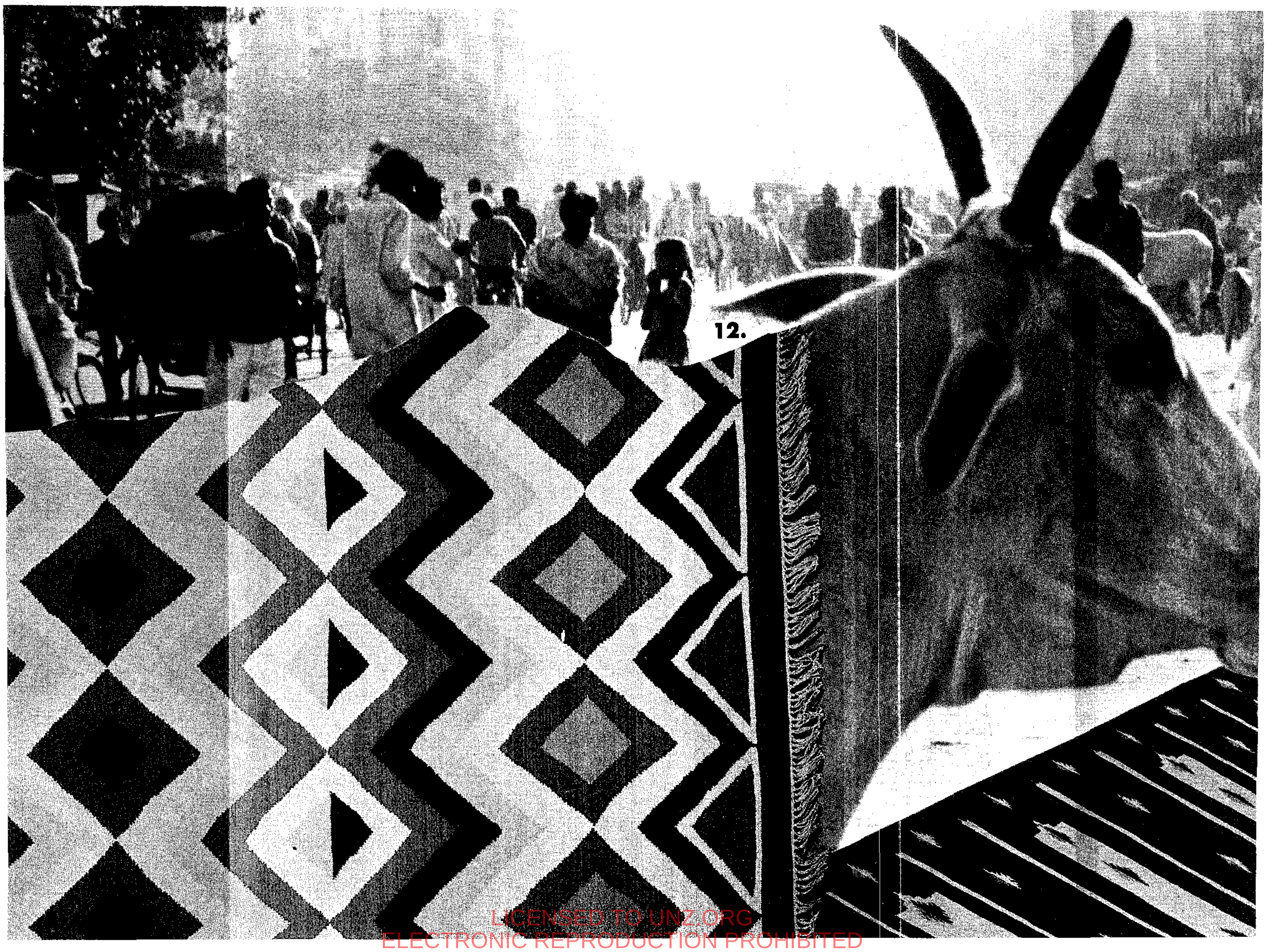
6. Flying carpet: Note the helicopter in this 6 ft. 3 in. by 10 ft. rug, woven in Afghanistan. It's $1,800 at Harmony Carpet Corp.,* 979 Third Ave.

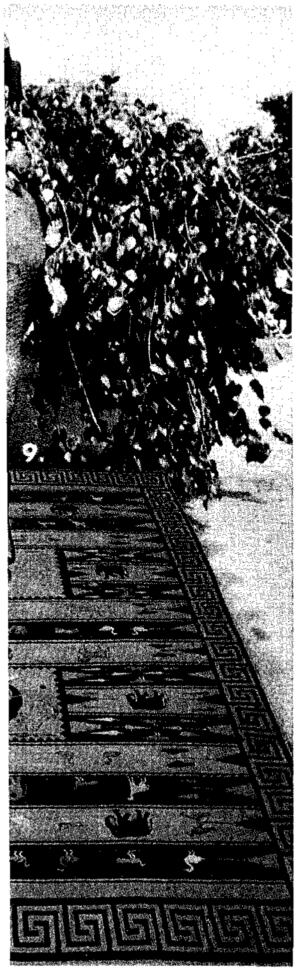
7. The blues: Hand-loomed in India, this 5 ft. 10 in. by 9 ft. modern durrie will retail for $40 at Habitat, Citicorp Center, 160 East 54th St., in early October.

8. Link-up: Antique cotton durrie, 9 ft. 4 in. by 12 ft. 1 in., has a chain pattern. It's $6,800 from Vojtech Blau, Inc., 980 Madison Ave.

9. Elephant walk: Huge Indian durrie, 14 ft. 5 in. by 17 ft. 9 in., was woven about 80 years ago and has been widely copied. It's $16,000 from Dildarian, Inc., 595 Madison Ave.



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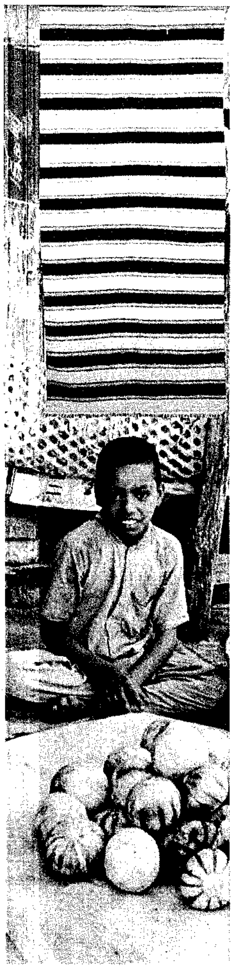

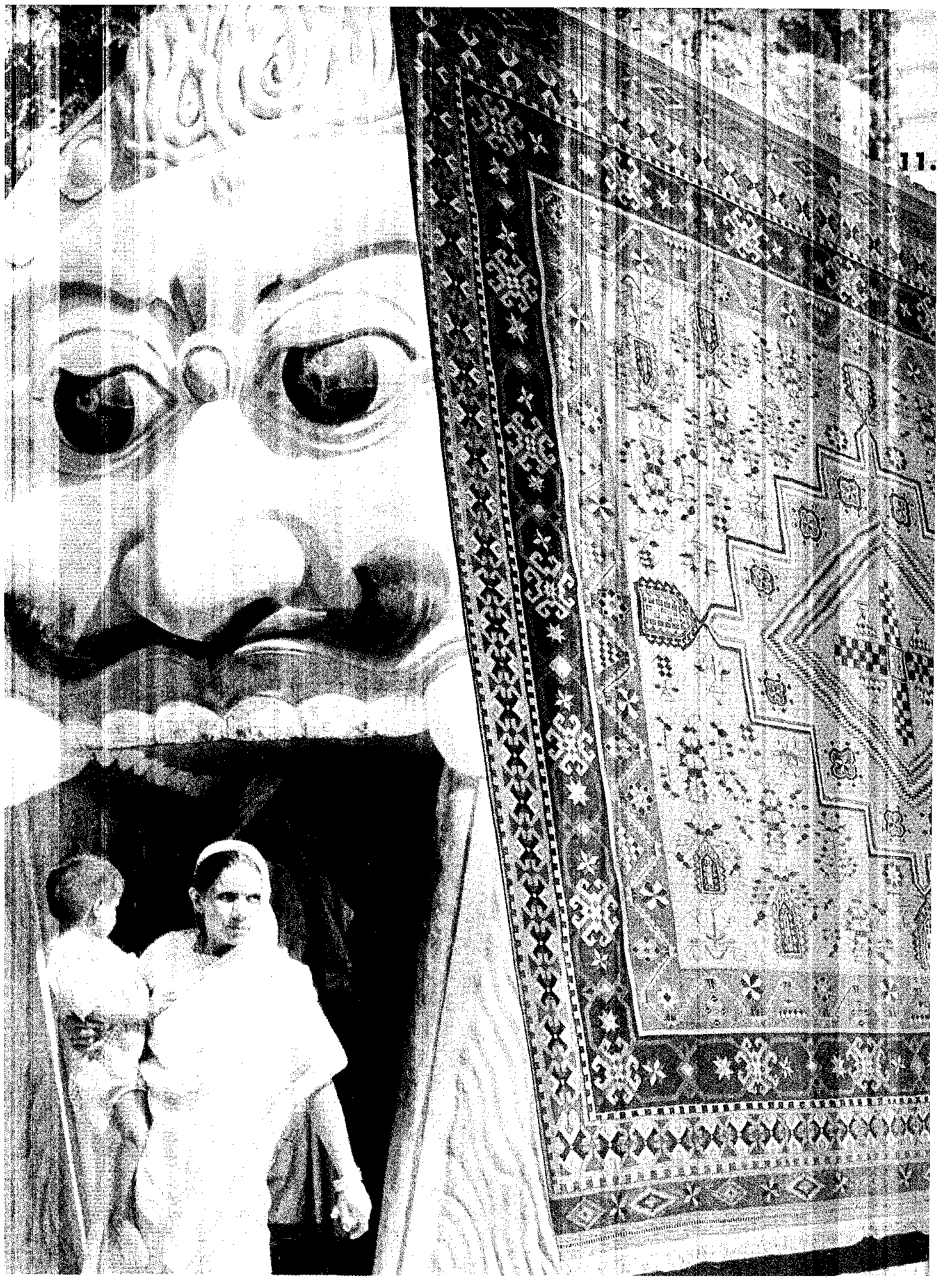
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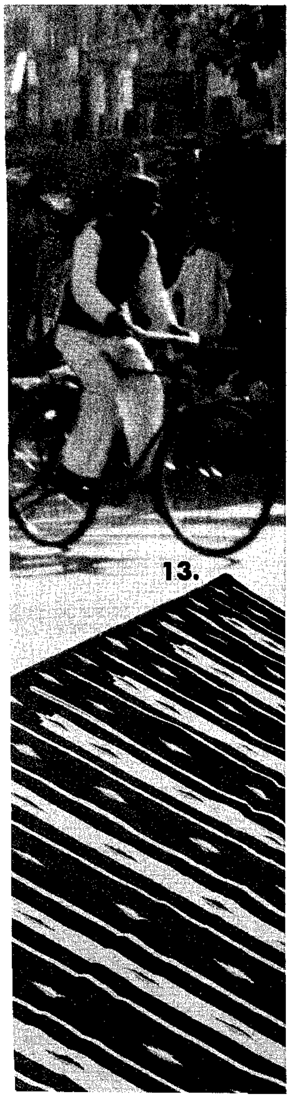
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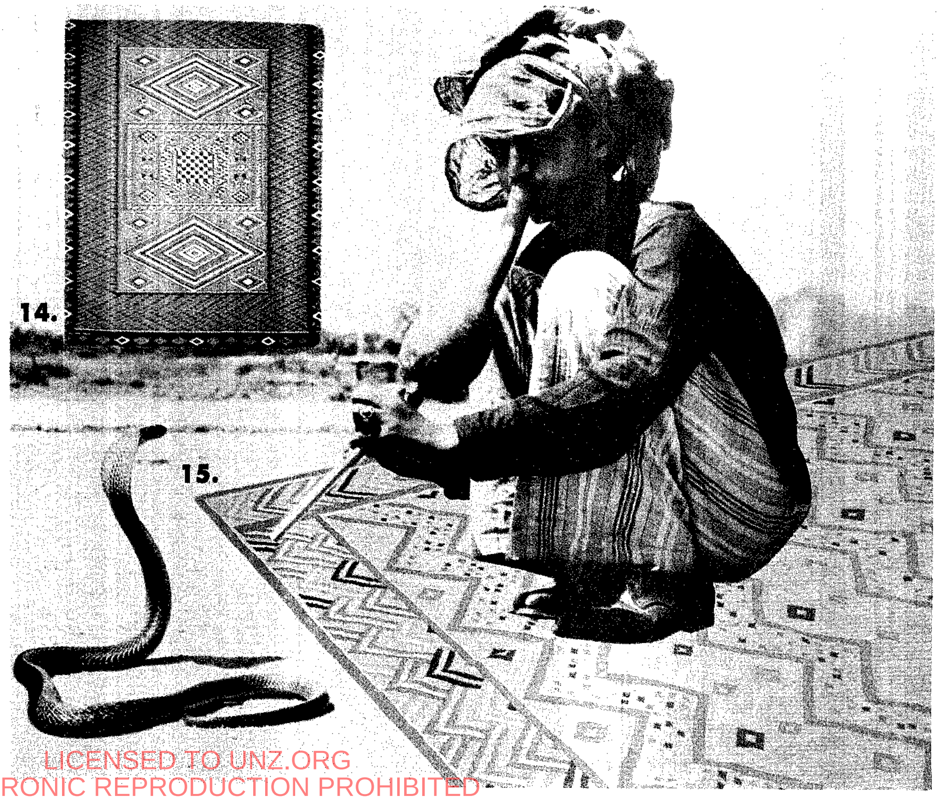
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10. Good lines: Striped cotton carpet, 4 ft. 2 in. by 9 ft. 5 in., was a traditional Indian design. It's $1,450 at Doris Leslie Blau, Inc., 15 East 57th St.

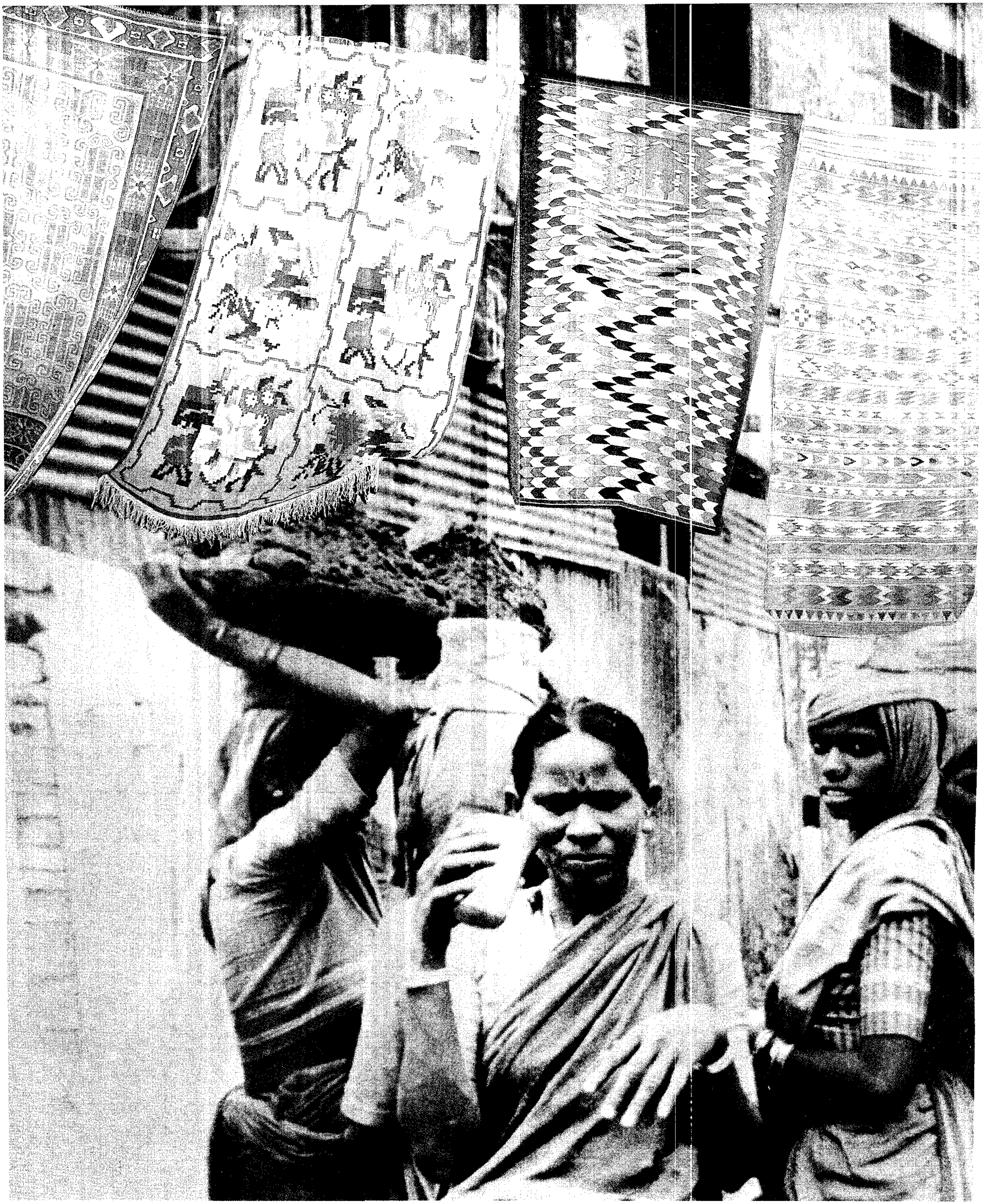
11. Old-timer: Older one-of-a-kind cotton rug, 10 ft. 3 in. by 10 ft. 6 in., is $6,500 at Stark Carpet Corp.,* 979 Third Ave.

12. East meets West: All-wool 6 ft. by 9 ft. rug interprets a Navajo design. It lists for $1,075 at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, Inc.,* 950 Third Ave.

13. Go navy: Classical durrie, 6 ft. by 9 ft., was woven about 80 years ago. It's $1,500 at Berge Boghossian, 762 Madison Ave.

14. It's your move: Cotton chessboard durrie, 10 ft. 8 in. by 13 ft. 1 in., is $4,500 from Doris Leslie Blau, Inc.

15. Modern times: Modern 9 ft. by 12 ft. wool rug lists for $1,950. From Rosecore Carpet Co., Inc.,* 979 Third Ave.

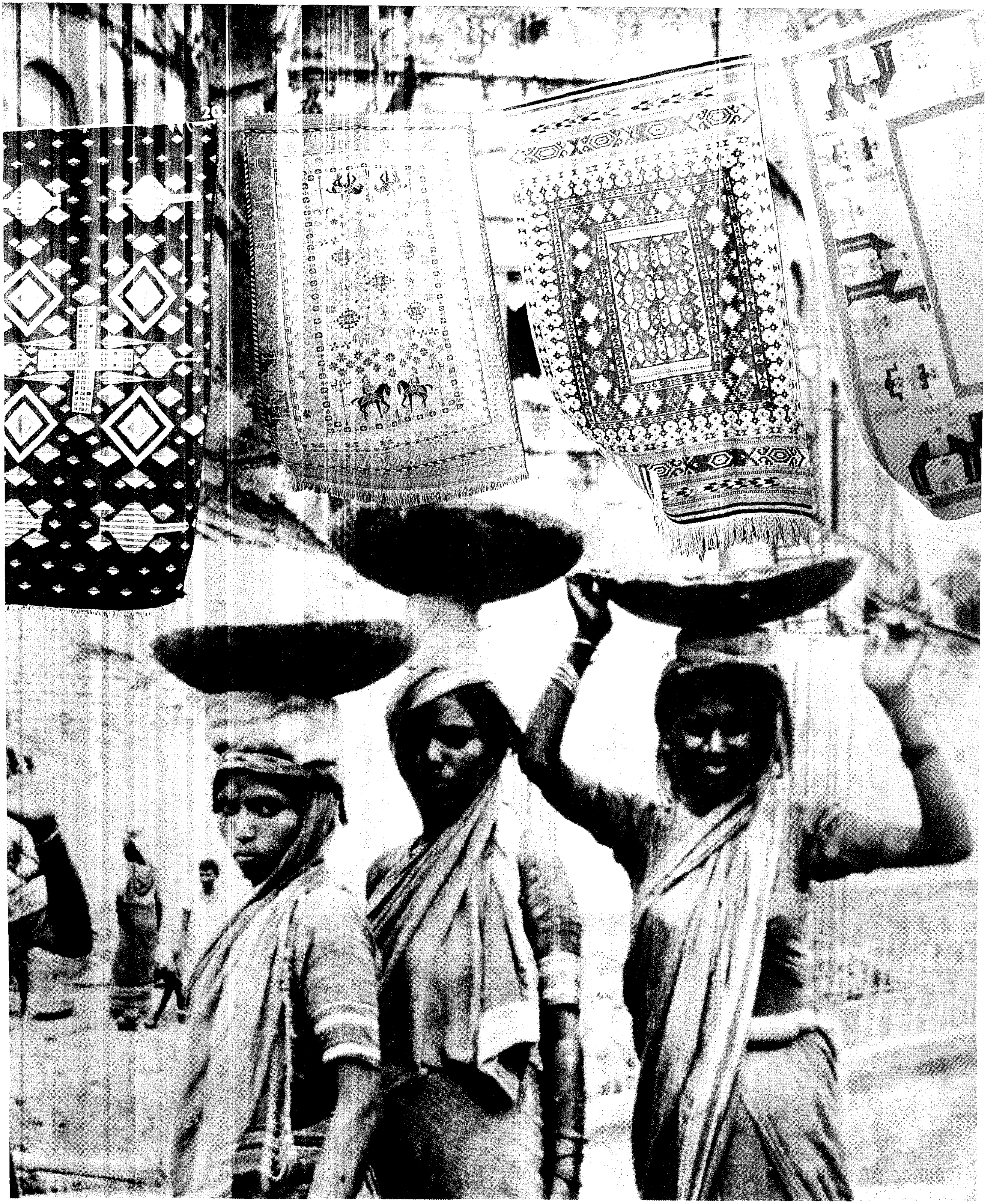


16. Flying colors: Geometric pattern distinguishes this 40-year-old cotton 9 ft. 7 in. by 13 ft. 9 in. carpet. It's $6,500 from Doris Leslie Blau, Inc.

17. Florid: This 4 ft. by 7 ft. 1 in. carpet is one of a pair of Pakistani rugs woven in a Bessarabian cabbage-rose pattern. It's $950 at the Pillowry.

18. Let us pray: Rare older Afghan prayer rug is a 2 ft. 7 in. by 4 ft. Kunduz design. It's $1,500 at Artweave Textile Gallery, 924 Madison Ave.

19. In the pinks: Shocking pink predominates in this 2 7 in. by 6 ft. durrie that's about 75 years old. It's $1,1 from Berge Boghossian.

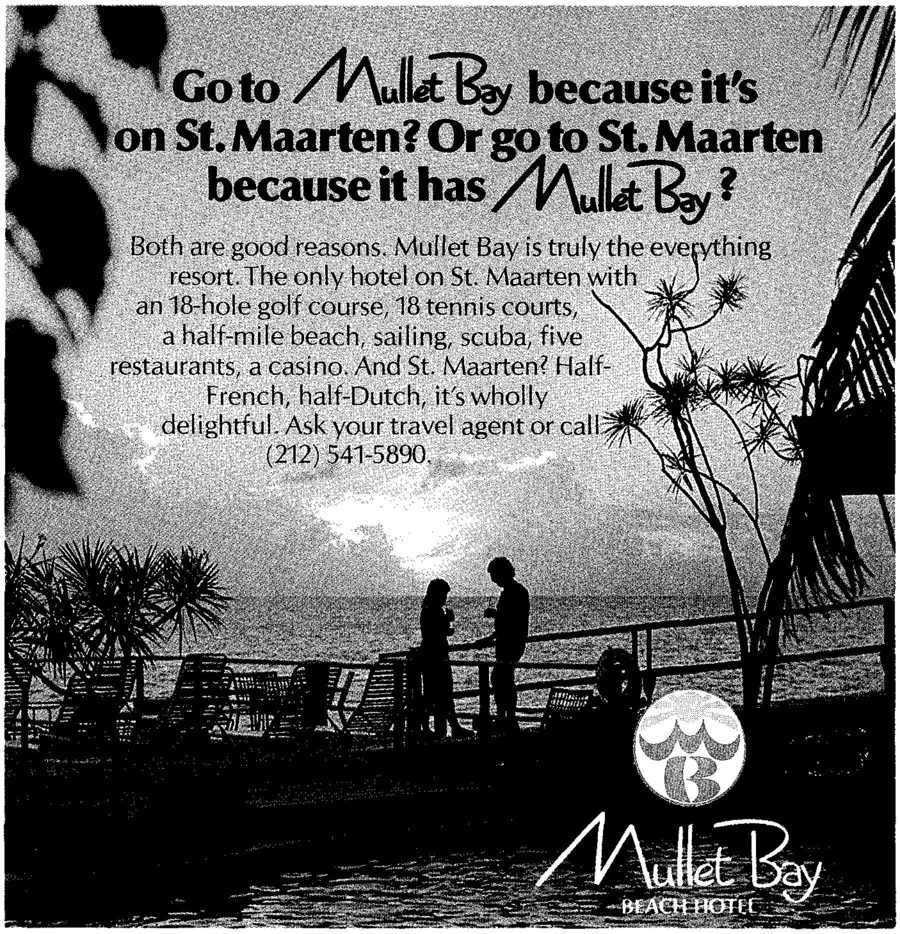


Game show: Late-nine-
th-century, 3 ft. 11 in. by 6
1 in. carpet has a central
e board and stylized birds.
$4,000 from Artweave.

21. Horsing around: Older cotton durrie on an equestrian theme measures 4 ft. 3 in. by 6 ft. 10 in. and retails for $6,000 at Coury Rugs, Inc.

22. Solid geometry: Brightly colored cotton durrie, about 60 years old, measures 4 ft. 5 in. by 7 ft. It's $1,100 from Vojtech Blau, Inc.

23. Desert song: Camels march around this wool rug, 4 ft. by 6 ft., handmade in India, a copy of an older design. It's $250 at Bloomingdale's. ▬



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(Continued from page 37) interest in them among decorators, designers, and carpet companies. Indeed, antiques dealers here are reluctant to show their rare durries for fear the designs will be pirated.

Until recently, these unpretentious rugs have taken second place to richer-looking, deep-pile Kazaks, Ushaks, and Tabrizes. Interior decorator Arthur Smith had a durrie in storage for two years before he realized how spectacular it would look in front of his Morris Louis painting. "I was amazed at how the two objects, made in different countries 100 years apart, had the same coloring—lilac, corn yellow, denim blue, and gray," he says.

In the past, rug importer John Bissell tells us, durries were made in a standard size—44 by 81 inches—to be used on the Indian string beds called charpoys. They were woven in north and central India and Afghanistan—some of them in jails. Today many are woven in the shadow of the walls of Fatehpur Sikri, a deserted town near Agra, site of the Taj Mahal. Using a fly shuttle, a weaver can produce three charpoy-size rugs in a day. He'll get 5 rupees—60 cents—for each; here, those rugs will retail for about $20 apiece.

The hallmark of a good durrie is its coloration. "Its subtle palette, which stresses unique color combinations, is different from that of any other rug," explains antique-carpet dealer Doris Leslie Blau, "queen of the durries." Old, classic durries have a pliant texture and pleasant faded colors that only time can produce. "Some people try to bleach out their new rugs—just like blue jeans," says dealer Berge Boghossian disapprovingly.

Antique durries—those over 100 years old—hardly ever appear on the market. Most of the older rugs sold are between 40 and 80 years old. "Don't call them semi-antique," says Boghossian. "Either a rug is old or it isn't." Many of the new durries are woven of wool and cotton (these should be called "druggets"), copying traditional designs. Dealer Vojtech Blau admits that he does like the look of them, although "they miss the point—durries were often summer rugs and had to be cool, and wool is just never cool."

On these pages we show 23 durries. Some are old classics, some are inexpensive new designs, and one is a $50,000 jewel. When shopping for these rugs, look for an intricate, tight weave and a detailed, well-drawn design. But are they good investments? "Absolutely not," says Doris Blau. Most dealers agree. Prices are high already. "Besides," Ms. Blau says, "why on earth would you buy one if you didn't love it?" ■

The Trashing of LeMans: The New Civil War Begins

By Orde Coombs

"...LeMans gave to its customers a mirror in which they could see their beauty. Black Narcissus bloomed on Amsterdam Avenue..."

In spite of the heat, July 13 was a good day for business at LeMans, a men's-clothing store at 715 Amsterdam Avenue. It was also co-owner Carl Davis's birthday, and a feeling of jollity pervaded the store. Davis and his partner, Kermith Morgan, closed a bit early and went their separate ways. Later, they met at the home of Davis's girl friend for a birthday party. They were having brandy when the lights went off, but that only added to the festive mood. It was 9:34 P.M.

At 10:05 P.M., the first brick went into the northernmost window of LeMans, and a mob formed. One middle-aged black woman went into the street with a broomstick and began to flail away at the marauders. With a voice full of rage and desperation, she pleaded: "No, don't do it. Please. They worked so hard. Don't. Don't."

By 10:30 P.M. men and women were screaming in delight at their sudden bounty. One discriminating man drove his silver-gray Granada onto the sidewalk and pointed the headlights at the store so that he could see the merchandise he was taking. Another, his arms filled with $85 silk shirts, kept saying: "I bet these won't fit me. Is just my luck they won't fit me."

At 11 P.M., a friend knocked at the door of the party and told the co-owners that their store had been wiped out. They fled into the night, but by now all up and down Broadway in the Nineties the sirens were screaming, and the sound of breaking glass was everywhere. Another kind of crystal night had come. When Davis reached his store his lamentations filled the night: "You dirty sons of bitches," he screamed. Some of the looters laughed at him. One fat Puerto Rican woman came up to him: "I'm sorry," she said, her eyes heavy with sorrow, her arms full of merchandise.

Morgan gritted his teeth, blinked back the tears, and did not move. Finally he asked one of the looters: "Why us, man?" "Your things were too high, man," he said. And his companion, stooping under the weight of too many designer suits, said: "Your bourgie customers drive up in their Mercedes and they think we're s--t because we ain't got nothing. Well, we getting something."

The next morning the partners dragged themselves back to the shell of their dreams. There was half a million dollars' worth of damage, and over the next few days they would face insurance adjusters, television cameras, and the commiserations of friends. In a restaurant far from the looting zone Davis and Morgan tried to talk about what LeMans meant to them: "I think our store made a statement about upwardly mobile blacks," said Davis. "It became a way of life, a philosophy, and we were happy to hear people talk about the LeMans look. We will rebuild and we will get even better, but we will move. As businessmen we owe ourselves at least that much." And Morgan, pensive and philosophical, noted that "in two hours we lost everything we had worked for. It made us realize how fragile our role in the society was, and for the first time we had to face the reasoning of many poor blacks that because we are successful, we are now the enemy."

It was all so different one warm October evening in 1975 when, at a party given in celebration of themselves, the partners stood in a corner of their store and watched nearly 500 well-dressed persons milling about their place. They knew, then, that in a city of a million dreams, theirs had finally come true. They had spent the summer in Paris and Florence trying to catch the ambience of the finest stores, and when they added their creativity to what they had seen, their store ceased to be only a place where people bought expensive, well-tailored clothes. It became an experience. And it gave to its customers—young black, middle-class men—a mirror in which they could see their beauty. Black Narcissus bloomed along Amsterdam Avenue.

It had not always been a yellow brick road. They started their business in 1968, undercapitalized (savings of $3,000 and an SBA loan of $25,000) and at a time when the promises of the Great Society were frittering away because of the explosions of the Vietnam war. Still they had enough confidence in themselves to give up their jobs and devote full time to the fledgling business. Their friends, knowing how easy it was for new businesses to fail, thought they had gone mad. Morgan told them that madness was sometimes in the eye of the beholder.

He grew up in Columbus, Ohio, the grandson of a man who fled Macon, Georgia, in 1915, and who down through the years would tell his progeny that work was one of God's gifts to man. The old man had spent his youth working in the cotton fields of his home state and so he never rose higher than a hospital janitor in his newfound land, but he was mad enough to want to own property. By the time he died in 1957, he had educated his eight children and owned five substantial pieces of real estate. Morgan's mother and father followed the old man's lead. All of *their* children had to go to college; all had to work during vacations (Morgan had a paper route at age five); and all understood that each generation had to evince more material progress than the last. By the time Morgan got to New York in 1964, he was ready to claim his part of the American dream.

Davis came from a poorer family in Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey. His mother died in childbirth and he was raised by an aunt. But in this family,

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Orde Coombs is a contributing editor of New York *Magazine.*

"...'We have come to realize that many of the brothers were envious of what we had done. We thought they would be proud of us'..."

too, there was a patriarch. A tall, jet-black grandfather who had left North Carolina to work as an iceman in the resort city. He would take the young man with him as he made his rounds. When the summer sun caused the adolescent to falter, his mentor would heave the ice blocks on his massive shoulders and, in words that were at once a benediction and a warning, say: "Only by the sweat of your brow, young man, will you eat bread."

So there we have it. The Patriarch Factor. It played such a large part in the early lives of these two men that by the time they got to New York, they knew precisely who they were and what they wanted. By October 12, 1969, their store's first anniversary, they were solidly in the black. They began to think of establishing a chain of LeMans stores. In 1970, they took a five-year lease on a site at Second Avenue and 68th Street and they established LeMans East. In 1972, they were approached by the Rouse Company, the developer of the new, utopian community of Columbia, Maryland, and asked to start another LeMans. Their style had spread beyond New York, and among the black cognoscenti of fashion, one now spoke about the LeMans look. What had started as a $28,000 investment had become the most successful black-owned clothing store in the country.

By 1975, however, Davis and Morgan began to have second thoughts about their move into chain land. They could not provide the same quality of service, since their energies were now spread over three stores in two states. Besides, neither of the new ventures had been that profitable. Davis and Morgan closed both shops and went back to their home base. By the end of 1975 they had expanded their West Side shop five times in seven years.

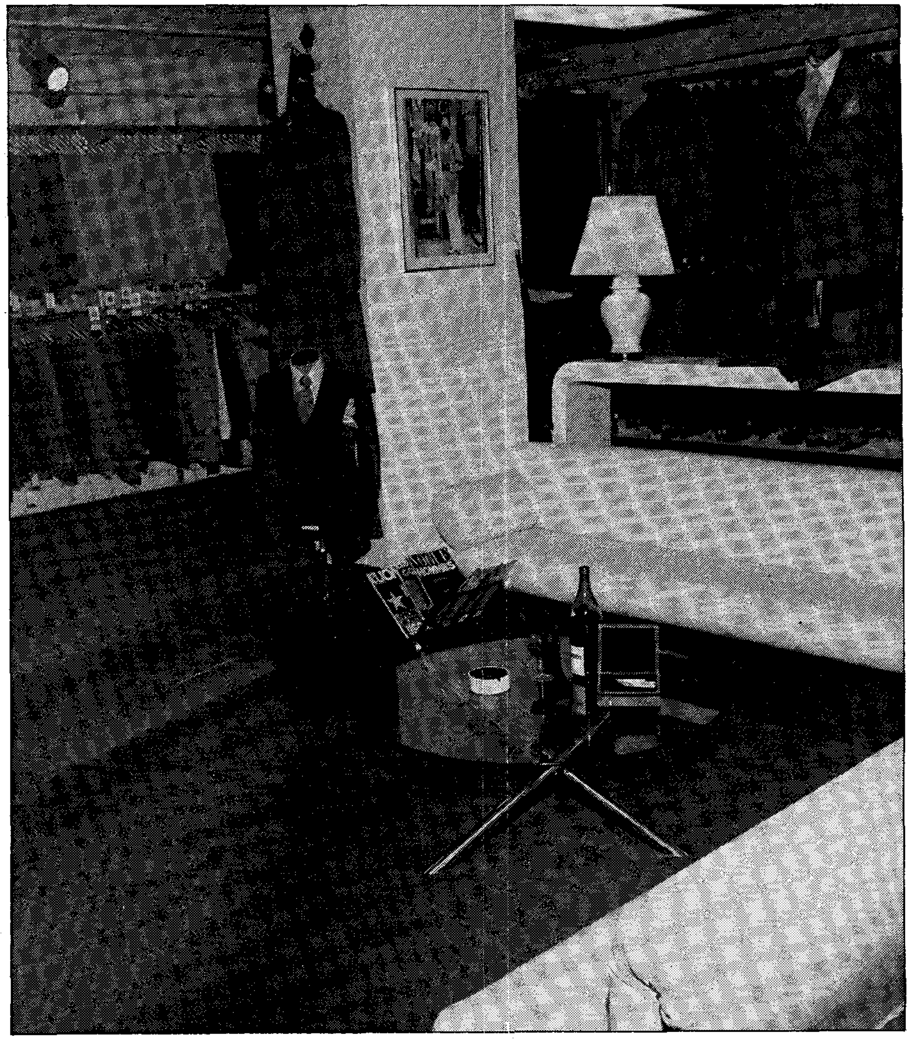
To make sure that their future would always be limned with success, they began to concentrate on the manufacturing arm of their business. Davis had, by now, become a designer of note, and so they launched a clothing line, Carl Davis for LeMans, that was an immediate hit with buyers from Beverly Hills to Montreal. Then Hudson's in Detroit opened its own Carl Davis section and the partners began to look forward to filled coffers in 1977. The Blackout of '77 emptied them.

It will take some time for us to learn the full cost of this power failure. Federal loans will be available to small-business men, but those who had no insurance will probably go out of business and back to the dreary rhythm of nine to five. No one can calculate the psychic cost of abandoned dreams. Yet as Arnold Keiler, a counselor for the Service Corps of Retired Executives and a former real-estate man, noted: "Businesses and businessmen bounce back. They will find a way to continue, no matter how hard it is."

But there now walk among us a large group of men and women who never bounce back, who flow in a darkness that does not offer even the possibility of light. For it must be remembered that less than ten minutes after the lights went out, businesses were invaded. It was as if this group stood poised, waiting for some calamity so that they could revel in the collective pain. They know that they own only the night, and their desperation is not hard to understand. The Bureau of Labor Statistics says that unemployment among nonwhite youth is 39.4 percent. The National Urban League puts the figure at over 60 percent. Yet there is no urgency in the speeches that come out of Washington about this national disaster, although what is at stake here is the defining of American capitalism. For our system *as it stands* is no longer capable of bringing into the work force the walking city wounded. They are expendable to the modern economy. They might as well be dead.

Only a program of full employment, it seems to me, can take us out of the caldron in which we are all going to stew. Robert Lekachman, distinguished professor of economics at Lehman College and a passionate advocate of a full-employment economy, said after he surveyed the city's disaster that "we have got to come up immediately with a program of carrots and sticks. Before the riots I would have said that all we need-

HARRY J. AUSTIN

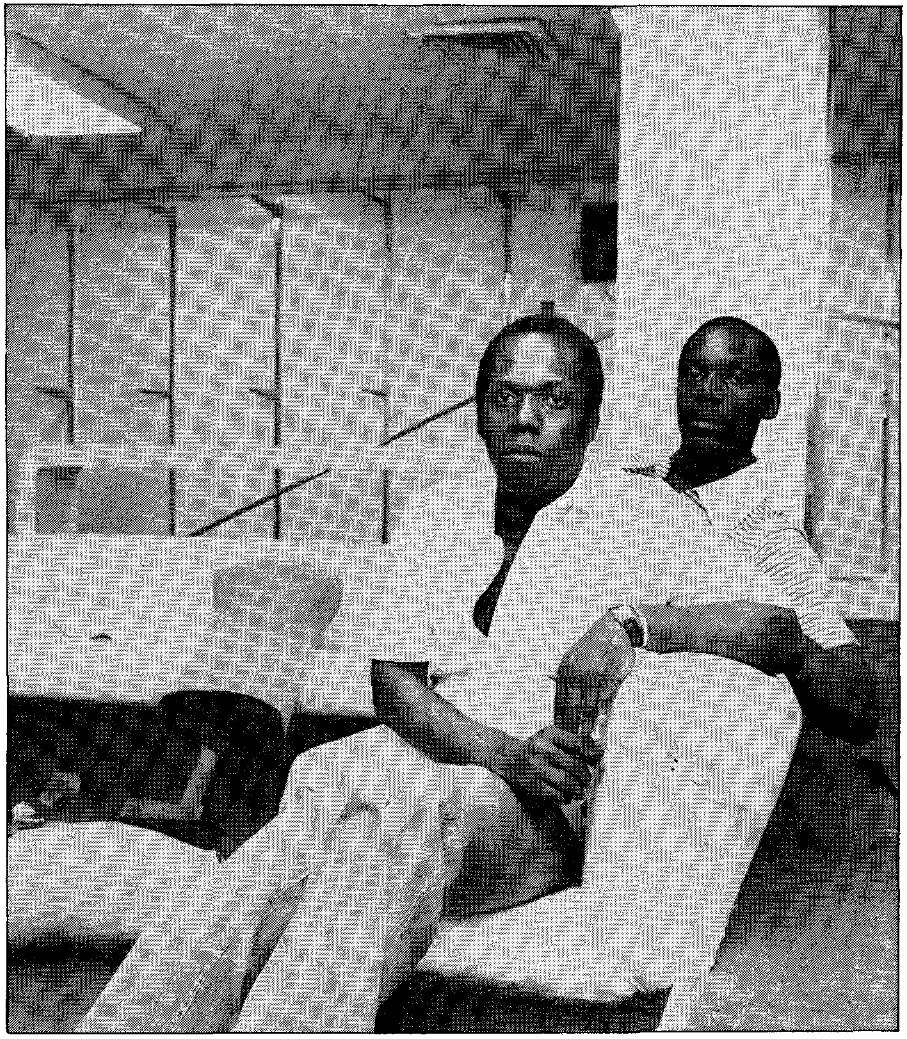


Past glory: *Racks of designer suits lined the walls of LeMans before the rampage.*

ed was a genuine full-employment policy. But after the events, as much as it pains me, I must say that we also need enough money to double the size of the police force. And we must transform this criminal-justice system so that violators of the law will know that they will be apprehended, tried, sentenced, and put away." Was he hopeful that anything will change after all the editorials and the speeches have been made? "Not very. A full-employment policy is a radical idea, and it will transform the nature of our society. Not many people are prepared to face that. Look, someone said that Carter is the most conservative Democratic president in this century, and I agree. It says something about the man that after the disaster in July, all he could really think about was that now Congress would pass his energy policy. That was his priority, that and a balanced budget, while New York is being slowly destroyed." Does he have any hope for the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill now stalled in Congress? "Not much."

As society's dam between the affluent and the poor cracks at its borders, middle-class blacks like Morgan and Davis will face the first angry wash of its waters. It was not lost on both men that their store was the first one hit on Amsterdam Avenue, and they are many miles from the central Harlem ghetto. One of their acquaintances, Scott Harrison, who lives two blocks from the store, said: "The looters went into that store like banshees. They were happy to get a chance to bring these guys down. They were traveling too fast."

The envy middle-class blacks face from street blacks is palpable and growing. And it is fueled by the parallel sensibilities of "getting over" and "ripping off." Davis observed: "It is only recently that we have come to realize that many of the brothers were just envious of what we had done, and would steal us blind if they got the chance. We thought they would be proud of us." And Morgan said: "The neighborhood has been changing. Welfare hotels are all around. People feel that they have so little that they can take any kind of chance. Last month was bad, next month will be bad, so why not enjoy, at your neighbor's expense, the moment?" Morgan looked like a man in pain, for he was in the most unenviable of positions: His heart was on the left, but his pocket was on the right. He knows, moreover, that no bandages can seal the dike of discontent that threatens this city, and he is in no position to change that, or to defend his life's work.


RICHARD KALVAR

Among the ruins: *Co-owners Kermith Morgan (left) and Carl Davis ponder the future.*

Scott Harrison feels, though, that "middle-class blacks can only defend what they are all about by coming down hard against those who say that society is responsible for all of their criminal behavior." And at a post-mortem of the events, a group of hard-working, middle-class blacks sat around an apartment on West 55th Street drinking. The host, James Williams, a waiter who holds two jobs, said: "We've got to tell the brothers that if they can't make it in America, they can't make it anywhere. I used to laugh when I heard white people say that. Now I find that I am saying it, but I have to bust my ass every day to do it. Yet too many people won't try and then are angry at people like me for trying. They want life without sweat, and you can only get that if you're born into it." A friend pointed out that the country had to come up with programs that would change the face of the ghettos and the aspirations of the people, or we would all walk in darkness. Williams agreed, but he said: "We have to change the mentality of the people first. Middle-class blacks have to insist that they will not allow others to rip them off, they have to stop apologizing for what they have worked damn hard to get, and they have to get rid of their guilt toward the poorer brothers."

All over this city, middle-class blacks are discussing the effects of the blackout on their chances for a decent life. How can they help their kith and kin who are dying slowly in front of their eyes? How can they stop the criminals whose claws are constantly poised at their throat? How do they get the country to listen to the thousand cries of frustration? They are a bewildered lot and they do not yet know how they can build their Jerusalems out of ashes.

Morgan and Davis will build again. But other marginal businessmen will fold up shop. Some will join the growing ranks of the despairing. Some may even be reduced to poverty. A father of this country, Benjamin Franklin, was fond of saying that "poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue; it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." What would he say if he could see, throughout this city, thousands of men who have not stood upright for generations, and scores more who will join them tomorrow? ■

Diet for a Small Madman: Food Chemicals and Behavior

By Christopher Norwood

"...Dr. Feingold observes that 'people tend to think you're nuts when you tell them a food additive can make a child violent'..."

Among the mysteries of childhood is a crushing disorder known as hyperkinesis or hyperactivity, which snatches away normal behavioral control from its young victims. They break into frantic motion—motion that ranges from the merely annoying to the dangerous. They live in a bizarre world where their conscious minds struggle toward normalcy, but their bodies seem to have assumed an angry, restless life of their own. Hyperactive children often lash out wildly at themselves and others; they will assault siblings, set fires, or compulsively bang their heads against a wall. In a diary account of just ten minutes from "an ordinary day" in the life of her nine-year-old hyperactive son, a Tennessee mother describes the child's attempt to do homework. It comes at the close of an afternoon already marked by the boy's having set two fires, kicked a woman neighbor, and smashed his few remaining toys to dust. "Child bangs door, slumps in chair, snaps point of pencil, jumps on furniture, scratches paper, plays with toes, knocks over lamp, constant wiggles, loud noises," reads the entry. "Mother gives up."

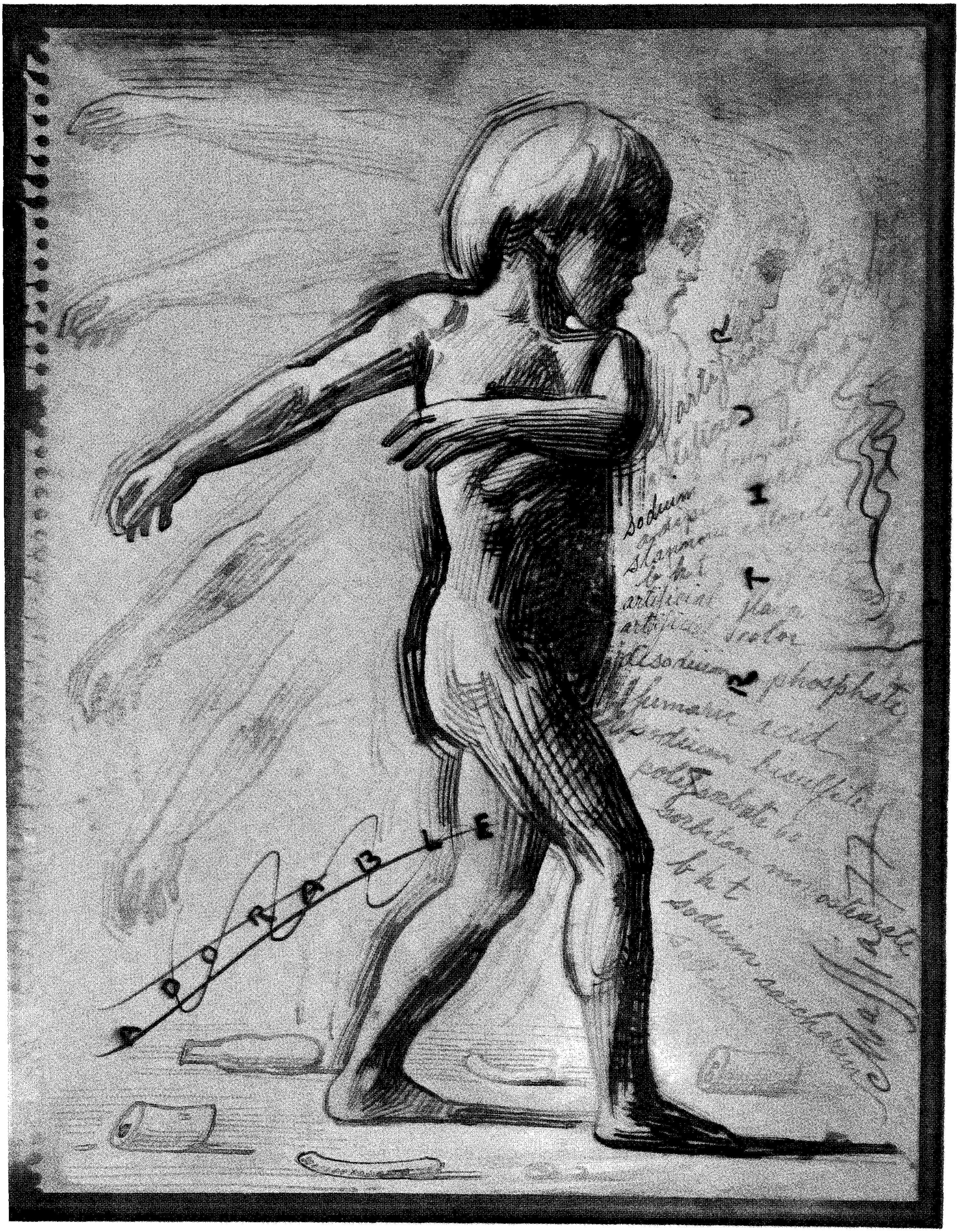
Millions of dollars in research effort have failed to disclose the cause—or causes—of these abrupt shifts in behavior. And, in the absence of a cure, medicine has adopted the common, if dubious, practice of controlling these children with drugs. The products used to medicate these children are derived mainly from amphetamines, which are known in the vernacular as "speed." These "pediatric" amphetamines do not in any way alleviate the basic disorder. They act, instead, as a kind of pharmaceutical straitjacket to keep children still—so still that some schools in New York City, and presumably elsewhere, now have cots for those drugged pupils who habitually fall asleep. Current sales figures suggest that not fewer than 500,000, and probably closer to 1 million, American children, the bulk under ten years of age, are now tethered to a daily regimen of psychotropic (behavior-altering) medications. They represent an ominous leap toward mass behavior control and a situation that demands attention.

Four years ago, Dr. Benjamin F. Feingold, a 77-year-old California physician, began to pay attention. After 50 years in medicine, the first half spent as a pediatrician and the second as an allergist, he had retired as head of the allergy department at the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in San Francisco. During his long combined career, certain incidents had convinced him that some food additives, predominantly the synthetic flavors and colors, can trigger the bizarre behavior associated with hyperkinesis. In the early 1970s, employing his new leisure to translate this conviction into a treatment program, he launched four hyperactive children on a special "elimination diet." Unlike diets which direct exactly when and what a patient may eat, this plan allows the patient to eat any food desired—except certain forbidden items. Feingold's elimination plan forbade all foods containing synthetic colors or flavors. A boy named Michael Keyser, who was then seven, typified the first group of children. He had been cranky from birth, a fighter from the time he could walk, and since age three and a half, had lived on an array of potent prescription drugs intended to restrain his outbursts. Four years later, and still adhering to Feingold's elimination plan, he needs no drugs, has been shifted to a normal classroom from one for "troubled" children, and is described by his mother as "an entirely different child. He's lovable, has a real sense of humor, and most of all, he likes himself."

Proceeding from these early successes to treat hundreds of hyperactive children, Feingold found that up to half of them returned to normal or near normal behavior when separated from the synthetic colors and flavors. His work received what could be termed its formal debut in a paper presented at the 1973 annual convention of the American Medical Association. Considering its implications for the treatment of a major, debilitating disorder, it was received with odd indifference. Initially no leading medical journal would publish Feingold's research. And those federal agencies assigned to protect food, health, and children carefully ignored the portentous shadow he had cast over the retail food industry; two years passed before the Food and Drug Administration so much as encouraged other researchers to simply investigate his findings. None of this surprised Feingold. "People," he observes congenially, "tend to think you're a little nuts when you first tell them a food additive can make a child violent. It takes a while to sink in."

Here is a complaint about additives radically different in its dimensions from the usual. Unlike others, which have focused on a single additive at a time, it sweeps through the whole field of food protection like a swarm of avenging locusts, raising questions that promise to be more complex than any yet encountered. The average American now annually swallows more than five pounds of synthetic additives in the form of some 4,000 different chemicals. It is a chemical indulgence unmatched elsewhere in the world; moreover, it has usually been assumed that any price to be paid would surface in a tangible physical form—such as malignant cells or diseased livers. Feingold raised the novel possibility that this indulgence has been accompanied by the creation of a distinct class of behavior-disturbed chil-

Christopher Norwood is working on a book about environmental disease.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“. . . These ‘pediatric’ amphetamines keep children so still that some schools have cots for pupils who habitually fall asleep . . .”

dren. Once considered a rare disorder, hyperactivity has within the past decade become what is often said to be the fastest-growing childhood affliction in the United States.

Feingold points out that the apparent emergence of hyperactivity as a modern plague has paralleled an explosion in the usage of the very chemicals he bans. The manufacture of synthetic food dyes, for example, almost doubled between 1960 and 1970. This doubling reflected the use of new marketing techniques which saw foods as diverse as cereal, lunch meat, and baby preparations tinted almost neon in the competition for the customer's eye. Various official and semiofficial estimates for the number of hyperactive children, meanwhile, mounted steadily. As is often the case with behavior disorders, firm figures are simply not to be had, but it has been claimed that as many as 2 million to 5 million children have now been sentenced to hyperkinesis.

All told, Feingold's research was as simple in clinical application as it was complex in social consequence. On the one hand, it proffered a hope for remission for thousands, perhaps millions, of desperate children. On the other hand, by condemning the American food industry as being mad in a literal sense not even the sternest critic had yet thought to suggest, Feingold's work demanded that a stunning spectrum of America's institutions be examined. Would, for instance, food additives take a place beside hard drugs as a cause for the blank, compulsive fury of juveniles? Should the multibillion-dollar retail food industry be junked and retooled? The overwhelming nature of the Feingold thesis was a thing that, in itself, made it hard to consider, much less accept. Moreover, it was hard to evaluate because of the especially elusive nature of hyperkinesis. The disorder is probably the most baffling major syndrome in the pediatric showcase, and it is impossible to discuss research into its cause and cure without taking due account of its caprice.

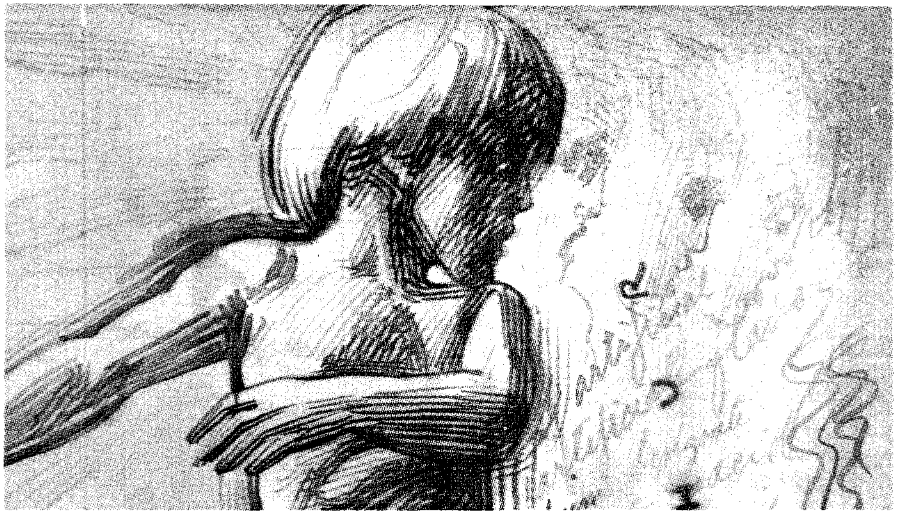
Despite intensive research and all the tools of modern physiology—the EEG's and the blood counts, the microscopes and urinalyses—no one has been able to decipher what has gone wrong inside the bodies of these children. They are otherwise quite healthy. And, although the disorder has been observed in both children of genius I.Q. and those too retarded to speak, as a group, hyperactive children appear to have above-average intelligence. Some people suggest that the misfortune that overtakes them could be a biochemical imbalance; others think it could be some kind of “minimal” brain injury that manages to affect behavior without harming intelligence. No evidence favors either theory; however, loose talk about brain damage has given these children the stigma of such labels as “minimally brain damaged” or “minimal brain dysfunction.”

The disorder does not even have a discernible pattern. It sometimes lasts for months, other times for years, and seems occasionally not to be outgrown at all. It marches indiscriminately across racial and social barriers. It does appear to affect boys about six times as often as girls. This circumstance has been taken as a signal of genetic involvement but could also mean nothing more than the nursery-rhyme wisdom that boys, being made of puppy-dog tails, generally have more trouble growing up. Another curiosity is that many, but not all, hyperactive children display sensorimotor deficits. These difficulties in fine and gross motor control, in balance and eye focus, can render such school-related tasks as holding a pencil cruel obstacles.

It is not even clear that hyperactivity has made the giant leaps in incidence often reported. As with most behavior disorders, the lack of a diagnostic test and identifying physical symptom means that it exists mainly in the eye of the beholder. The beholding of hyperactivity has ranged from the less than 2 percent of schoolchildren proposed a few years ago by the federal Office of Education to the 25 percent or more now claimed by some school districts. Skeptical observers, however, suggest that the term has lost its true medical meaning to become a catchword for any annoying or frantic behavior on the part of the young; and, in pediatrics, hyperactivity has garnered something of the reputation of “a diagnostic garbage pail.” A recent book by Peter Schrag and Diane Divoky sternly titled *The Myth of the Hyperactive Child* further proposes that some groups, particularly the drug industry, which has been engaged in its own frantic campaign to establish psychotropic medications as the modern solution to troublesome children, have a real stake in inflating the incidence of the disorder.

There is just no certain way of mediating between the view that hyperkinesis is rampant and the view that it is rampantly overstated. These children's individual distress, however, is cause for concern, whatever their aggregate number may be. The natural remission of the disorder often comes too late to retrieve lost chances for the child to learn, to mature, and even to become a social being. There are, of course, persons who surmount the ravages of a hyperactive childhood. The inventor Thomas Alva Edison is an engaging example of one who matured to use the restless intelligence often associated with the condition. But when Edison was removed from school—a routine occurrence for these children—his mother determined to teach him herself. More commonly, the fate of the hyperactive child seems to parallel the fate of the abused child. They are thought to form a disproportionate number of dropouts and the criminal young. The difference is that they have been flogged into a malign self-image by their own bodies.

The suspicion that food additives can play a major role in the dismal tale of



hyperkinesis had formed very slowly in Dr. Feingold's mind. The first clue surfaced in 1965 in the rather odd shape of a 40-year-old woman who appeared at Kaiser-Permanente suffering from what he retrospectively refers to as "a very fortunate case of giant hives." Feingold advised her to eliminate two groups of substances from her diet. The first included synthetic colors and flavors, and the second, all foods and medicines containing the salicylate radical. (The salicylate radical is a certain grouping of atoms found in aspirin, tea, one vegetable—cucumber—and several fruits, among them apples, tomatoes, oranges, and peaches.) For reasons not entirely understood, the salicylate radical and the synthetic colors and flavors all can act as culprits in the outbreak of hives and other rashes. Banning them has become a routine procedure.

At the time, however, a ban on all three together was a rather new tactic. It quickly conquered the hives, but it also brought Feingold an excited phone call from the chief of psychiatry at Kaiser. He briskly inquired what the allergy department had "done to that woman." It seemed that soon after her hives subsided, so had the angry, hostile behavior for which she was in therapy. Feingold, with the skepticism native to the scientist, dismissed as coincidence this first suggestion of a link between additives and behavior. Two years passed before the continuing reports of odd behavior changes associated with this elimination diet finally inspired him to investigate a specific link to hyperkinesis. There was logic in the thought that substances that seemed to unhinge an occasional adult might have an especially savage effect on the young.

Acting at first on the clue furnished by the serendipitous case of hives, he banned salicylates and synthetic colors and flavors alike in treating hyperkinesis. This diet has since come to be known as the K-P (Kaiser-Permanente) or Feingold regimen. But experience revealed that most children could tolerate the reintroduction of salicylates into their stomachs and livers—a tolerance that pointed to the colors and flavors as the primary *provocateurs* in behavior disturbances. Experience also revealed that the effectiveness of the diet steadily diminishes the older the child. Teenagers, for example, tend not to respond, or their improvement is spotty. To Feingold, this is a sign that they may have sustained some form of permanent damage.

Age also tends to govern the length of time required for a child who does basically respond to the diet to clear his system of chemical intruders and retrieve control over his physical self. A Washington, D.C., pediatrician with some 40 children on the diet describes watching some younger ones, those under five, "entirely change their personality in 48 hours." Older children may need a month to get going and an even longer period to overcome the psychological devastation imposed by their former, "bad" self. Accompanying sensorimotor deficits also tend to fade, again to an extent that depends on the age and condition of the child. A year and a half ago, an eleven-year-old named David Hathaway testified on this point at hearings held before the health subcommittee of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee. He said that, for him, the major benefit of the diet was the increased hand coordination. For the first time in his life, he could build model airplanes.

In medicine, of course, the observations of a single physician are not considered proof of anything. It seemed that after Feingold's initial presentation of his work, the diet was destined for outright oblivion or, at most, semi-quack status. It garnered brief media attention and the expected clucking in *Prevention*, a magazine that serves as the *National Enquirer* of the American digestive tract ("Are you listening, FDA? Is anybody listening?"). But none of the half dozen or so federal agencies that could have sponsored the long, expensive process of controlled studies that do count as proof in science were interested in Feingold. Among these agencies are the National Institutes of Mental Health, and of Child Health and Human Development. The Institute of Mental Health alone has sponsored more than $1 million in studies lauding the use of drugs in hyperkinesis.

At age 73, however, Feingold was a remarkably formidable opponent. He was endowed with abundant charm, upright posture, and lively brown eyes. He was driven by a conviction that food technology is scarring thousands of the young. And he was determined to force the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare "to begin to help these parents understand that they have some alternative to drugging their children." The result was that he launched a one-man campaign which saw him crisscrossing the country, giving interviews, guiding parents groups, and lecturing. He wrote a book called *Why Your Child Is Hyperactive*, a chatty, anecdotal account of the discovery of the diet that includes additive-free recipes supplied by his wife, Helene, a retired ballerina. But above all, Feingold treated hundreds of hyperactive children without charge. Whatever conventional medicine might say about him, the parents of these youngsters were willing to attempt almost anything to aid a child whom conventional medicine could only drug or ignore. Packing special lunches, baking homemade cookies, and reforming their food habits, they presented Feingold with an endless stream of success stories to, in turn, present to officials at HEW. (Not incidentally, these parents also found it easier than expected to wean their children from the candy-coated glories of an American childhood. Those children who respond to the K-P regimen feel so much better that they tend to police their own food. One satisfied six-year-old observed that his body "wasn't angry anymore.")

Within the medical profession, this combination of public pressure and parental testimony earned Feingold the suspicion that falls on any doctor who moves beyond the circumspect world of medical journals in order to prove a point; yet it seemed to be what was required to move the federal government to subject the diet to open, scientific research. In response to Feingold's lengthening backlog of success stories, the National Institute of Education finally allotted $59,896 to Dr. Keith Conners of the University of Pittsburgh for a brief controlled study on

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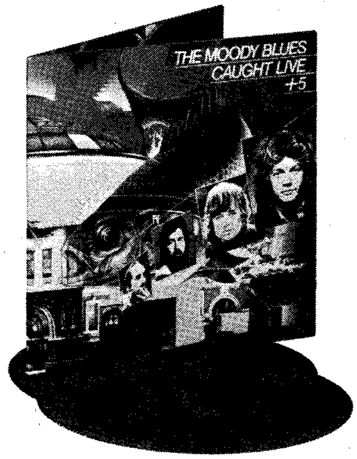

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"...Children are calm when separated from items as diverse as cow's milk and copper..."

fifteen children. In early 1975, Conners, an occasional drug-company consultant who had frankly thought the diet would be quickly disproved, reported back some positive results. These emerged, he says, "much to my own surprise."

Meanwhile, the Food Research Institute at the University of Wisconsin, in pursuit of Feingold's hunch that salicylates affect only a few children, commenced to evaluate the result of forbidding additives alone. For two months, the Research Institute supplied all food for an experimental diet entirely free of synthetic colors and flavors and for a control diet containing these additives to the families of two groups of boys. In the first group were 36 hyperactive boys between the ages of six and twelve; in the second, ten boys between three and five. The behavior of the older children was rated by three groups—their parents, teachers, and trained observers. (In keeping with the protocol for "blind" studies, none of the families or observers knew when the diets were switched or even the purpose of the experiment.) The result with the older children was that 11 percent of them were judged by all observers to have improved behavior while on the additive-restricted diet. The younger children were judged only by their parents. All the mothers and more than half the participating fathers cited a behavior improvement during the time on the diet free of synthetic colors and flavors.

But perhaps the most impressive support for Feingold has not come from university research or from believing parents or even from six-year-olds who talk about their bodies "being quiet." Perhaps it has come from children too hopeless to even speak for themselves. These are children who suffer the double blow of hyperactive behavior and known neurological damage—retarded, mongoloid, and brain-injured children. They are not children who, in Dr. Feingold's phrase, "will ever be smart, but they may lead productive lives outside institutions if their behavior straightened out." Scattered reports suggest that the diet's effect on them is dazzling. For example, the Brant Sanatorium, an Ontario, Canada, home for retarded and handicapped children, tried the K-P diet on a profoundly retarded and endlessly violent eight-year-old boy and on a ten-year-old girl with a congenital condition known as meningomyelocele, which leaves the spinal cord exposed. The girl stopped the self-abusive tantrums during which she'd scratch herself until she bled; the boy, according to a staff report, for the first time was able "to form relationships with Staff members . . . and is able to express affection."

Writing a decade ago in *Science* magazine, Walter Modell, a now retired member of the pharmacology department at the Cornell Medical College, proposed that the great potential for mass drug disasters no longer lay with the occasional prescription drug—*thalidomide* is an example—that somehow outwits testing procedures; it had shifted to substances which were not tested at all because "they are not always defined as drugs and are used in industry and agriculture—pesticides, herbicides, gasoline additives, and so on." Now, ten years later, it is still not commonly understood that everyday chemicals affect the mind as well as the body, as do drugs. In this sense, food additives may retrospectively stand as a kind of missing link in the perception of environmentally induced behavior problems.

Even Feingold found it difficult at first to conceive that a sensitivity or "allergy to additives might manifest itself in the form of a behavior problem, rather than as a rash, hives, or other physical symptom." He eventually decided that the situation lost all mystery with the recognition that food additives, ingested through the stomach and coursing through the bloodstream, could be considered just drugs in another form. Genetic predisposition would explain why these additive-drugs affect some children and leave others unscathed. Human physiology, after all, is so diverse that a body burden of lead that kills one child won't bother the next, that aspirin plunges an occasional victim into shock, and that penicillin is fatal to about one in a thousand persons. "What it amounts to," Feingold now insists, "is that these children are being drugged already."

There is, at present, no way to prove this notion of genetic susceptibility and druglike response. But much research and circumstance do suggest that a child somehow under assault from an environmental intruder will appear to be hyperactive. Lead-poisoned children, for example, have long been observed to have a high rate of hyperactivity. Monkey infants nursed on milk containing levels of the industrial chemical PCB only notches above that frequently found in human breast milk also tend to be hyperactive. John Ott, while director of the Environmental Health and Light Research Institute in Sarasota, and Dr. Lewis Mayron, a nuclear-medicine specialist, demonstrated that constant exposure to low-level electromagnetic radiation from such sources as television and fluorescent lighting can contribute to the distress of some children. The New York Institute of Child Development, Inc., a nonprofit center in Manhattan that attempts to take a biochemical, physiological approach to troubled children, is a particularly rich source of revealing incidents. Over the years, analysis of factors ranging from glucose tolerance to diet to trace-metal levels has yielded children who regained their composure when separated from items as diverse as cow's milk and copper.

An encounter with two eight-year-olds graphically underscores the often odd relations between physiology and behavior. One child was a sunny, blond boy whom the staff had nicknamed "Adorable Arthur" in honor of how really good he was when good. Still, for all his charm, Arthur had occasional fits which saw him smash anything, human or object, within reach. Detective work correlating his appetite to his rages revealed that his parents had not understood apples were included among the salicylate foods forbidden to this child.

Yet, for the other angry eight-year-old, apples were a fortunate fruit. He was suffering from an excess copper ingestion—an excess perhaps taken in with his drinking water. A daily half cup of homemade apple sauce (an overprocessed commercial brand would not have worked) served as a natural chelating agent to draw out the offending chemical. "No matter how long you work in this field," comments William Mullineaux, the institute's clinical director from 1973 to 1975, "you are still astonished by what some of the most common things will do to a child whose system can't handle them."

Meanwhile, it is hard to suggest what should—or even can—be done about the situation with food additives. On the one hand, it may seem only obvious that chemicals that can condemn some children to misery should not be sold from every supermarket in the land. On the other hand, it is unlikely that a public accustomed from birth to Count Chocula cereal, to 48 flavors, and to beautifying its food with suspected carcinogens would give up these indulgences for an undisturbed group of children. There are not, for

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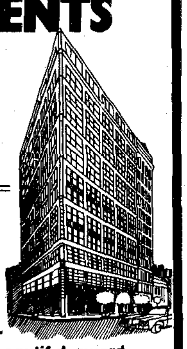

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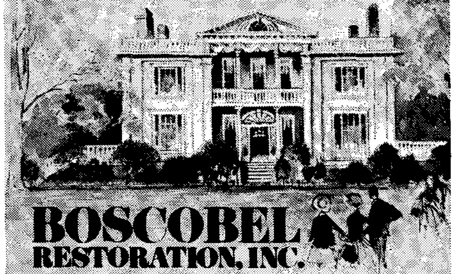

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instance, enough vanilla beans produced in all the world to supply even the American demand for vanilla ice cream from natural sources.

Current law, in any case, requires that additives be tested and banned individually. At present, it is not known whether the children who respond to the diet are sensitive to just one, to some, or to all of the dozens of synthetic dyes and the several hundred synthetic flavorings now in use. Testing this number of additives could turn into a scientific scavenger hunt that would last for decades. As an interim measure, Feingold suggests that a special mark or symbol be stamped on all foods containing no synthetic colors or flavors. This mark is intended as a shopping aide to families on the diet and as an antidote to the laxity in labeling which allows even foods such as butter and oranges to be colored without the consumer's knowing.

Before leaving office, former FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt said that his agency has neither objection to this symbol nor power to enforce its use. A special HEW panel formed to evaluate the whole question of additives and behavior has reported back, in the fashion typical of bureaucratic panels, that it can reach no conclusions about the K-P diet except that "further investigation" should take place. Dr. Bernard Weiss, a behavioral toxicologist at the University of Rochester, is currently trying to work around the problems of testing the diet for the vague symptoms of hyperactivity by monitoring its potential impact on many and specific kinds of behavior—on, for example, the tendency of children to have nightmares or sleepless nights, bite their nails, and throw tantrums. Somewhat similarly, a private pediatrician well experienced in using the diet observes that he no longer recommends it only for "the classic, aggressive hyperactive child." He also uses it on children "who are just cranky and unhappy for no real reason—children whose parents I know are nice people successfully raising other kids. It often does wonders for them too."

And there matters rest. Quite possibly the evidence that we *really* have gone too far has surfaced only to reveal that there is little room for retreat. Quite probably Americans will concede a certain number of children who scratch themselves until they bleed and smash their own heads, who assault siblings and rage through playgrounds, as the price for what they have come to regard as food. "Drugged" into a shadow of madness and drugged again into submission, they are the creation of a society that has lost control of its own chemistry. ■

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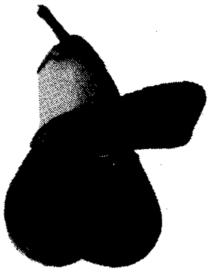

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Movies / John Simon

EYE POPPERS

"...There is something repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste*, either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman..."

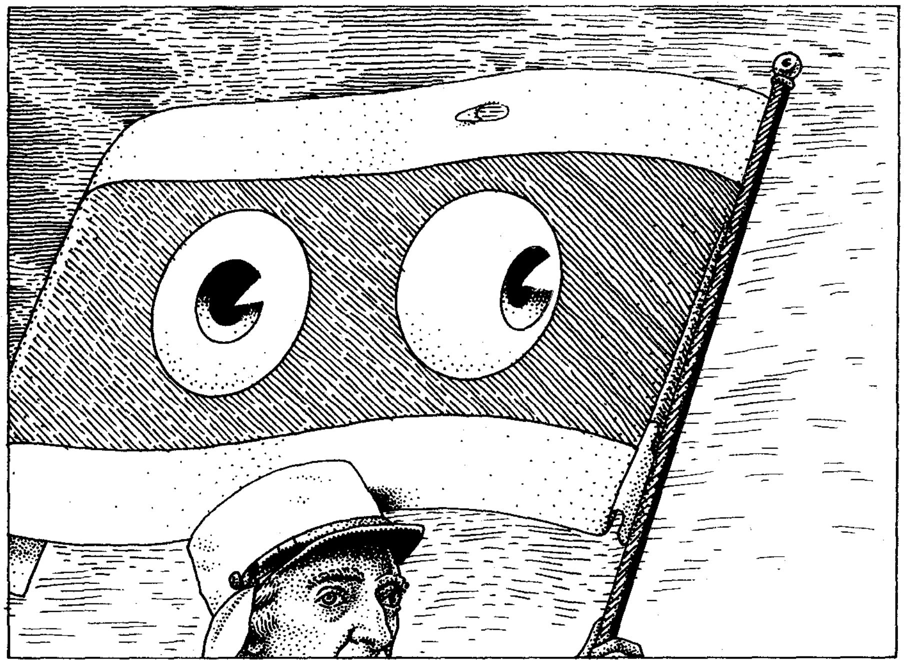
The Last Remake of Beau Geste contains a few, a very few, genuinely comic moments, but otherwise Marty Feldman's parody is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. It is no better than the similar graduation piece by a fellow student, Gene Wilder, in which Sherlock Holmes rather than Beau Geste was given the treatment, and is not appreciably worse than most of the works by the beloved master himself.

There is something mildly repulsive to me about the very idea of parodying *Beau Geste*, either the novel by Percival C. Wren, or the antepenultimate movie version by William A. Wellman. Both works strike me as decent and unpretentious, rather like a harmless, not very sophisticated, but ever so obliging maiden aunt, whom it really does not do to kick in the backside. There is not even a Beau Geste cult or mystique to lampoon—not so much as a T-shirt.

Feldman and Michael York are identical twins (!), orphans whom Trevor Howard, the half-crazy lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Digby and Beau. The one grows up splendidly, the other shabbily, until a wicked young stepmother arrives in the person of Ann-Margret, after which the family heirloom disappears, and it's the Foreign Legion—well, you know the story, more or less, and Feldman knows it about that much too, and is only too eager to maul it beyond recognition.

The scene at the orphanage is mildly amusing because Trevor Howard is a splendid actor and has, in Irene Handl, a comedienne to act against. There is also some quite pleasant kidding of cinematic clichés, where Feldman has something worth kidding. When the film, however, switches to black and white to parody a silent comedy and record Digby-Feldman's inept jailbreak, in which everyone from the prison governor down tries to assist and only Feldman keeps flubbing, there is again no idiocy worth satirizing.

Nor are things funny in the Foreign Legion, partly because there was never much of a legionnaire genre (*Beau Geste* and *Between Two Flags* are all most people remember) and what there was of it was far too long ago. And here the material becomes unspeakably clumsy: the running—or, rather, hobbling—gag being Sergeant Markov's peg leg. Neither Peter Ustinov as Markov nor Roy Kinnear as his sidekick can lend these leg jokes much of a helping hand, though neither of them sinks as low as Henry Gibson as a French general (and possibly a takeoff on Mel Brooks—though who knows or cares?). Ann-Margret adds to her other no-talents a no-talent for farce; and the worthy Michael York, who rose undented from the debacle of *Dr. Moreau*, is well-nigh destroyed by this one. Marty Feldman shows some restraint: He sometimes actually retracts those endlessly extrudable eyes; the film suffers not so much from ocular jocularity as from a hypertrophy of Feldman himself, a little of whom pops a long way.



Too much of a muchness is one of the problems also with **In the Realm of the Senses**, although that is only one trouble with Nagisa Oshima's dreadful movie. It is a fictionalization by Oshima of a case that supposedly rocked Japan in 1936: A prostitute cut off her lover's genitalia and ran about the streets of Tokyo with them for three days. Acquitted in a sensational trial, she became a national heroine.

That is how much the press releases will tell us—and that the man was married. I imagine that he promised the girl marriage, abused her variously, and then set about leaving her; in any case, he must have done her a lot of dirt for the then Japanese judiciary to have freed her. Oshima, instead, has tried to tell a story about a man and a woman who love each other with such an insane passion that, as it becomes ever more fanatical and all-consuming, nothing will satisfy it except death. Well, why not? Such tales have been a staple of literature since narration began, and have made it even onto the screen, from *Duel in the Sun* to *The Eternal Return*. But Oshima set out to do something more difficult: to concentrate almost entirely on the two lovers, show their passion in constant close-up, as it were, and deal with the matter realistically, head on. A gallant conception, but one for which he is quite the wrong man, having neither the artistry nor the psychological insight.

Relentlessly throughout the film, Sada and Kichizo, the husband of the

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

"...*Realm of the Senses* is an inept attempt at pornography that justifies its failure at eroticism by calling itself art..."

owner of the brothel in which Sada is one of the girls, fornicate, talk about fornication, or indulge in kinky sexual games. On the rare occasions they don't, she is in bed with a rich, elderly client (the lovers need money), or he is copulating with an old woman in the presence of Sada, who has commanded it ("I had the feeling I was holding my mother's corpse!"), or with a fat, unsightly whore, because she happened to mention aphrodisiacally Sada's name during the girl's brief absence. Sada, in turn, will make love to Kichizo's kimono on a trip away from him; at other times, she makes him swallow her menses or eat food that she first introduced into her vagina. ("If you really love someone, you must eat like this.") And already she threatens him with the knife with which she shaves him. They have met cute: Sada watched Kichizo have sex with his wife. It is for not giving up this side occupation that Sada seems to kill him in the end, though, of course, the deed is supposed to be fraught with metaphysical significance.

To make this monomaniacal passion credible and interesting, you need, first of all, two persuasive interpreters. Eiko Matsuda, as Sada, has a fine body but an insignificant face with uneventful expressions, and she does not suggest depth of feeling or even a neurotically gnawing passion. In a typically awkward bit of dialogue, she says: "I was only hypersensitive," and her lover, equally inspiredly, comments, "I love your hypersensitivity." It may be that hypersensitivity is meant merely as a euphemism for nymphomania, but even average sensitivity is beyond Miss Matsuda's ability to convey—though, to be sure, Oshima in no way assists her.

As for Tatsuya Fuji, the Kichizo, he is even less interesting. A slick-looking man, he does show a certain adroitness in smoking a cigarette while making love, but that is pretty much the limit of his acting ability. At times, he sings gutturally, or smiles and smiles with a certain insipidity that goes well with his dialogue. As Sada is first going down on him, he remarks reflectively, "You're a strange girl." Later, when she is beginning her experiments in strangling him with a sash and complains, "I'm frightened; say something," his reply is redolent of Zen wisdom: "Stupid, I'm being strangled, and you expect me to talk!" Characteristically, after extensive choking, his neck shows not a mark. Much the same goes for Fuji's face; his namesake, the mountain, would have been as animated.

It will not do, I think, to talk of cultural differences and the inscrutable East. My devotion to the Japanese cinema is enormous, and I have seen many films in which intense feelings came through the looks and sounds of Japanese actors in ways that were familiar to my Western sensibility. Nor will I be swayed by the contention that Oshima looks at passion dispassionately, and so deliberately keeps the temperature level down. In the first place, any number of needlessly graphic details leave little doubt about Oshima's pornographic intentions; in the second, what would be the point of making a film about passion in which one set out *not* to convey what passion is like? As soon make a film about beauty in which all the sights are ugly.

Rather, judging by several other films of his as well, Oshima strikes me as a profoundly untalented director who can even take such fascinating material as that which went into his movie *Boy* and come up with only one or two scenes that have any life in them. Conversely, Oshima talks insufferably pretentiously about his philosophical content and artistic intentions, e.g., describing himself as "a mixture between a form of asceticism and an ineffably epicurean feeling."

Next, an able director would have understood that the film, for aesthetic as well as psychological reasons, cannot be all sex scenes, many of them involving group sex or exhibitionistic copulations before various observers, unless there were other things revealed to us about the principals as well. But no such information is forthcoming, and we might as well be expected to care about the obsessions of cockroaches. For if we can neither find the lovers magnetic enough in themselves, nor learn about what it is that propels them, what they are sacrificing, what else they might have done with themselves, we must simply feel for their fanatical drive because it is there, or because we ourselves have such pathological obsessions—in which case we are poor judges of the film's artistic or humane values.

Above all, the writer-director should know better than to plunge us into ludicrousness. If Sada cannot walk with Kichizo without holding on to his penis, all right; if the conjoined couple cannot separate even for their meals and don't want their room cleaned ("But that's what we like, this smell!"), okay, I'll bend over backward to go along. But I have to double up forward in laughter when Sada won't let Kichizo go to the toilet to pee because she can't stand being parted from him that long: "Do it here." "Where?" "In me." "Both at once [i.e., making love and water]? But it's impossible!" "Try it, anyway." And they try. One cannot help wondering what happens when it is time for number two.

You might hope for some humor to relieve the aridity, or even to provide some ironic commentary. Well, the most Oshima can muster is Kichizo's comment after Sada eats some of his pubic hair, "Careful, you'll grow a beard." Nor is there relief or commentary from the few peripheral characters and incidents. With his wife, Kichizo does more of the same sort of copulating; a filthy old man who comes to the brothel for Sada is obsessed in the selfsame way as Kichizo. Always, moreover, a deadly symmetry: If Kichizo smokes while coupling, Sada plays the samisen with like ambidextrousness.

If indeed this were a story about passion that could find its fullest expression only in death—as it is being touted —then, surely, some kind of joint *Liebestod* would be in order at the end. Instead, we get, in hideous detail, Sada's strangling of her lover, cutting off all his genitals (even Marco Ferreri, in *The Last Woman*, was willing to settle for the penis), and writing on the body in his blood: "Sada and Kichi, the two of us forever." A lopsided *Liebestod* if you ask me: How in tarnation will they be together if she survives? Clearly there is vindictiveness and perversion at work here rather than romantic heightening.

It is typical of Oshima's feeble imagination that he ends his film here, where he ought to have started it. For if anything could have been interesting, it would have been the trial: What the woman said, why they acquitted her, how she became a national heroine, and how, if at all, she made good on "the two of us forever." Instead, we get this inept attempt at pornography that would justify its failure at eroticism by calling itself art. Even the production design and photography are considerably inferior to what other Japanese films have offered us. As for the critics who perceive in this obtuse film the supreme expression of sex, passion, love, eroticism, or what have you, they deserve not so much our contempt as our commiseration. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Little women—Jeans, T-shirts, sundresses, shorts, etc., are on sale in this little store for young women sizes 3–11. Viceroy jeans, were $21 and $22, now $15; sundresses, were $19–$26, now $13–$18; cotton-blend skirts, were $24, now $15; T-shirts, were $12–$17, now $11; one-shoulder T-shirts, were $9 or two for $15, now $6 or two for $10; walking shorts in khaki, white, or blue denim, were $16, now $10; straw hats, were $6 and $8, now $3 and $4; and summer bags in canvas, straw, Haitian cotton, etc., were $15–$22, now $7.50–$11. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Brazos Boutique, 1594 Second Ave. between 82nd and 83rd sts. (628-2663); Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; thru 9/3.*

Lightweight—Lovely fabrics for summer are made into lightweight and lovely clothes in this boutique, where all design and manufacture is done on the premises. Everything is now half price. Cotton sundresses, were $65, now $32.50; a cotton shirtwaist in several different prints, was $110, now $55; crinkle-silk hand-painted one-shoulder dress, was $160, now $80; hand-painted poly-chiffon long dress with 110-in. scarf, was $195, now $97.50; two-piece cotton suits with wrap skirts, several prints, were $85, now $42.50; cotton eyelet flounced skirt with matching off-the-shoulder blouse, was $160, now $80; silk chiffon printed strapless long dress with sash, was $175, now $87.50; poly-chiffon peasant blouse and skirt, were $170, now $85; two-piece handkerchief-cotton dress, was $85, now $42.50. There's more here to choose from, including some one-of-a-kind designs. Sizes P, S, M, L. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Basha &, 908 Madison Ave. at 73rd St. (794-8877); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; thru 8/19.*

Working artists—This downtown art-supply house is well known among artists for low prices, and a summer clearance brings further bargains. Kulicke metal section frames in red, white, black, blue, or yellow, down 60 percent. They come in every inch size between 8 in. (list $4.25, were $2.55, now $1.70) and 30 in. (list $8, were $4.80, now $3.20). Arches watercolor block, 140-lb. rough, comes in sizes 12 in. by 16 in. (list $19.70, was $17.73, now $11.82) and 18 in. by 24 in. (list $35.75, was $32.18, now $21.45); Kulicke styrene box frame, now 50 percent off all sizes (5 in. by 7 in. is now $1.95, and so on up to 16 in. by 20 in., now $8.75); artists' canvas remnants, 50 percent off in widths from 52 in. to 120 in.: cottons now 98 cents to $6.41 a yd., Belgian linen now $1.75–$15 a yd.; slide rules, were 75 cents to $37.50, now 40 percent less; cut sizes of 100-percent-rag, neutral-pH museum mount board, now 50 percent off; Winsor & Newton acrylic colors, now 25 percent off list prices; Bellini oil colors and Aqua-Tec acrylic colors, now 40 percent off list; and Estampe, a 100-percent-rag paper suitable for printmaking and drawing, 20 in. by 26 in., now 35 cents a sheet. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges made. *New York Central Supply Co., 62 Third Ave. at 11th St. (GR 3-7705); Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

West Side chic—This 72nd St. boutique is holding a six-day summer clearance sale. All bathing suits—Elon, Cole, Elizabeth Stewart—are half price, down from $24 and $28 to $11.95 and $13.95; slacks by Jones, Intuitions, Ellen Tracy, Kasara, also half price, were $30–$34, now $14.95–$16.95; a mixed bag of blouses in broken sizes—Jones, Ellen Tracy, China Blue, Norman Todd, Kasara—are half off; skirts by P. J. Walsh and Ellen Tracy, were $34–$36, now $16.95 and $17.95; dresses by P. J. Walsh, Kasara, Craig, were $52–$68, now $25.95–$33.95; cotton separates in lustrous jewel colors, were from $14 (drawstring pants) to $50 (tent dress), now $6.95–$24.95. Shoes are 40 percent off and more (a large group of espadrilles down from $25 to $10.95) and include Joan and David sandals and mules, were $40, now $23.95; Xavier Danaud, were $50, now $28.95; Cardin mules, were $50, now $28.95; Diane Von Furstenberg thongs, were $23, now $12.95. Sizes 4–14, and during the sale only, if you purchase the new fall clothes at full price, the store will pay the 8 percent tax for you. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Creations 'n Things, 265 West 72nd St. (SC 4-8800); Tues.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 8/2–8/7 only.*

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Art/Thomas B. Hess

WAYNE THIEBAUD: ETERNAL MAYONNAISE

"...Thiebaud's shapes imply a Platonist ideal; he dreams of the perfect triangle, and it appears as a wedge of Swiss cheese..."

What's to be done about California?

One of the brightest and best American poets, Kenneth Koch, has written: "Perhaps you would like me to speak about California,/But I hope not. . . ."

I don't mean Los Angeles, that apocalypse of tacos and tar pits. A phenomenal city, as confident as a thunderstorm and twice as imponderable, it's been celebrated from Nathanael West to Joan Didion. Courbet should paint its surf, Turner its smog.

But what about the north, what about San Francisco, with its redwood suburbs and their vicious chic and terrified bigotry? Crazes sweep across a landscape beloved by cormorants and Robinson Jeffers as thoroughly as mud slides down Brentwood.

The situation recently has been analyzed with breathtaking verve in a novel titled *The Serial: A Year in the Life of Marin County*, by Cyra McFadden (Knopf). It's a poignant catalog of local argot ("off the wall, blown away, laid back, get it on"), of what the natives wear (Siberian caftans, tap-dancing shorts), what they eat (tofu, granola, minted trout, potstickers).

Her comedy isn't reassuring. Apart from being grotesques, the characters are as cruel, cynical, and self-seeking as Céline's pimps and Proust's snobs, only they've been drained of culture. With the sensibility of pithed frogs, they spin across a landscape equally void of local characteristics. There is no usable past. Even their free associations are prefab. Children talk like bumper stickers.

Of course, Marin County has its pathos. McFadden has a great ear for brand names and mid-cult cant, but the true poet of Northern California is a painter, **Wayne Thiebaud** (born 1920). He's been celebrating the peculiar glitter and flab of his home counties, their inhabitants and appurtenances, with growing confidence since he first hit his stride in 1960.

A retrospective of Thiebaud's paintings (1947–76) is at the Neuberger Museum of the State University of New York, in Purchase (through 8/28), and don't be put off because its catalog reads in places like a parody by McFadden of California art lingo. Donald Brewer, of the University of Southern California, guest curator of the show, concludes that "to use the title of a book by an author, collector, and friend of the artist, Wayne Thiebaud's paintings seem to say: 'I'm O.K., You're O.K.'" Elsewhere, he evaluates Thiebaud as "a feeling and caring person." Gene Cooper, of Cal State in Long Beach, billed as "the definitive scholar on Thiebaud's work," notes that the artist "became an inactive member" of the Mormon church "in the late years of the Depression" and thus found himself "without a conventional umbilicus to the metaphysical. . . ." Cooper also believes that in Thiebaud's oeuvre "determinate and indeterminate time simultaneously spring from extreme strategies which create fertile conditions for a poetic empiricism—when it is realized that the sensate world coexists with eternity."

Evidently, under West Coast eyes, Thiebaud's conservative, straightforward, neutral, directly painted still lifes (often of delicatessen displays—the artist is a true junk-food addict), figure pieces, plus a few landscapes, elicit a quality of pneumatic malarkey that makes you want to look at his work even more closely. Is it what it seems to be? Or are there levels of irony? And if so, how many?

Thiebaud came to his California expertise through the College of Soft Knocks, as Cooper makes clear (despite its purple patches, his text is useful and often illuminating). The painter's father, a Mormon bishop, moved the family to California in 1921. You sense his presence—righteous, decent—in a number of affectionate paintings of seated men, poker-faced, their spines as straight as their vision is narrow.

The artist's mother, Cooper writes, felt that she could "influence her developing fetus by external experience" which "encouraged her to indulge in what she thought the best cultural expressions available . . . ."

It worked. Thiebaud became fascinated by vernacular dramatics; he polished monologues and enjoyed debates at school and on the streets. In a nifty Phillip Morris uniform, he worked as an usher in movie theaters and was in charge of the spotlight for bingo nights. A natural draftsman with a flair for caricature, he designed posters, layouts, animations, all sorts of commercial-art projects. Then, reinforced by the example of his friend the sculptor Robert Mallary, he turned "serious," went back to college, got his M.A., became a teacher, and painted darkling, clumsy, semi-Expressionist still lifes. By the mid 1950s, like most Bay Area painters, he was searching for a way to use the Abstract-Expressionist experience, yet not be swallowed in it. Then, suddenly, in 1960, he broke through to bright clean colors, sharp drawing, centered compositions laid down with masterfully brushed, even surfaces. He kept to his old subject matter—the furnishings of Northern California life, the clothes, foods, cosmetics, packages that are so commonplace they're almost invisible.

When he first exhibited in New York in 1960 and 1962, Thiebaud quickly was accepted as a member of the emerging 1960s phenomena. "Pop Manet," exclaimed artist-writer Paul Brash, smacking his lips at Thiebaud's luscious impastos. But Thiebaud's circumstantial accounts of everyday objects don't fit the East Coast category; they have neither kinky nostalgia (like Warhol's) nor grandiose ambitions (like Lichtenstein's). Thiebaud talks about "contextual improprieties," by which I think he means that he puts low-class stuff into high-class space. Can a bubble-gum vending machine get it on with a Cézanne peach?

Thiebaud's subject matter is no more subversive than Pissarro's smokestacks or Seurat's street lamps. In painting them, both Pissarro and Seurat were being consciously "modern"; so is Thiebaud. He's not looking for the "despicable" or even the esoteric. There are no nightmares in Thiebaud's dreamworld-deli. On the contrary, he offers a thoughtful, late-twentieth-century version of that *luxe, calme, et volupté* enunciated by Baudelaire in 1857 and painted by Matisse in 1907.

Thiebaud's shapes imply a Platonist ideal; he dreams of the perfect triangle, cube, and sphere, and they appear as a wedge of Swiss cheese, a helping of layer cake, a scoop of orange ice. Some elements look complicated. The shimmers of smoked fish and roast-turkey skin are meticulously noted. So are the simple highlights that inevitably gleam on the tip of a healthy nose and the clear blue shadows (souvenirs of Monet) that fall away from a display of cake stands as from an *allée* of chestnut trees. His shapes are simple in fact as well as in appearance. Seen up close, they often reduce to stenographic lines—a few cusps and angles, as in the face of Dagwood Bumstead. In other words, a tough, abstract musculature, largely evolved from his skills as a commercial artist, informs Thiebaud's paintings and lends them a freaky sense of permanence (who ever heard of eternal mayonnaise?).

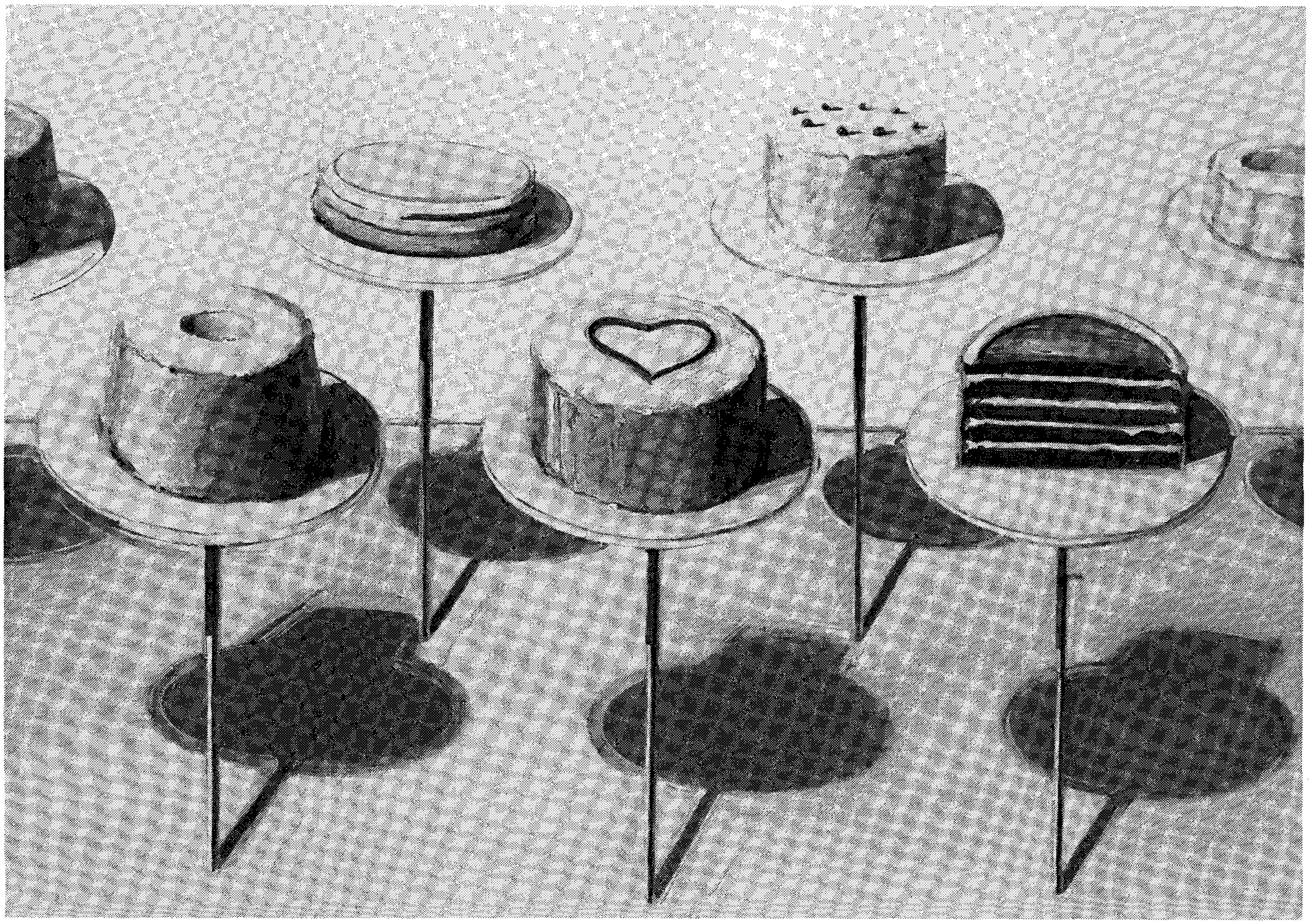
Reinforcing the aura of immutability are Thiebaud's frequent allusions to old and modern masters. "I steal," he acknowledges engagingly, from Walt Kuhn, Edward Hopper, Giorgio Morandi, Juan Sanchez Cotán, Thomas Eakins, even Guy Pène duBois. Furthermore, he slyly quotes from the great Dutch and Flemish masters of the "Spread Table"—the majestic buffets of de Heem, Kalf, Snyders, Fyt, and all the rest, in which architectures of meat, fruit, fish, and pastries symbolize the sensuous delights of taste and their ephemeral nature. Memento mori. The flavor of cherries is as fugitive as a man's life. Thiebaud uses such Baroque processional spaces. He rejects their morality. His unravished bride will lick her triple-scoop cone until hell freezes over.

Thiebaud's colors join his peculiar dialectic between the perishable and the timeless—Carvel green, cyclamate red, the yellow of frozen egg yolk, deodorizer blue, and as many whites as there are varieties of creams, icings, and bleached bread. Off-whites that glide out from ketchup or mustard, as tablecloths or walls or counters, complement the froth of white-whites as brightly as purple sets off yellow.

Nature becomes artificial (plastic, congealed, homogenized), merges with the artifices of art. Some impastos have exactly the texture, color, and heft (I almost wrote "taste") of a "Boston Creme Pie." There is a crimson for the goo of maraschino; a smoky brown for a uniquely bland pâté. Signifier melts into signified.

What's Thiebaud's attitude toward his unnatural paradise? You can infer from some recent landscapes of highways unrolling across the San Francisco hills like bullwhips that he is aware of a local frenzy. And he's done some still lifes in which reflections pile upon reflections like layers in a pousse-café—usually an indication that symbols are about. Which is the mirror, which is the image; what is real, what is life? Also there are the hearts—ordinary Valentine's Day hearts—that Thiebaud has strewn across his oeuvre (alongside his signature, centered on a cake, a lollipop). Is it a simple profession of love? Does he dote on his subject matter with the mania of an expert, like Jan Steen doted on Dutch low life and Pieter de Hooch on the bourgeoisie? Or is it a sign—from Buddhism, early Christianity, a lotus?

All you can say for sure is that in Thiebaud's art, everything makes hard eye contact in "direct, one-shot situations." The structures are tough. And there's much more, too. ■



Dreamworld deli: *Thiebaud's* Cake Window, *1976, four feet high, lent by Allan Stone Gallery to the Neuberger Museum, Purchase.*

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

ELWOOD SMITH

Every Dog Has His Day

Once upon a time, Hope Lange's mother owned a restaurant on MacDougal Street. One of her steady customers was Eleanor Roosevelt, and one of her steady companions was Fala, whom little Hope would walk every day after school. All of which leads to the lobby of the Brooks Atkinson, where Hope is appearing in *Same Time, Next Year.* Same time last year, as you may recall, Sandy Dennis hosted a cat adoption there; now it's Hope's turn. She and the Humane Society of New York will offer homeless dogs for adoption, with free carrying cases, collars, and leashes. Puppies will be $9 plus half the neutering fee (which is required, and amen to that, by the society); dogs over six months will be $19 (having already been neutered). All dogs will have been quarantined for two weeks and received their shots.

DOG ADOPTION/*August 3, noon–1 p.m.*
Brooks Atkinson Theater/256 West 47th Street/For info: 752-4840

Nip and Tuck

"The best prints seem to be Scandinavian, where the design can be engineered to form a visual effect from the back," suggests Fabrications' Herman Phynes, who is giving away free kimono instructions with or without the purchase of two to three yards of any fabric 48 inches or wider ($20–$60 total). His window, which changes weekly, shows the glorious results.

FABRICATIONS/*146 East 56th Street/371-3370*

MATTHEW KLEIN

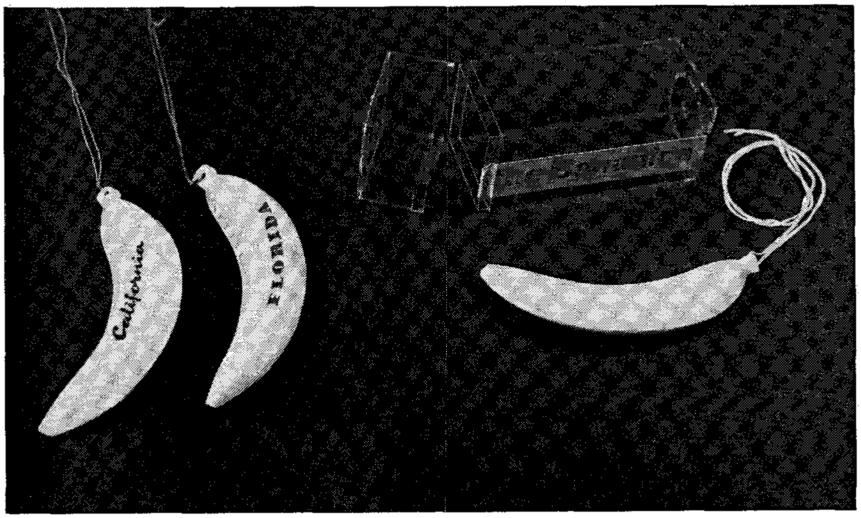
brication
square deal

Blood, Sweat, and Tears

Time for another one of those celebrity auctions. This one, which has more than its share of easily obtained signed photos, playbills, and books, also has a crop of plums. To wit: a baseball, glove, and bat signed by Tom Seaver, Dave Kingman, and Ed Kranepool just before The End; the silver-lamé top of Barry Manilow's costume, signed; Burt Reynolds's expired Equity card, signed; a *Playbill* from *Annie*, signed (or paw-printed) by Sandy; and an autographed-and-dated sweat shirt worn by Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky*, with a note from his secretary guaranteeing that it's never been washed. Good grief.

CELEBRITY AUCTION/*August 7 (viewing at 11 a.m., sale at 1 p.m.)*
Student Center, Hofstra University/1000 Fulton Avenue, Hempstead

JOHN DIELE



Worst Bet

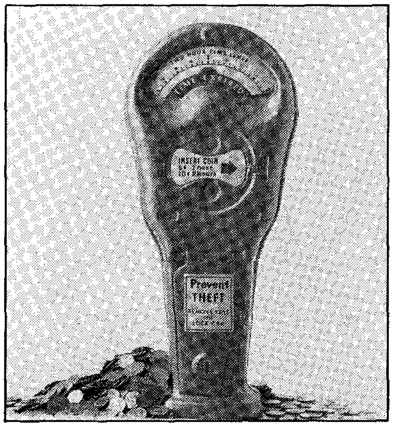
On the left: two of the tacky harmonicas we have plucked from souvenir counters and paid 98 cents for. On the right: the Bananica, same thing except for the Lucite box, the marketing ingenuity of Bailey/Huebner, and the price, $3.50. Available at Shenanigans on Bleecker Street and Henri Bendel.

Chip off the Old Block

Remember these? They were called parking meters. They used to be all over the place in New York. Now they're not. But you can still have a toy one for a bank ($2.19).

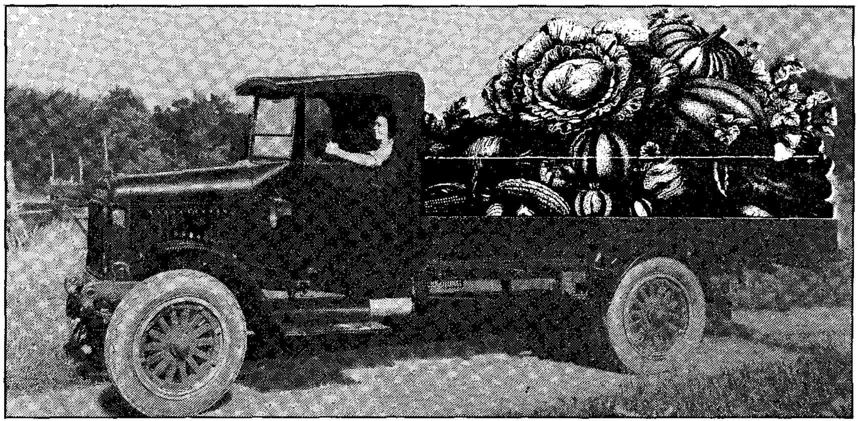
F. W. WOOLWORTH/*Toy department*

RICARDO SALAS



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

CULVER PICTURES



Garden Party

Aschkenasy knows a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o. And on that farm he buys some squash, ee-i-ee-i-o. And some string beans, cucumbers, three kinds of lettuce, sweet corn, tomatoes, and berries—fresh-picked every Monday morning—which he hauls into New York to serve every Monday evening at his U.S. Steakhouse. Ee-i-ee-i-o.

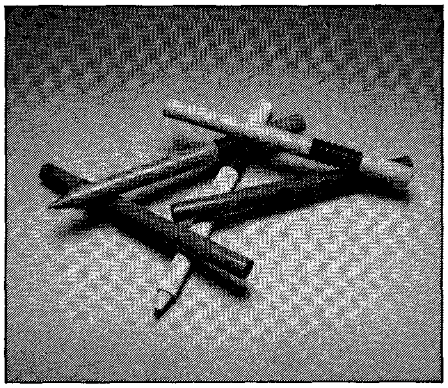
HARVEST NIGHTS/*Mondays/U.S. Steakhouse/120 West 51st Street*

Inklings

When bank tellers, waiters, and his accountant kept asking him where he got his plastic push-pen, Alan Spigelman knew he was onto something. "They work on a pneumatic action, just like a shock absorber, and come from the north of Italy, where they know about such things," he says. The pens take standard American refills and come in white, yellow, blue, green, and red. **—Suzanne Slesin**

PUSH-PENS/*Sam Flax/$1.50*

MARK KOZLOWSKI



JAY GOOD

JAZZ
down beat
WINNERS
Changes Made

For the Record

Kim Deuel, herself a relic of days gone by—with her white-satin blouse, black dirndl, wide patent-leather belt, bleached hair, and pink makeup—has just opened a shop dealing in old jazz records (rare Basie, Giuffre, Desmond, Ella, Phil Moore, et al.), Birdlandia, autographed publicity stills, copies of *Metronome* and *Down Beat*, sheet music, etc. Kim got into this after not getting into the theater; her love for jazz comes from her father, Les Deuel, a trumpeter from Albany, who once played with Billie Holiday.

NOSTALGIA AND ALL THAT JAZZ/*55 West 27th Street/889-0024*

To Make Matters Verse

While trooping through the wilds of Central Park, foraging for food, improvising shelter, touring the Old Block House, and learning some Revolutionary and natural history, small New Yorkers—ages nine to twelve—will also be taking pretty pictures and bursting into poetry. Or such is the hope of photographer Philip Maechling and poet Sandra Alcosser, an inspired couple in their twenties who are leading these Discovery Walks and free workshops on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings.

POETRY-PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS
Through August 26/Free/Central Park Task Force/737-8810

ELAINE GROVE

Elaine Grove

Music/Alan Rich

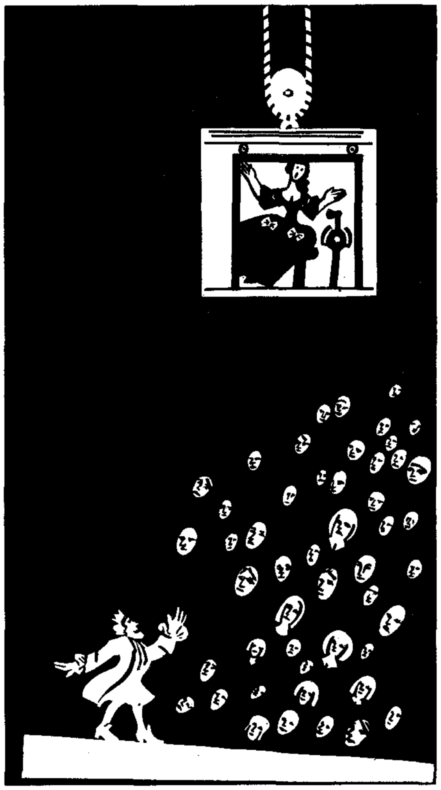
OPERA ABROAD: SOME ALTERNATIVES, MOSTLY AGREEABLE

"...If you thought the Paris Opéra's *Faust* was disrespectful, you ought to see its new job on *La Cenerentola*, done all in cages..."

Summer opera, to most tourists abroad, means Salzburg, Bayreuth, Verona, or Caracalla. These names, in turn, mean crowds, traffic, missed connections, and inflated prices (e.g., up to $100 a ticket at Salzburg this summer). I decided to spend two hectic European "vacation" weeks seeking out alternatives. I managed well: four operas in ten days on the continent, herein detailed; two more in two days in England, which I will have for a later report. It is, therefore, possible, outside the "festival" circuit, to locate good and important music—better by far than in an American city despite the advantages of air conditioning.

In Paris the Opéra runs through July. The house is hot and airless; people overdress to get past the ticket-taker, and then strip down. The house remains a glory to the eye, except for the incongruity of the Chagall ceiling; on the stage, however, the incongruity was grosser yet: a new production of Rossini's **La Cenerentola.** Jacques Rosner directed; Max Schöndorff did the sets; neither had worked in opera before, and neither should do so again. If you remember the Opéra's steel-tubing-and-glass *Faust*, which it brought to New York last fall, know now that that abomination was high respect itself compared to the havoc wrought upon Rossini's delicious little Cinderella comedy. Herein the stage is hung with a series of metal cages and ramps to stand for the various scenes. Cinderella comes to the ball via a steel elevator; at home she works under a huge metal fireplace hood. The chorus members, representing the Prince's courtiers, are dressed in black, including blackface; they skulk around like so many vultures. Cinderella must finish one aria while clattering up a spiral staircase roughly the height of the Eiffel Tower.

Yet, upon this arrogant misconception the Opéra has lavished some fine musical talent. Frederica von Stade was the Cinderella on the night I went; she alternates in the role with Teresa Berganza. Her singing was elegant, spirited, and wonderfully pointed. She is not yet, however, an actress capable of solving problems on her own, and Rosner's staging left her quite often with little to do between her great vocal moments. The plan of the stage, with all the set elements constantly in place, meant that nobody in the cast had room to move around in, and did not allow space for the fragile, lovely music to expand naturally. Jesus Lopez-Cobos, whom I have admired in San Francisco, conducted a crisp, agile performance (using Alberto Zedda's new edition of the opera that suppresses most of the editorial junk that has accumulated around the score from 150 years of misreadings), and there was some attractive singing from Michael Cousins, the Prince, and Roger Soyer, the Majordomo. The ensemble had moments as ragged as I remember from the Opéra during its bad old days.



Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast

In Venice there was only ballet at La Fenice, a program of excerpts danced by nobody in particular. I drove south to Macerata, a serene, handsome town of about 45,000 in the hills above the Adriatic some 150 miles northeast of Rome. There, a summer opera season was in full swing in the town's open-air arena, a handsome structure seating 7,000, built in 1829 for pelota but now used only for musical events. Macerata's summer opera is definitely not a festival, but rather a happy event for townspeople, who sit enraptured in the crystalline air until about 1 A.M. and then stroll slowly homeward.

The opera itself is first-class. I heard a **Trovatore.** The stage is about a city block long, and about as deep as the width of a trolley car; the "set" was a long array that looks like a partially melted-down cathedral, but it was nicely lit and suggested the setting far better than the Colonnello abortion currently at the Met.

The Leonora was Katia Ricciarelli, who has become Italy's brightest new soprano. Her singing was radiant and beautifully in control, even when, as often happened, she had to stand nearly a mile from the orchestra. The Manrico was the veteran Carlo Bergonzi, no longer able to do very much with the "Di quella pira" (even when it was transposed down a tone), but still fully in command of the ravishing phrase that has always made him a special member of his breed. I also was much taken by the Di Luna, Renato Bruson (who has sung in Chicago), a baritone with a striding, easeful manner of production and a clean, lustrous projection. Maurizio Rinaldi, a young Italian conductor now making his way, led a decent, intelligent performance not entirely free from an occasional flaccid phrase. The usual cuts were observed.

In Vienna the Staatsoper is closed in July as the company and orchestra prepare to rake in dollars at Salzburg, but two of the city's other four companies were in business when I arrived. Vienna remains the world's basic object of sentiment; it is especially so to me. I hadn't been there since 1953. Then I was a student, working at the Konservatorium in what I fondly imagined to be conducting classes, but which were actually some of the most intensive studies in musical analysis and musical thinking that existed at the time. I had a two-room apartment in a palace for $12 a month; dinners were 60 cents; a streetcar ride cost a nickel; Russian soldiers goose-stepped through the old, bombed-out squares. Now the squares have been repaved; streetcar rides are 60 cents, and dinner prices resemble those in New York and Paris. I wept with joy to be back, but found that I had been foolish to have lived with old memories.

In 1953 the Opera was at the little Theater an der Wien (where *Fidelio* had had its premiere) while the big house was being rebuilt. Now the Theater an der Wien has air conditioning and new seats; the old, creaky lobby is a modern wonder of marble and glass. The theater has its own company, doing mostly light opera on its tiny, lovely stage. In 1953 the Opera, which had also lost most of its sets in a bombing raid, played against black-and-white sketched panels. But for its new production of **The Merry Widow** the theater has wonderfully lush, brightly colored, elegant Ita Maximovna sets that extend back for days with garish front curtains that light up. Lehár's frothy confection was done with a kind of style, although the wit was applied with a heavy hand at times. Like the superior *Fledermaus,* this is a piece that its audiences know by heart in Vienna, and they seemed to love the interpolated jokes and *shtik* that lengthened conversations interminably; nor did anyone seem to mind the addition, in the Maxim's scene, of a 1920s tango and an Offenbach can-can. I found it a little thick, however, with a cast of over-the-hill favorites who sang badly and kicked up their heels clumsily. I kept thinking, for my own reasons, of those annual Molly Picon plays in New York.

Out at the little theater in Shönbrunn, where Mozart had also put on opera, I had a better time with the Vienna Chamber Opera, and with its revival of Rossini's comic opera **La Gazzetta,** a piece virtually unknown. The opera comes between *The Barber* and *Cenerentola* in the Rossini canon; its overture, in fact, is identical to that of *Cenerentola.* Its text is based on a Goldoni farce involving amorous mix-ups, along with clever jabs at people who read gossip columns. It is a delightful piece, and its second act contains some ensemble writing and some turns of harmony, as sophisticated as any better-known comic opera of its time. The production, conducted by Christo Stanischev, was not quite deluxe, nor was the singing. Yet, there was style here, and a sense of participating in delightful musical drama that Rossini in Paris had totally lacked. ■

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 292

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Barbra Streisand in FUNNY CORPSE

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN NEW BEST FRIEND, by Newman/Berkowitz

Jean-Charles Taccefia's SECOND COUSIN, COUSINE

Above, the Forthcoming. Competitors are invited to invent one compelling title for the inevitable sequel to a well-known film, play, book, or song.

Results of Competition 289, in which you were asked to provide an extract from a book review based on naïveté or ignorance.

Report: Like, wow, man, a really big entry and I can relate to where you're coming from. With some exceptions. Don't you think (for example) that *Fear of Flying* was, among other things, about fear of flying? Much of this. To select and to take literally a title, the meaning of which is deliberately ambiguous, is hardly humor. It's pointing at the duck. But, soft. On to the repeats: Liv Ullmann on dressing rooms, diapers, transsexuality. C. McCullough as Audubon. Margaret Mitchell on kites. Hollander on rug-making or fishing. Salinger on an alcoholic ballplayer. Stendhal on accounting. Leon Uris on his alma mater, Trinity. *QB VII* about football. *Condominium* on birth control. *House of the Seven Gables* on the king's family. Sesame Street books bring you *Story of O* and *V. Lord of the Flies* as a Levi-Strauss bio. *Mutiny on the Bounty* as a Nancy Walker bio. *A Farewell to Arms* on Venus de M. *A Bridge Too Far* on costly dentistry (also *Jaws*). *The Hite Report* on the Beame/Globetrotters syndrome (also *Little Women*). *Your Erroneous Zones* on city planning, parking, or sex. *The Nothing Book* reviewed. *The Deep,* a study of philosophers. *Lists,* a biography of the composer and his family. *Soul on Ice* about a black hockey team. *The Guinness Book of World Records* on LP's. And William Peter Blatty on physical fitness. Thanks to all. You are really together and beautiful and I get where your headsets are at and it really freaks me out. Really.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Hedda Gabler: "Show-biz veteran Buddy Ibsen's biting biography of the former high priestess of Hollywood gossip . . ."
Murry Harris, NYC

Cuisine Minceur: "In this guide to homosexual restaurants . . ."
David C. Pollack, San Diego, Calif.

Ms. Found in a Bottle: "In this gruesome tale, Poe describes the bizarre discovery of the pickled remains of a diminutive feminist. . . ."
Guy Joseph Jacobson, Brooklyn

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit: "Although this biography of Stan Musial, by Sloan Wilson, is well documented and informative, it cannot compare with Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal,* which first appeared . . ."
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

"A. A. Milne's surprisingly scatological defamation of the usually revered prime minister . . ."
similarly: Joe Gluck, South Orange, N.J.; Debra Larsen, Park Forest, Ill.

A Place to Come To: "Robert Penn Warren's exposé of the behind-the-scenes activities in the recovery room of a general hospital . . ."
M. C. Campbell, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

And Honorable Mention to:

The Hamlet, by William Faulkner: "Despite the title this is not *the* Hamlet. Mr. Shakespeare's version is more definitive."
William Brennan, East Greenwich, R.I.

Roget's Thesaurus: "Wordy but gripping account of a man and the prehistoric beast he tamed as a pet . . ."
Frances Larson, Guilderland, N.Y.
similarly: Elly Stegelman, Stan Karp, Gus Solomons Jr., NYC; Amy Schreiber, Brooklyn; Glenn Powers, Monsey, N.Y.; J. Remusat, Forest Hills, N.Y.; Dorothy Green, Yonkers, N.Y.; Sheila Bluestein, Matawan, N.J.

Maxims: "M. La Rochefoucauld's history of the celebrated Parisian restaurant is destined to become a classic. . . ."
Mary Damsky, Brooklyn

The Screwtape Letters: "The collected correspondence of Rose Mary Woods has just crossed my desk. . . ."
Paul E. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thaïs: "For this historical work about the natives of French Indo-China, M. Anatole France might better have chosen a more recognizable title, such as 'Les Siamoix'. . . ."
Msgr. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

"Known worldwide as a playwright, Strindberg was known to almost no one as a collector of firearms. But Miss Tuchman, with her customarily painstaking scholarship . . ."
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

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Ellen Tanner, Cortland, N.Y.

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Unsigned, Columbus, Ohio

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Michael Schreiber, Brooklyn

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James W. Penha, Jackson Heights, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Jeanne Burns, Madison, Wis.

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John Falxa, NYC

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Helen Levine, New Rochelle, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Joyce Lazarus, Staten Island; Linda Cardell, Bethlehem, Pa.; Chris Murphy, Centerville, Mass.; Stan Babich, Orangeburg, N.Y.

Looking Out for #1: "Dry, practical advice for parents dealing with children's bed-wetting problems."
Sal Rosa, NYC

The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing: "A sensitive biography about the life of Gunther Gebel-Williams."
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The Three Musketeers: "Does childhood money and fame lead to a life of unhappiness and despair? Read Alexandre Dumas's revealing story about the separate lives of Annette, Darlene, and Cubby. . . ."
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Shirley Freiberg, Boston, Mass.

The Alexandria Quartet: "In a somewhat lengthy history of the barbershop group, Mr. Durrell . . ."
L. Zuckerman, Philadelphia, Pa.
similarly: Tim Houk, Carrboro, N.C.

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Gregg Biggs, Moore, Okla.

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Shirley Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

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H. Ellner, Richland, Wash.

"Cause for rejoicing! The dean of American humorists, absent from the publishing scene for more than 30 years, has reemerged with a witty volume, waggishly titled *Jaws* . . . ."
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

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Michael Godwin, Austin, Tex.

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Nina Hasin, Falls Church, Va.

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Stanley Stone, Oceanside, N.Y.

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Ms. D. Taub, Hazleton, Pa.
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Dolores J. Southard, Quincy, Mass.
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Pat Dutton, Rahway, N.J.

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Edward R. Wallerstein, Raytown, Mo.

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William N. Sanchez, Maplewood, N.J.

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Restaurants / Linda Wolfe

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

"... Pâté Vite in Brooklyn Heights, a tiny place, plain-Jane in décor, is a delightful, offbeat, idiosyncratic restaurant ..."

When someone tells me he's discovered an offbeat, idiosyncratic restaurant I really ought to visit, I am usually dynamically bored. Most offbeat, idiosyncratic restaurants remind me of the books published by vanity presses. A certain man or woman, convinced that he or she has genius at the range, invests in himself or herself, and lo and behold—spaghetti with sautéed grapes or chestnut-dotted crabmeat flambéed with kirsch. Such a restaurant is almost always done up in Art Nouveau or Deco, and the ornamentation is so elaborate that it suggests that the proprietor believes wall decorations—cover art—are what a restaurant is really all about. Let's face it, most amateurs substitute style for substance, trimmings for training.

It's a pity, because in theory nothing could be more delightful than the offbeat restaurant. Nevertheless, I had given up all hope of finding a creditable one because I have had so many bad experiences with the vanity establishments. Recently, though, I discovered a new restaurant that may redeem forever the bad name that has accrued to the type. It is **Pâté Vite** in Brooklyn, the musing of former caterer and Cordon Bleu graduate Fred Rothberg.

It is not for everyone. It is a tiny place, quite plain-Jane in décor, with a handful of black Formica-topped tables and bentwood chairs. Indeed, there are almost no trimmings here, unless you find the chef's stove and battery of copper pots and pans—visible from the eating area—decorative.

Rothberg, who had been an artist, went to Paris some years ago, studied cooking at the Cordon Bleu, and gained professional experience catering American Embassy parties. Back home, he started a catering service which soon became locally acclaimed, and then, this year, on the ground floor of a brownstone, he set out to devise what he considered the perfect restaurant.

He wanted to keep it small. His restaurant would feed no more than 24 people at a time. He wanted to keep it simple. His restaurant would offer few choices—there would be charcuterie and salads at lunch; at dinner, only one appetizer or soup, one entrée, one vegetable, one salad, one dessert. But each night the menu would change, and guests could call in advance at the start of the week and choose which meal they wanted to experience.

The first night I visited, there was potato salad and sausage, chicken lyonnaise, salad, Brie, and cassis sherbet with cookies. This dinner, and all others at Pâté Vite, cost $12.50 per person. The sausage was plump and spicy, the potatoes parsleyed to a fare-thee-well, the chicken succulent in a sophisticated sauce composed of white wine and veal stock. Rothberg apologized as the cassis sherbet was served; tonight there were supposed to have been plum and apple tarts, baked by his partner, but they had turned out badly. He had had to make a last-minute substitution. With the tingling, icy currant crystals in my mouth, I certainly didn't object.

On another occasion we had oeufs en meurette—poached eggs hidden in a rich, dark Burgundian veal soup made with bacon, Beaujolais, and slivers of mushrooms sautéed and added only at the very last moment. So perfectionistic is Rothberg that if a guest arrives late, as I did, the mushrooms for his or her bowl are held aside, raw, and sautéed only when the guest is seated. After the soup came rack of lamb persillé, the meat served absolutely rare and blushing. (Just as there are no choices of what to order, there are no choices concerning the color of the meat; the chef assumes an educated palate on the part of all his guests.) Crisp salad followed, and then a moist, dense chocolate cake.

Some of the other menus available at Pâté Vite are: leeks à la grecque, duck with green peppercorns, and chocolate soufflé; soupe au pistou, paupiette de porc, canteloupe sherbet; seafood pâté, boeuf à la mode, and lemon cream. But the list and variety are endless. Rothberg has not yet settled into an any-Wednesday-any-Thursday routine but makes up different menus every week in hopes of perpetually having new challenges to master. "There would be no point to it otherwise," he says. "I'm doing this for the fun of it—for me as well as for the guests."

Are there flaws? Since the atmosphere is exactly like that in a home kitchen, there are mistakes, miscalculations, little disasters that must be overcome, just as there are in all home kitchens. One night, someone turned off the oven while a rack of lamb still needed time to reach a perfect pink; the guests had to wait and be pacified with additional helpings of pilaf de moules, the first course. On another night, the croûte for a different lamb preparation was wilted and despondent, and the lamb had to be served unadorned.

There is nowhere but the sidewalk to wait if one arrives early; there is, as yet, no liquor license, and one must bring one's own wine; and there is only one (albeit superbly efficient) waiter. Yet despite these nuisances, Pâté Vite is well worth visiting. Even if you live in Manhattan. The classic Manhattanite believes, with the fervor of a dervish, that everything in the other boroughs is, if it is any good at all, an imitation of something in what we here parochially call "town." But I haven't found another restaurant like Pâté Vite anywhere in the city. It is not only delightfully *sui generis*, but at $12.50 per dinner, generously so. ▬

Pâté Vite, 178 Atlantic Avenue near Court Street, Brooklyn Heights (624-8852). Summer hours: lunch, Tuesday–Saturday noon to 2 p.m.; dinner, Wednesday–Saturday, seatings at 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. No credit cards. Note: Closed August 14 to September 7. Reservations necessary.

Illustrated by Emanuel Schongut

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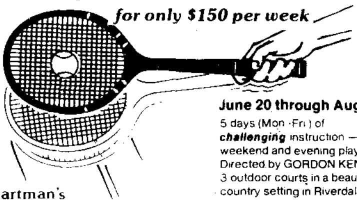

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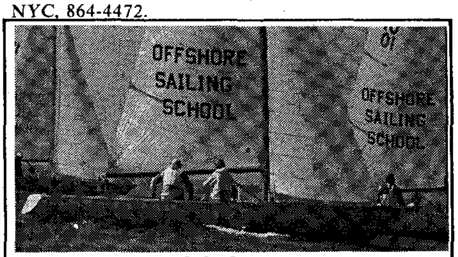

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TV's, Appliances, Air Conditioners, Barbecues. Lowest prices. Call with model number. SHOP-BY-PHONE, INC., (212) 962-4988.

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50% - 70% SALE

ENTIRE INVENTORY REDUCED

Skirt and vested pantsuits, dresses, blouses, tee shirts, swimwear, blazers, sweaters, rainwear, slacks, skirts, tops.

SIZES 4-18

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Between 66th & 67th
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SALE ENDS AUGUST 16th

Backgammon Sale—Importer. Below wholesale. From $9. 855 6th (30th), Room 618.

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Unique Boutique - Pure silk Originals. Designer Gowns/Dresses/Sportswear (Scott Barrie, Ingeborg, Carol Horn, Kenzo, Cacharel, Bagatelle) etc. Beautiful Antique Clothes, genuine Victorian whites. ***All at wholesale or discount prices.*** **10:30-7:30, Mon-Sat. Late Thurs. 168 Lex. (30-31), 685-4035. $10, $20, ½ off Rack!**

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Holding a sales meeting, convention or seminar? Call Plumagere for attaches, desk accessories, etc. Custom made for your participants and budget. Plumagere of N.Y., 5 West 30th Street, 564-7040.

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Greenwich Village floor thru in elegant brownstone. 1 bedroom, exposed brick living room, eat-in kitchen, 2 fireplaces, $650. 242-4198.

Old World Charm—Fabulous elevated townhouse apartment East 70's. Large roof garden, 7 rooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces (2 woodburning), completely furnished country decor. Sublet $1,900 per month. LESLIE HARPER, LTD., 794-9494.

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Co-op 60's, Low on Park—Loveliest 2 bedroom apartment in Manhattan. For details, (212) PL 5-2530.

G.W. Bridge—Unusual English Tudor 2 bedroom apartment. Private gardens, playground overlooking Hudson, security, many extras. 20 minutes Midtown, A-Train. Maintenance $252; $27,500. (212) WA 3-7800, xT11

SUBLETS

Beekman Place—Elegant 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, spacious salon, river views. $1,300 monthly. 949-9321.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Poconos—Six distinguished, exciting new model homes built for architect's national professional publicity. Prestige recreational community. (717) 595-7508.

Connecticut - Free Monthly Brochure—Southern Fairfield County - Homes, Property, Descriptions, Photos. T.C.A., 364 Fairfield Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

Private Massachusetts Lake—Land, Homes. JANE CADY REAL ESTATE, 1-413 967-4470.

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Superior Westsail 42, excellent condition, teak/mahogany interior, teak decks, sleeps 8. Kingsize bed aft, large galley, 2 heads. Diesel powered, radar, full instrumentation. Fine, fast performer rigged for single-handed sailing. Original cost $149,000; asking $119,000. Must sell, remarriage. (212) 267-1987.

LAND AVAILABLE

Maine Ocean Islands, Estates, Shore Lots—Send for free list of offerings. DOWNEAST ACREAGE, INC., Real Estate Brokerage, 151 Broadway, Suite 46-B, Bangor, Maine 04401, (207) 947-4567.

Westhampton—Remsenburg Area—Beautiful secluded waterfront and water view acreage - one to forty-four acres available - both bulkheaded and natural shoreline - unlimited selections. (516) 325-0235.

SUMMER RENTAL WANTED

Hamptons/Fire Island—House wanted for small family, August 20th - Labor Day or 9/1/77. 595-3617.

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.

CLASSIC FORMALITY

characterizes this stately modern mansion, situated impressively at the end of a long drive on 65 partly wooded Tewksbury Twp. acres. Craftsmanship from a bygone era is recaptured in the lavish detailing of this extraordinary home built only 2 years ago; 10 exceptionally large rooms, 5 bedrooms, 4½ baths, 2 fireplaces; attached 3 car garage. 40' x 60' pole barn with white fenced pasture. A magnificent estate, $595,000.

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East 60's, handsome landmark house in immaculate condition. French doors and wrought iron gates open to sunny landscaped garden. Cathedral ceiling, country kitchen, 5 bedrooms and library with bar. Perfect family house.- $310,000; or rent at $2,500.

WILLIAM B. MAY CO., INC.
Call Ext. 3 688-8700

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Seclusion on nearly 2 acres of woods just 35 minutes from Manhattan. 2 story living room, balcony study, spectacular gourmet kitchen, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 fireplaces. West Nyack, $129,900.

Wright Bros.

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Superb 2 story brick residence with panoramic views on 5 unbelievable acres in heart of town. Luxurious first floor master suite, stereo, security & sprinkler systems and air-conditioning are but a few of the conveniences and comforts incorporated.

NEWHALL & OGILVY
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A dramatic 20-room stone seaside castle built around a flowering courtyard, a yachtsman's landmark on a 7-acre promontory with sweeping views of Long Island Sound. All land and water sports on an island whose natural beauty has been carefully preserved. Property includes stone guest house/garage. Offered beautifully furnished in the colonial style of $850,000. Brochure #NM 1-20.

GREENWICH MANOR HOUSE

Baronial 46-acre estate in Greenwich, Conn. back country; 22-room limestone manor house, great hall with cathedral ceiling of hand-carved oak. Property includes limestone stable building with five box stalls, tack room and office, 2 apartments, dog kennels, 2-Car garage; greenhouse; caretaker's cottage (1835 landmark); swimming pool, skating pond and house. Offered at $1,400,000. Brochure #NM 4-02.

For further information, please contact us at:

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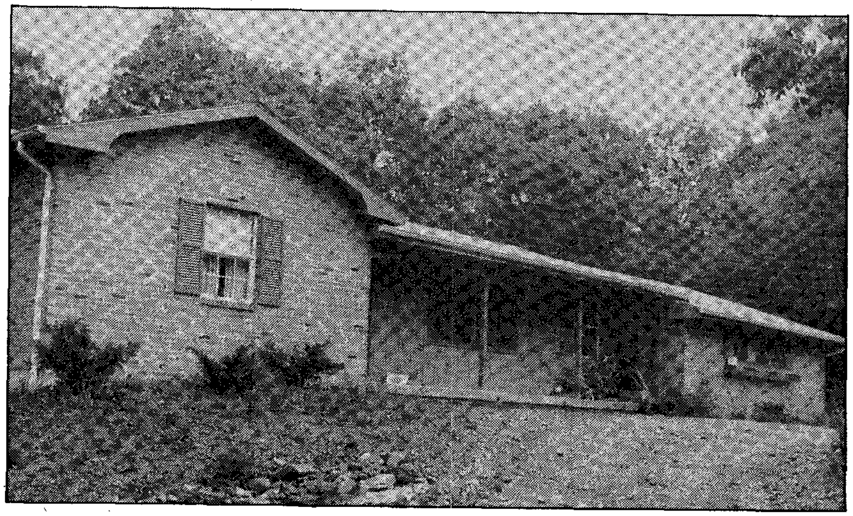
International Realty®

980 Madison Avenue New York 10021
Telephone (212) 472-3465.



SUSSEX COUNTY, N.J.
A VERY PRIVATE LAKEFRONT

This lovely brick ranch features fireplace in living room, 3 bedrooms, 2-car garage, and full basement. Over an acre of beautifully wooded property with 200' lake frontage.

$55,900.

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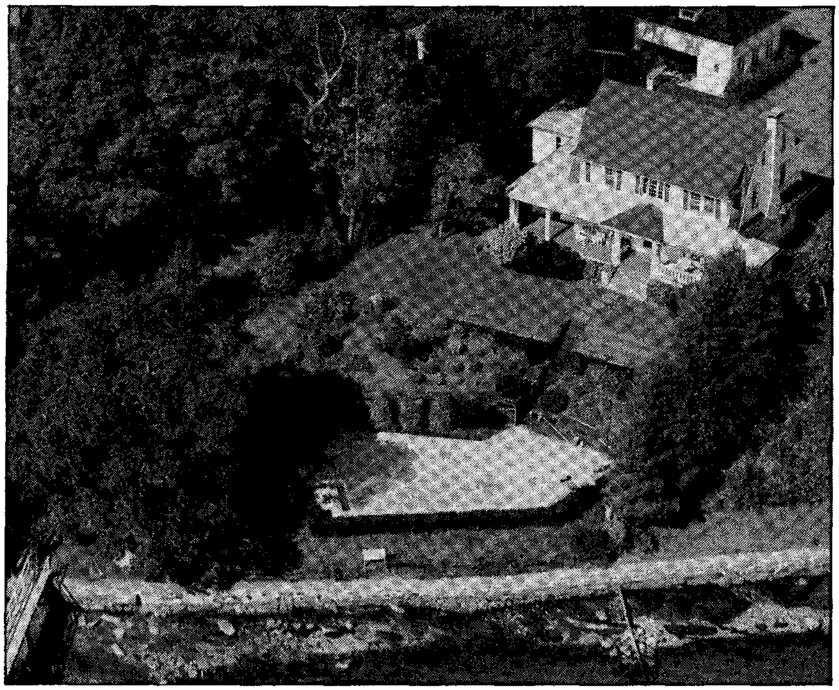
(201) 383-6620



SOUTH NYACK

9 room Riverfront home with in-ground pool and dock. In private park on 1 acre. $158,000.

LYDECKER AGENCY
NYACK (914) 358-3700

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Excellent Value. Must Sell Quickly. A "village" community only 18 minutes from G.W. Bridge with excellent schools, tennis, paddle and swim club. Imposing brick split level, 9 room dream house on ¾ treed acre on picturesque cul de sac. Central AC, completely new eat-in kitchen, living room with fireplace, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, dining room, family room, enclosed porch, laundry room, Chainlink fence, fire alarm system, two-car electric-eye garage. House in excellent condition. Principals only. (201) 385-1614. $125,000.

QUOGUE, NEW YORK 300 ft. Oceanfront

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Executive or Corporation - 100 ft. on Round Lake. 8½ acres scenic estate. Prestige area. All year-round oil heated 9 room Colonial. A-1 condition, fireplace. Caretaker cottage; 2 family Lodge each apt. 5 rooms w/3-car garage. 5 Masonry cottages w/2-4 bedrooms. Gross income from rent $40,300 + 4 Vacant acres Zoned for Garden apartments. $295,000. Owner (914) 783-4320.

GLAMOROUS INDOOR POOL

... with sauna. Spectacular brick French Provincial. Over 1 level acre in Purchase, N.Y. estate area. Spacious rooms including gourmet kitchen, 1st floor master suite consisting of 2 rooms/2 baths + 3 additional bedrooms, 2 baths. Centrally air-conditioned. 35 minutes from N.Y. City. $325,000. Call for brochure:

MERRITT ASSOCIATES
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PRINCETON ESTATE

Georgian Brick Manor House & Guest Cottage on 92 acres of woods offers complete seclusion and privacy.
$600,000 — owner will hold 80% mortgage.
Lease $1,600 mo.

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Dune Road, Westhampton Beach

Fully carpeted, terraced apartments between the ocean and the bay. Air conditioned and heated for year round comfort. 600 feet of private beach, pools, tennis courts. Also dining patios with full restaurant facilities. Complete exterior maintenance, tax advantages and savings. 1-2 Bedroom Condominiums, $60,000—$80,500.

(516) 288-3131

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QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

New custom Contemporary, 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, 2 story living room with fireplace, study with fireplace. Room for pool & tennis court.
A MUST SEA AT $94,000.

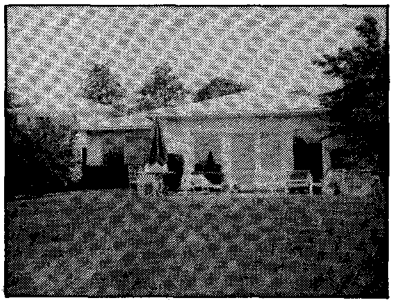
Beautifully wooded 1 acre+ Homesites
$20,000 - $25,000

SEA REALTY
22 Sunset Avenue Westhampton, N.Y.
(516) 288-6244

GREENWICH VILLAGE GEM

Historic 1 family house on fine village block. Original detail in hi-ceilinged living room and library. Eat-in kitchen on deep garden. WBFPs. P.S. 41 district.

WILLIAM B. MAY CO.
85 Christopher Street 691-1400

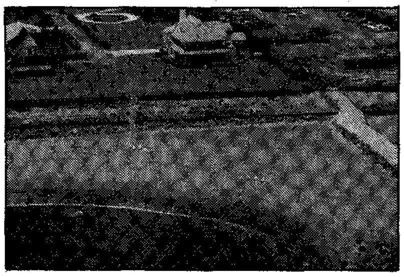


SOUTHAMPTON

This lovely 3 bedroom-3 bath country house, in excellent condition, stands amidst 1½ acres of gardens and trees, in a private association, commanding waterviews, with beach and docking rights. With all necessary and unnecessary extras, this exciting and enchanting retreat is a super intelligent investment at $120,000. Call:

CLEM RYAN Real Estate
Water Mill, N.Y. (516) 726-9580

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



One-of-a-kind **OCEANFRONT** home on jetty - protected private beach. Cove accommodates small boat. 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, FURNISHED, gas heat, 1 hour NYC. Elberon, N.J. $215,000; terms. (201) 438-5600 or 222-6265.

Previews offers . . .

PRESTIGIOUS SUBURBAN and COUNTRY PROPERTIES

Scarsdale, N.Y. Beautifully landscaped and wooded 5-acre estate with brook. Handsome 9-room stone and brick contemporary surrounded by terraces; 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. $400,000. Y-45606.

Mamaroneck, N.Y. Fabulous 2½-acre waterfront estate of the late Charles Revson on Premium Point; 375′ on L.I. Sound. 19-room French Normandy residence. Superb 4-bedroom guest house. $475,000 furnished. (May be divided). Y-45611.

Briarcliff Area, N.Y. An architect's delightful home designed for children/guests . . . 300′ lake frontage. Attractive 11-room contemporary; 7 bedrooms, 5½ baths. 2 lovely acres. $150,000. Y-45609.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. Distinguished waterfront home for a large family of sailing enthusiasts. Fronts for 150′ on L.I. Sound. Deep water mooring. Seawall. 7 bedrooms, 4½ baths. $225,000. Y-45596.

Bantam Lake, Conn. Peaceful retreat of 22 acres with 211′ lake frontage, swimming pool and tennis court. Spacious 11-room Dutch Colonial and 2 guest cottages. 3-car garage with 2 rooms. $150,000. Y-45614.

Purchase, N.Y. Magnificent 18-room stone and timber English country home with all the British charm. Greenhouse. 4-car garage. Lovely 5-acre setting with pond and brook. $310,000. Y-45612.

Patterson, N.Y. Centrally air-conditioned 7-room contemporary and 2 guest houses in one of the most beautiful settings; on 6 acres. 40′ knolltop swimming pool; spectacular Berkshire views. $250,000. Y-45615.

Illustrated brochures on these and other fine properties available on request.

New 1977/78 Previews Guide to Fine Real Estate offered at $6.00.

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International Real Estate Marketing® Realtors

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Situated high above its surroundings, on ten rolling acres, not visible from the road, winding macadam drive leads past the half acre pond to this magnificent home. Breathtaking views of Western New Jersey, and into Pennsylvania, yet not another house intrudes. One and a half miles from Court House Square in the County seat of Newton... complete privacy within surrounding woolands... in one of the few remaining natural country areas of New Jersey. Redwood exterior with red cedar shakes and native stone make a maintenance free exterior in nature's way. Blending with its site, it becomes a partner in harmony with its surroundings. Spacious rooms look outward to the ever present views, and inward to the finely detailed interior, including two massive native stone fireplaces. Write or phone for colored brochure. $180,000.

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Realtors since 1905
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Sparta, N.J.

LOG CABIN

Beautiful Greenwood Lake. 43 miles to NYC. Save gas. Year-round, three bedrooms, stone fireplace, guest apartment. Low taxes. Five ski areas. Sale $60,000 and rent $500/month.

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For Those Who Set Standards

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(215) 862-9116

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Southern comfort, lushly surrounded by 4 meandering acres on Mecox Bay. Classic grandeur. Pool side juleps, Y'all? $475,000

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY Inc.
Bridgehampton, N.Y. (516) 537-3272

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Escape to Catskill Mt. Serenity

14 acres of WOODLAND by paved road - site cleared for home or camp - electricity, spring water, close to swim, ski, & miles of hiking trails by state forest preserve - $8,400. Terms - Also 4½ brookside acres.

REDMOND AGENCY
Route 28, Arkville, N.Y. 12406.
(914) 586-2696 Closed Sundays

3 ACRE WOODED RETREAT

ONLY $49,500 3 bedroom home in serene privacy. Modern eat-in country kitchen, beamed living room, woodburning franklin stove, glass doors opening to deck, huge master bedroom, wideplank pegged floors, 1½ baths. Owner must sell. Only $10,000 cash needed; 25 year assumable 8½% mortgage. 2 hours NYC, Sullivan County, N.Y.

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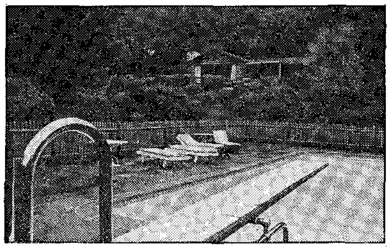

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Rustic splendor in a Westchester hilltop Lodge just an hour from NYC. 2-bedroom Main Lodge with large entertaining areas. Separate 2-car garage with attached Studio. Separate 3-bedroom Guest Cottage. Heated pool & poolhouse with 2 dressing rooms & kitchenette. Complete seclusion on 7½ acres; panoramic views. Asking $210,000.

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COVE NECK

Great view from bathrooms. Pool, tennis court. Three cottages above water. Call Liz at 922-6111.

O'KEEF HUTCHINSON & DOWNING, INC.
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SOUTHAMPTON: Elegant Manor House on Lake Agawan, 5 acres. A shingled 'Gatsby' dream. $500,000. Taxes $9,000. Can be sub-divided.

EAST HAMPTON: Contemporary, Lily Pond Lane, mint condition. 2½ acres. Heated pool. Asking $485,000.

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our other properties, please call
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L.B. KAYE ASSOCIATES, LTD.
43A Dunemere Lane
East Hampton, N.Y. 11937

Monticello Area Merriewold Club

4 ACRES - WOODLAND - LAKEFRONT

Elegant 6 year custom. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. Living room with beamed cathedral ceiling, fireplace. Floor to ceiling thermopane lake view exposure. Large panelled family room with fireplace. 70' sundeck screened porch. ½ acre merion blue grass sod. Beautifully landscaped. 20 x 40 heated inground pool, patio, concrete walks. Long established club setting provides 24 hour security - supt., staff, 2000 acres, 2 lakes golf course, tennis. Immediate. Waiting to be loved. $135,000.

THOMAS NOLAN
Realtor / Owner
(212) 984-4747

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In the peaceful Litchfield Hills of northwestern Connecticut, a storybook New England setting. . . a 17-room residence of exquisite Jeffersonian detailing. Carefully restored, with a delightful double-height music room. On 32 acres, with tennis court and 5-acre pond. Near Tanglewood and all sports facilities. Offered at $295,000. Brochure #NM 4-01.

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For further information, please contact us at 980 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. Telephone (212) 472-3465.

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Corporate townhouse for City executive or visiting dignitaries. Featured in *"House Beautiful"*; glamor galore includes skylites, solarium, fireplace in 2-story high living/dining room; 3 bedrooms + maid's room & bath; a/c thruout. Priced under $300,000 with seller financing.

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R. SOLOMON 593-7617

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162 ACRE FARM: Immaculate 8 room period farmhouse. Gambrel roof barn suitable horses. Magnificent land, wooded trails, stone fenced meadows, 3 ponds. Completely private setting with splendid distant views. Fully furnished at $89,500. Good mortgage available.

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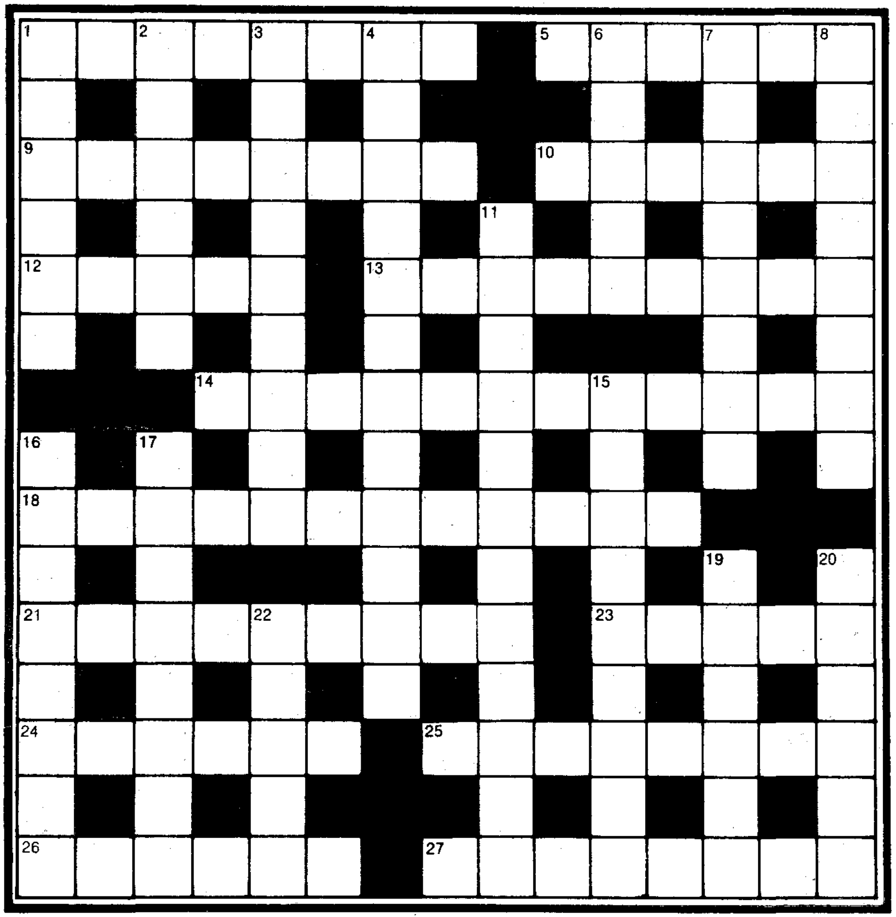
on 2.3 acres. Indoor pool, gymnasium, sauna; outdoor lit tennis, handball, basketball courts. $650,000. Call Lynn Warner:

The Degnan Company (201) 467-3883

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



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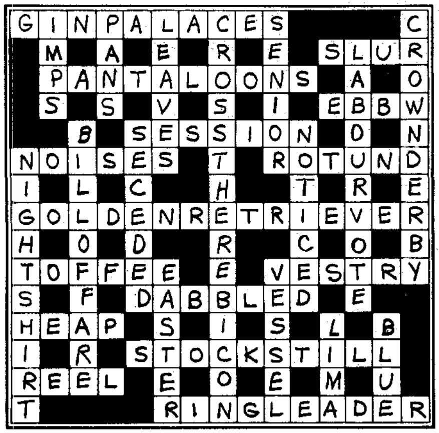

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Clues

ACROSS

1 Dodges I'm fixing differently for such heroes. (8)

5 He's supposed to bring good luck to his mother's dwelling. (6)

9 Standard kind of aside in heaven. (8)

10 Note that sounds higher than bass. (6)

12 The love game may be the end. (5)

13 Lifts stores of grain in the USA. (9)

14 The best players soundly defeated? Sweet! (7, 5)

18 "And oft the pangs of absence to remove By letters, soft ——— of love" (Matthew Prior). (12)

21 Court action takes place over it. (6-3)

23 She's still single—that's what's wrong! (5)

24 Formerly capital composer! (6)

25 The lady's sex appeal takes time with the children! (8)

26 Used to be saucy yet skillful. (6)

27 Model flag. (8)

DOWN

1 Open foreign manoeuvre. (6)

2 Beaten thing turns up with headless lady—how killing! (6)

3 He's certainly regarded as promising in the church. (9)

4 I'd turn up and sing about anger whilst decorating! (12)

6 Engagement ring? (5)

7 Study fish comforts! (8)

8 To dress a number of people may be boring. (8)

11 Capital way for a powerful man? (6, 6)

15 Motor people really make a bloomer. (9)

16 Amusing item to fix on board. (8)

17 Short cut to producing a harvest for the college! (4, 4)

19 Chirpy bounder in the American intelligence service? (6)

20 Rise to dance awkwardly around the pole. (6)

22 Here abroad, about to turn a great deal colder. (5)

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